

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

SHORT STORIES OF VARIED THEME

DRAEBURN BONNIE

A LASS OF THE LARANIE

THE MAN WHO WAS FAITHFUL

HURT IN THE SPIRIT

THE DERELICT OF SILVER SADDLE

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

GENERAL CHARLES KIM

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ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

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PAPERS OF LIVING INTEREST

WHERE POETS LIVED AND LOVED

ANNE ROLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

NONSENSE NAMES IN NATURAL HISTORY

DR. CHARLES C. ARDENT

MAY

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1905



THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

Author of "A House Divided," "Poker People," etc.

INTRODUCTION

IF you should happen to drive into Manchester about three o'clock of a spring or summer afternoon, you would be impressed with the enveloping silence. There is an all-pervading atmosphere of peace and boundless leisure at once soothing and provoking. Few people are astir in the streets, and the eminently self-respecting old houses display no sign of life behind their closely drawn shades.

Probably a dog is stretched directly across your path. He raises his head lazily as you approach and looks at you. He does not move, because you will naturally drive around him. You do so, and he drops his head contentedly. He knew you would; he is accustomed to taking his daily siesta there and has not yet been disturbed. He wonders dreamily what you mean by driving through town at that time of day anyhow; what were afternoons intended for, if not for rest? And everybody is apparently industriously resting. The shops, to be sure, are open, but there are no customers; none are expected. Manchester is taking its afternoon nap.

You proceed slowly because of a regard for your anatomy. The streets were paved a century ago, and the original cobble-stones are still on duty: some large, some small; some high, some low; some sharp, some blunt; no two alike, and each insisting upon public recognition of its presence. No wonder you check your horse and go forward gingerly, picking your way carefully, which is a needless precaution, for all routes are equally undesirable. If you were a native,

you would know this and rattle on callously, oblivious alike to the severe jolting to which your bones are subjected and the clatter which heralds your approach, both of which you, a stranger, regard with aversion as unnecessary.

One of the closely drawn shades moves quietly; you believe that an eye is upon you, and the sensation is uncomfortable. You know that probably many eyes are riveted on you, perhaps in disapproval, and you become apprehensive about your personal appearance, glancing nervously from side to side at the silent houses, which now seem to bristle with invisible eyes. You have done nothing wrong, so far as you are aware, but you feel guilty notwithstanding.

You have passed the square known as the Green, looking cool and inviting with its spreading trees and shady walks; the old court-house; the jail, with its high stone wall; and now you breathe more freely as you reach the wharf. At least here no critical eyes will embarrass you by their conspicuous absence.

For here is the river—quiet, just now, like the town, and colorless, with a few fishing-boats riding idly at anchor. For the most part they are empty, but the skippers of two of them hold desultory intercourse as they skin the eels of that morning's catch. It is not pleasant for the eels, perhaps, but it helps to pass the afternoon.

Looking off to your right you see the dark outlines of factories, with tall chimneys silhouetted against the sky. It is not quiet down there certainly, and it is improbable that anyone is resting, but then these factories are on the extreme edge of the town, some of them almost a mile away. Except for their occasional shrill whistles their very existence would often be forgotten, even by the residents themselves.

So you look away from these uncouth buildings, for they, like everything else, are uninteresting, and you sit in your carriage on the wharf and wonder why you came. You speculate as to how water so near the sea can be so dead and motionless, for Manchester is almost at the mouth of the bay. You want to get back to the metropolis and hear the hum of industry again; you feel that you are stagnating, and you turn your back upon the sleepy river and sleepier town with alacrity.

"Oh, yes," you say, with supercilious eyebrow slightly elevated, "I've been to Manchester. I know all about it."

But as a matter of fact you know nothing at all about it. Indeed, you have not really been there after all, whatever you may imagine to the contrary—which, however, is your misfortune rather than your fault.

How should you, a stranger, know that an hour or two later, say at four or five o'clock, there will be a slight movement of the water,

causing the boats to rock a bit, perhaps. This will be followed by a heavier swell, as an enterprising little wave slaps briskly against the wharf and a faint ripple stirs the glassy surface of the river.

"Here she comes," says one of the eel-skinners, sniffing the air expectantly, and his companion nods a pleased acquiescence as he mops his hot brow with his shirt-sleeve.

And here it does come, sure enough, up the bay and into the river—the sea-breeze straight from the ocean, bringing with it that salty freshness so cheering and invigorating and of which you, driving disgustedly inland, do not get even a whiff.

Then, and not till then, shades are raised and doors opened; faces appear at the windows and pedestrians are seen in the streets. Pretty girls in light gowns spring up on the doorsteps as rapidly as mushrooms after a shower, and a general activity becomes prevalent, for Manchester has risen refreshed.

The river also has risen with the incoming tide.

"Look," say the townsfolk proudly, "look at our river."

And the water, colorless no longer, but deep blue and iridescent in places, sparkles gayly in response, tossing its spray high against the old wharf, while little, white-capped waves race madly along its surface in opposition to the snowy clouds hurrying across the azure sky.

Oh, it is a pity you did not stay longer, for then you would be more interested in the people to whom you will shortly be introduced. If you had already met them personally, you would be more tolerant of their frailties, more patient with their eccentricities, and less acrid in your criticisms. You would then, perhaps, sympathize and pity where you will now judge and condemn.

I wish you had stayed and formed your own opinions. I don't like to think of the coolly sceptical or impartially critical manner with which you, many miles from Manchester, will skim hastily through this record of a summer so vital in its importance to those of whom this tale is told.

I.

"A DULL day," remarked Miss Alberta Dawson to the gray cat which lay comfortably coiled upon the bolt of red flannel on the counter beside her.

"I declare," she continued, rubbing him gently behind the ear, "these days when not a cent's worth is sold from morning to night are right down discouraging! Don't you think so, Julius Cæsar? You don't care a bit, you lazy thing, do you? It's lucky we are not depending for our bread and butter on what we sell, though, I can tell you that. Now I'd like to put that flannel away, for you're getting hairs all over it, but you look so peaceful I reckon I won't disturb

you yet awhile. Anybody that buys the flannel can brush it; if they don't want to take that trouble, they can go without."

"I wonder, Miss Alberta," said a voice beside her, "what you would do without that cat?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. Hale," returned Miss Alberta, laughing good-naturedly; "he is the only companion Providence seems to have provided for me and, what's more, he's all I want. Cats are more satisfactory than men for steady company any day; they are so dependable, and they always come home sooner or later. Now, what can I do for you?"

Mrs. Hale desired some pale blue worsted and a large wooden crochet-needle.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Alberta, searching diligently among her wools, "but I'm just out of light blue split zephyr. I have some extra good heavy gray yarn though; how would that answer?"

Mrs. Hale thought not; she said she would merely take the needle just then.

"There now!" exclaimed Miss Alberta, "I haven't a wooden crochet-needle left, but I got in a new lot of very fine steel ones yesterday. Why not try them? Wooden needles are old style now; everybody in the city is using steel."

Mrs. Hale sank languidly into the rocking-chair and fanned herself with a copy of the *Manchester Comet* which lay on the counter beside her; she was a small woman with a worried expression.

"Steel won't do," she said; "but it doesn't matter, I'm in no hurry for it. What a nice breeze; it's very warm for so early in the spring, isn't it? I think I'll sit down for a few minutes."

"Do," said Miss Alberta with great cordiality, taking possession of the other rocking-chair; "wait until boat time and see who comes down."

"What I like about this location," remarked Mrs. Hale, after they had swayed to and fro for some minutes in silence, "is its centralness. Now, my front windows might as well be in the backwoods for all the use I get out of them. Do you know, Julia Bristow's brother-in-law was here two whole days before I got a glimpse of him? I often wish I was blessed with your advantages."

"Well," returned Miss Alberta modestly, "I do think I'm nicely situated. What with the post-office opposite, and the station at one end of the street with the wharf and hotel at the other, I don't believe I miss very much."

"So central," murmured Mrs. Hale enviously, "so very central."

"Evening, Sally," observed Miss Alberta, greeting a lady of the ripe persimmon type of countenance who strolled into the shop at this juncture.

"Evening, 'Berta," she responded. "Got any plain white mosquito-netting?"

"No, I haven't, Sally," answered Miss Alberta tranquilly, without troubling herself to rise. "I'm just out of mosquito-netting, but I've laid in a supply of good quality unbleached muslin; how would a yard or so of that do?"

Miss Sally Leatherby repudiated the unbleached muslin, and leaned against the counter as she exchanged greetings with Mrs. Hale.

"Why not put that bolt of dark-blue calico across the keg of nails and make yourself comfortable?" suggested Miss Alberta hospitably; "sorry the rocking-chairs has run short."

Miss Alberta only slipped up in her grammar occasionally. She was fond of asserting that she could still parse a sentence as well as the school-teacher himself, and would know an adverb from an adjective if she met them in the dark.

"How long do you suppose Georgiana Stafford has worn that old bonnet with a green veil over it?" inquired Mrs. Hale as she returned the salutation of the lady in question.

"She bought it seven years ago come next Easter," replied Miss Alberta promptly. "It had a wreath of cherries around it, and Johnny Barlow, when he was a little chap, got hold of it and bit every one of them. Georgiana says the Barlows owe her another bonnet, and she won't buy one for herself until they pay up. I thought you knew that story."

"If she waits for old Joe Barlow to pay up, she'll go on wearing the wreck the rest of her days," said Miss Sally, laughing; "everybody knows he'd skin a flea for its hide and tallow and save the bones for fertilizing. Ever hear about the turtle?"

"No," said Mrs. Hale, "what was it?"

"Well," said Miss Sally, with evident enjoyment of her theme, "one harvest time he got in some extra hands to help out with the work, and one man happened to catch a mud-turtle. He wanted to take it home with him, so he put it in the barrel where they kept the garbage to feed the pigs, you know. When harvest was over and they settled up Mr. Barlow charged him ninety-five cents board for the turtle and took it out of his wages."

"There goes Mr. Radcliffe," observed Mrs. Hale as a young man in clerical dress appeared within their range of vision; "now you'll see Laura Rivers in a few minutes. How do you like him at your church, Miss Alberta?"

"High," said Miss Alberta in compassionate disapproval, "very high, but he means well. He'll find out in time that Manchester won't stand any new-fangled notions, and when he does——"

"Hurry up, Laura," interrupted Miss Sally as a pretty, blond girl walked swiftly past, "if you try hard enough you can catch him this time."

"I hate to see anybody work for a thing as hard as Laura Rivers and not get it after all," remarked Miss Alberta thoughtfully. "The way that girl never misses a church service and labors in the Sunday-school ought to move a heart of stone. She has made herself round-shouldered and got a regular squint to her eyes embroidering altar-cloths, and I heard that she spends so much time in silent meditation in the church whenever it happens to be open that she has to wear pads of cotton batting inside her stockings because her knees got sore from too much use."

"And all for nothing, after all. Everybody knows he has eyes and ears only for Mary Stanley," said Mrs. Hale, adding magnanimously, "and I, for one, don't blame him."

"She's pretty enough," admitted Miss Sally grudgingly, "but flighty, like all the Stanleys."

"The boat is late," remarked Miss Alberta after a short pause. "I wonder, now, who Mr. Radcliffe was going to meet. I hadn't heard he was expecting company."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Hale, "he just went down to the wharf for a walk."

"Oh, no," chorussed Miss Sally and Miss Alberta in unison, "that's not likely."

And the rocking-chairs creaked sociably as they swayed back and forth, while their occupants continued their comments on the passing population as they waited for the boat to arrive, bringing fresh inspiration in its wake.

And on the wharf Mr. Radcliffe also waited the arrival of the boat, looking off expectantly over the blue water and returning salutations absently, as though preoccupied. He was of the ascetic rather than the material type of clergy and lived his life anxiously, striving earnestly to attain an impossible ideal and patiently endeavoring to awaken an interest in things spiritual in the breasts of his congregation. Being young and inexperienced, he was prone to frequent periods of discouragement and depression at their phlegmatic reception of his most brilliant bursts of rhetoric and their placid indifference to his most stirring appeals.

Not that they intended anything personal by this course of action. On the contrary, they entirely approved of what he said, but the subject was very familiar; some of them, indeed, had heard it all many times before he was born; they were prepared to be regaled with something of the kind every Sunday, but it was unreasonable to expect them to become enthusiastic over such old and well-established

facts, no matter in what flowery language they were clothed. So they would often go calmly and contentedly home to dinner, while their rector, resting his aching head on his hands, would opine with stern self-denunciation that he was not the right man for the place.

Just now, however, he had forgotten the constant pin-pricks which were his daily portion, and was occupied with purely personal and pleasant anticipations, for he was expecting a friend.

On the deck of the *River Queen* a passenger gathered his belongings together and leaned upon the rail, gazing eagerly at the dark, indistinct outline he had heard pointed out as Manchester. He was, as the stewardess told the cabin boy, a priest. Moreover, he was going to assume charge of his first parish, and was naturally interested in the field of his labors.

He looked curiously at his fellow-passengers, most of whom appeared to be well known to one another, and felt very much a stranger and an alien among them. He remembered with pleasure that he had at least one friend in Manchester waiting to welcome him, and he hoped and expected to have many more shortly. Father Lawrence was blessed with a cheerful and sanguine disposition; he was accustomed to getting what he wanted if he chose to try for it, and he meant to be popular in his new sphere of life.

They were near the wharf now, so near that forms and faces separated themselves from each other, thus asserting their individuality and right to personal recognition. The *River Queen* threaded her way gracefully through the small craft in the harbor and the outlying stone ice-piers, while the priest leaned over the rail anxiously examining the waiting assembly, until, with an exclamation of relief, he waved his hand and ran below.

And Philip Radcliffe on the dock went forward eagerly, with outstretched hand and eyes alight with pleasure. His friend had come.

"Yes," said Miss Alberta, assenting to a remark of Mrs. Hale as they scrutinized the passengers who had arrived by the boat, "it is curious where the Folsoms get the money to travel round like they do. You don't get to town and back for nothing, I can tell you, and Edith comes and goes all the time."

"And just see how she dresses," chimed in Mrs. Hale; "always the very latest thing in hats, and to-day she has got on patent-leather shoes. The idea!"

"I'll bet a cooky," said Miss Sally acidly, "that the stockings inside 'em are full of holes."

"There is Julia Bristow," exclaimed Mrs. Hale, "and the Johnson girls! Julia's got on a silk petticoat, as I live!"

"I'm glad the girls has got home," said Miss Alberta genially; "I hate to see their house shut up."

The Misses Johnson were aged sixty and sixty-five years respectively, but in Manchester every woman is a girl until she marries.

"Here is Laura Rivers, and by herself, after all," announced Miss Sally. "Poor Laura!"

"Who's that with Mr. Radcliffe?" asked Mrs. Hale suddenly.

The three women leaned forward eagerly as the young men walked briskly past, then looked at one another in astonishment.

"As I live," said Miss Alberta, in hushed tones, "it's the new Catholic priest. I heard he was expected soon. But why did Mr. Radcliffe meet him, that's the question."

"I should think," said Mrs. Hale with a superior air, "that it would have been more fitting if some member of his own congregation had met him."

"I hope," said Miss Sally doubtfully, "that Mr. Radcliffe is perfectly orthodox. At times I've had my doubts."

"He's high, certainly," rejoined Miss Alberta in troubled tones, "very high."

"John," said Philip Radcliffe, pausing as they entered the yard of the Rectory, "except for the difference in dress I don't see any change in you."

"And I am just the same, Phil," returned the priest, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder. "Why should I be different?"

"Philip," he continued gravely after a moment's silence, "you believe in a certain doctrine, and you preach it and live your life accordingly. Now, I think you are mistaken; I believe in another doctrine, and I am going to try and preach it and live *my* life accordingly. Well, I'm sorry we don't agree, but you have a right to your opinions, just as I have a right to mine, and I respect them and you enough not to question your mode of life. Can you say as much for me?"

"Come in, John," returned the clergyman, opening the door of his house, "you are quite right; we will agree to differ. We generally differed in the old days, you know."

"Yes," replied the other, laughing, "but we often wanted the same thing in the end, and usually you got it, I remember."

"Not if you cared enough to really try for it," said Philip. "It is a strange chance that has thrown us together again in this little town, but I am glad of it. We are only cousins, of course, but we lived as brothers once, you know, and though for seven years we have seen each other but seldom, I believe the old love is still strong in our hearts. Please God it may always stay so. Come in, Jack."

II.

A LITTLE brown wren sat on the wall of the church-yard and sang a song of thanksgiving because he was alive. Everywhere tender young green things were springing into leaf, and the atmosphere was filled with a subtle, nameless something which quickened the most sluggish pulses and caused even overburdened and disconsolate hearts to take courage and hope again. It was the promise of the spring.

Manchester was putting on its dress of green and rejoicing in the prospect of the summer,—the long, idle, delicious summer,—with nothing to do but drift from doorstep to doorstep, or sleep and dream, and sleep again.

It was good to be alive. No wonder the wren sang until his small body vibrated with an excess of joy; no wonder the cat-bird in the maple-tree echoed his song triumphantly, exulting in his very existence and his freedom, while even Miss Sally Leatherby's canary in his gilded cage chirped cheerfully and imagined he was happy for the time being; and no wonder that Mary Stanley sang softly also as she knelt beside the stone wall below the wren and planted a root of ivy. She was young and very happy; therefore she sang as the birds did, because she could not help it.

"Strange, isn't it, the way the first warm days make you feel?" remarked Miss Alberta Dawson as she handed Miss Julia Bristow her change.

Miss Julia sighed gently; she was addicted to a placid sort of melancholy from which she derived much pleasure and which was supposed to be the result of bygone romances. Miss Julia's fingers boasted more than one diamond ring, each acting as a memorial of the past—a sort of monument to youth and happiness. Miss Julia had been unfortunate in her selections, and no less than three suitors had died before they could lay claim to the hand which they had adorned; she had their photographs in silver frames upon her bureau and their rings upon her fingers; she also had her memories, which she shared with no one.

"Yes," she replied, taking up her package, "the spring is beautiful. Had you noticed how the buds on the lilacs are swelling?"

"No," said Miss Alberta, wriggling her foot uncomfortably, "I hadn't. But your *feet* do certainly swell the first warm days; this shoe was a loose fit all winter, and now, I declare, I can hardly stand it."

"The violets in our back yard are blooming," continued Miss Julia quietly; "it is all carpeted with blue and white; the daffys are up too, and the snowdrops. But somehow it makes me feel pensive to see them and to feel the sunshine."

"It makes *me* feel like taking off my winter flannels," said Miss Alberta briskly; "they certainly do become scratchy and uncomfortable a day like this."

"I saw Mary Stanley in the church-yard," volunteered Miss Julia, lingering at the door. "How pretty the child looks this summer."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Alberta, "and I saw Mr. Radcliffe making for the same place on the double-quick. I suppose he saw her pass the Rectory."

The gray cat rose, arched his back, and yawned, then stepped daintily out into the sunshine, and Miss Alberta joined her companion at the door of the store.

"I certainly would like to know if they are still philandering in the church-yard," she remarked, shading her eyes with her hands and gazing in that direction. "Why don't you just step around that way as you go home, Miss Julia?"

"Oh Miss Alberta," said Miss Julia, the ghost of a blush tingeing her pale cheeks, "how can you think of such a thing? I wouldn't disturb them for the world."

And Miss Alberta gave a sniff of disdain as she turned to greet another customer.

Mary carefully pressed the loose earth about the root of ivy, and then leaned back against the wall to rest and meditate. The young clergyman from his vantage-point in the shadow of the church thought her a picture well worth looking at as she pushed back her hat and regarded her work with interest, admonishing her active little Skye terrier that he was not upon any account to return later and dig it up.

"I hope it will grow, Miss Stanley," he said quietly as he approached nearer.

"You startled me, Mr. Radcliffe," said Mary, laughing. "How long have you been there?"

"Only a moment. I was on my way to see my cousin, who arrived last night. I think I told you about him?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think I remember. You lived together, didn't you?"

"We were reared like brothers, Miss Stanley. It is strange he should be sent here of all places, but I am glad of it. I had feared our paths might never cross again."

"And he is a priest while you are a clergyman," she said slowly; "it seems so strange."

"It happened this way," he replied. "You are sure it won't bore you to hear a little family history?"

"I should like to hear it very much."

"You see," said Philip, seating himself beside her on the wall, "John's father and my mother were brother and sister. We were both unfortunate enough to lose our parents when we were little chaps, so we lived with a mutual uncle, and he was awfully good to us both, by the way."

"I don't see," interrupted Mary, "why anybody wouldn't be good to two forlorn little boys."

"We weren't a bit forlorn," said Philip, laughing; "indeed, we thought the world was made especially for us. Well, John's mother was a Catholic; she was also a very rich woman, and left strict directions in her will that the boy should inherit her money only if he remained a Catholic; otherwise it went to her Church. So he was reared in that faith and sent only to their schools."

"Yes," said Mary, "I see."

"Now, my father was an Episcopal clergyman, and, of course, I was reared accordingly. When we grew up, to the great disgust of Uncle Edward, I went into the Church; and John became a priest. He was obliged to study for seven years after finishing his college course, and this is his first charge. He gave his fortune, every penny of it, to his Church; he is very earnest and very sure he has chosen wisely. I am afraid he hardly realizes yet just what it means, or what sacrifices he may be obliged to make, but I am sure he will come out all right; he is a splendid fellow, Miss Stanley."

"Shall you live together?" she inquired, throwing a bit of stick for her dog to run after.

"I am afraid not; I don't believe our respective congregations would approve. As it is——"

"As it is," she interrupted, "your intimacy will be food for gossip for all the old tabbies in town. Why, you look really troubled. Do you mind what they say?"

"A little," confessed Philip. "I cannot get used to being watched so closely and criticised so severely. I suppose it is foolish, and when I told John what he would have to expect he only laughed, but it annoys me."

"Mr. Radcliffe," she said anxiously, "are you sorry you came to Manchester?"

"No," he responded quickly, "I am very glad. I believe I shall find my greatest happiness here."

And Mary asked no questions; she was willing to leave the question of happiness to the future and live just now only in the present.

"I love this place," she said softly after a long silence, looking affectionately about her; "somehow it is always so quiet and peaceful here, and the old stones are so quaint; I never tire of reading them. Here, where I planted the ivy, is my favorite corner, I think."

"I come very often," responded Philip, "especially when I am worried or depressed, and, as you say, it soothes one almost insensibly."

"There are no new graves; I am glad of that," resumed the girl gently; "all these people have been sleeping so long they must be rested, I should think. See, here is Reuben Barrington, aged twenty-eight; died August 20, 1759; and carved below his name, on the same stone, 'Also Hannah, Wife of the Above, aged twenty-four; died January 1, 1760.' I like to think that Hannah broke her heart grieving and did not care to live alone."

"But," said Philip, pointing to the indistinct letters upon the stone, "we are told that Reuben died of consumption and Hannah of pneumonia."

"Hush," remonstrated Mary, "don't ruin my romance. Of course, she caught pneumonia planting flowers on his grave; perhaps she stood where we are standing now and wished she might lie there beside him. True love must be like that, I think."

"It is a pretty fancy," said Philip; "I shall remember it."

"Here is another," continued Mary, indicating a well-kept mound marked with a white cross, "'Alice, aged twenty.' That is all. Poor Alice! No date to show when she died, and no last name. Someone cared enough to put up this cross, but it is very sad. Don't you think so?"

"I have always wondered," said Philip in a puzzled voice, "who tended this grave so carefully. It is so fresh and green, and I often find flowers here."

"But I think," he added as Mary turned her head until only one ear, grown suddenly rosy, was visible, "I *think* I understand it now."

"She was only twenty," repeated the girl, stooping to pull a weed from the grave in question, "and I fear she was unhappy. If she did wrong, I know she was sorry; one can be everlastingly sorry for what one does on impulse, you know. I believe Alice was very willing to be laid here, and I don't mean she shall be neglected now. Perhaps she is glad to know she has a girl friend in Manchester."

"No doubt," said Philip gently, "she is very glad."

The wren had flown away; he realized that even his presence was superfluous just now, so there was silence beside the old stone wall.

And something stirred in the hearts of the young man and woman—something that could no longer be ignored, but must blossom and bear fruit. It could no more be concealed than the buds which were opening on the lilacs or the snowdrops and violets which bloomed so fragrantly, just because it was natural for them to do so in the spring-time.

"Mary," he said, taking possession of both her hands, "I have something to tell you."

And the telling took a long time, for the corner of the churchyard was quiet and undisturbed.

The hands of the clock in the steeple travelled steadily around its face unheeded, and not far away Father Lawrence whistled cheerfully as he unpacked his books, wondering greatly that his cousin did not look him up according to promise. The little dog begged in vain for some attention, or at least recognition of his presence, and finally turned his back in disgust and lay down in the shadow of the stone bearing the inscription, "Hannah, Wife of the Above."

"Three mortal hours by the clock," murmured Miss Alberta Dawson as she watched Mary and her companion walk slowly homeward. "I reckon they must have fixed it up this time for good and all."

III.

"JANE," remarked Father Lawrence to his factotum as he discussed his solitary breakfast, "I thought I told you I preferred my eggs soft boiled?"

"Sure, Father," answered Jane regretfully, "I done me best to please you. Them two eggs has been a-b'ilin' fur the best part of a' hour, and I made bold to take 'em out when you kep' a-hollerin' fur yer bre'kfus'. Sich things takes time, so they do. I felt of 'em, and knowed they wasn't no softer than when they went in; but there! menfolks is alwiz hongry, bless their hearts!"

"How long have you been cooking, Jane?" inquired the representative of hungry manhood, meekly chipping his bullet-like eggs.

Jane deposited her two hundred pounds of avoirdupois in the arm-chair and prepared to enjoy herself.

"Well," she said, crossing her feet comfortably on a hassock, "I hain't never hired out as a cook before, our fambly being genteel and only workin' in the cotton-mill to pass away the time. At home mother, she cooks."

"Might I ask why you made an exception in my favor?"

"You see," replied Jane confidentially, "it was like this. Old Bridget Mahoney, who kep' house fur Father Sanders, up and died about the same time he did. Sich a wake as we had over Bridget, to be sure! Dear, dear! Well, when we heard you was expected, mother sez to me, 'Janie,' sez she, 'that's the place fur you,' sez she; 'no wimmen-folks round to bother with, and everything quiet-like and cosey,' sez she. So I come the same day you did."

"Do you think you will stay?" ventured Father Lawrence, feeling his ground carefully. "You must get rather lonely sometimes."

"You're very kind to think of it, Father, but I ain't a mite lonesome," returned Jane reassuringly; "don't you worry; I ain't a-goin' to leave you. Now, about dinner; what do you say to a nice mutton-chop?"

"Oh, not a chop so soon again, if it can be avoided. Why not something roasted—a duck or a chicken? Do you know, Jane, I have an idea you roast ducks beautifully."

But Jane was not to be beguiled by any tactful compliments.

"A duck is it?" she remonstrated. "And what's to become of me afternoon rest if there's a duck to be picked and roasted? And me rest I must have this day, fur the Moss Rosebuds has their social to-night, and what would I look like without me forty winks?"

"The Moss Rosebuds?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes, to be sure. The Society of Moss Rosebuds, which I'm a member of. It's some of us young ladies in Smithersville and the young gentlemen from the rollin'-mill. We meets onct a month in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and to-night's the night. So you see, Father," continued Jane blandly, "I have a good deal on me mind without worritin' over ducks."

She lifted herself ponderously from the chair and began to remove the breakfast-dishes.

"Is it a chop then?" she inquired as she prepared to leave the room.

"Oh, I suppose so," he replied indifferently; "I should not like one of the rosebuds to look drooping on my account."

Father Lawrence strolled to the window and looked out into his back yard, whistling softly to himself as he viewed the prospect. It was not attractive. His predecessor had evidently cared little for appearances, and even the grass only grew in a fitful and apologetic manner in spots, as though uncertain of its right on the premises. The house stood in a side street, well back from the river, and was as gloomy and uninviting an abiding-place as could well be imagined, yet it had its capabilities. The priest turned away from the window and went into the parlor.

"If," he soliloquized, "this horsehair furniture was covered with something soft and neutral, and there were pillows on the sofa; if the chairs were not in a row around the wall and the table exactly in the middle of the room; if those lace curtains were not so very white and lacey, but thin and plain; if the carpet did not rival the rainbow; if the walls were repapered and all the ornaments smashed, it would not be at all a bad room. The shape is all right."

He tried all the chairs in succession and finally sank into a corner of the sofa, yawning exhaustively, with his hands clasped behind his head. He was both tired and sleepy, having risen very early that

morning to say mass in a village ten miles distant, which did not possess a resident priest. Father Lawrence had been a month in Manchester, and the reality of his life had already begun to replace the ideal. Just now, however, he could think of no duty waiting to be performed; for that morning, at least, he was free to forget the perplexing responsibilities which beset him on every side and to amuse himself.

"I will make Philip go fishing," he decided, getting up from the slippery sofa with alacrity.

"If you please, Father," said Jane, lumbering heavily into the room, "the Maloneys wants you to come immejate and baptize their baby. It's passin' away fast. Joe Maloney, he come fur you early this mornin', and left word fur you to hurry round as soon as you got home."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? The child may be dead by now."

"Well," demanded Jane indignantly, "and didn't you need yer bre'kfus' jest as much as Maloney's kid needs salvation? I has me doubts about them Maloneys anyhow. A shif'less, drunken fool he is, to be sure, with a pack o' children fur the town to support. One less is good riddance to everybody, but it ain't sich as them as dies, so don't you hurry——"

But Jane found herself talking to empty air, as Father Lawrence closed the door with decided emphasis and hastily prepared to go where he was needed.

"The like of him," remarked Jane as he ran downstairs, "ain't been in Manchester this many a year. It's no respect he has fur the parlor, at all, at all, with the shades up to the top and the sun fadin' the carpet to a rag, and it the best body-Brussels."

She shook her head sadly as she pulled down the offending shades and smoothed the crocheted cotton tidies which adorned the back of the chairs.

"And him that peppery over Maloney's kid," she muttered as she retired to the kitchen; "as if I could be expected to remember a trifle like that, and me with the Social on me mind, not to mention his puttin' me all in a flutter about that duck. It's a chop he has fur his dinner, with a baked potato fur a relish, as sure as me name's Jane Harley."

Mrs. Maloney sat in her kitchen and held her baby. There were other babies present in every stage of unattractive childhood, for each succeeding year brought to the Maloneys the poor man's blessing, until it seemed as though their quiver was indeed overflowing. The room was very hot and filled with the steam of boiling clothes, for the

family was chiefly supported by taking in washing. Indeed, Mrs. Maloney was wont to say she washed so much for others that she had no time to do it for herself, and there was no reason to doubt the truth of her assertion. The wan little figure on her lap stirred feebly; it had at last ceased its pitiful wailing.

"Whist, then," she said, hushing it against her breast.

A shadow darkened the open door, and Mary Stanley, with skirts held daintily off the floor, entered the kitchen.

"I came to see if you could wash a shirt-waist for me, Mrs. Maloney," she began cheerfully; "I want it on Wednesday for— Why, what is the matter?"

"It's dyin' she is," said Mrs. Maloney dully, "and no praste to baptize her."

"I should think," remarked Mary practically, "that a doctor was what she needed."

"It's no more a doctor can do," returned Mrs. Maloney. "I don't hold with doctors nohow, Miss Mary. Fust it was Doctor Greene. 'Milk,' sez he, 'and kape yer bottles well scalded, Mrs. Maloney.' Who'd do me washin' if I spint me time scaldin' out bottles? Wan bottle is all I've got anyhow, and whin it's empty I fills it up."

"Poor little baby," ejaculated Mary.

"But she got better," resumed the mother in monotonous recitative, "and she cried fur somethin' to ate. 'Milk,' sez Doctor Greene agin, 'nothin' but milk,' and her with two teeth clean through!"

"Surely," cried Mary, aghast, "you did not give her anything else?"

"A bit of cabbage b'iled soft and tender. What was there in that to hurt? And Doctor Greene sez, 'You've kilt yer babby,' he sez. And her with no name, and the praste not carin'!"

Mrs. Maloney drew the sleeve of her dingy wrapper across her eyes and resumed:

"And Joe up and sez, 'Never mind, Norah,' he sez, 'we'll git Doctor Crane,' he sez. Joe's that good when he's sober, Miss Mary."

"The Faith Doctor!" exclaimed Mary. "Oh Mrs. Maloney!"

"Doctor Crane come twict," continued the woman, "and he tolt me she wasn't sick; to go about me work and lave her be, and to tell meself how well and lusty she was. But I didn't do it, Miss Mary, fur how could I say she was well, and her took with convulsions jist as soon as he turned his back? This mornin' he spread his hands out over her head and he sez, 'Mrs. Maloney,' sez he, 'yer babby will git better at the turn of the tide,' sez he. But I'm thinkin', Miss Mary, that whin the tide turns I sha'n't have no babby."

"Let me hold her," said Mary gently; "your arms must be so tired."

"Sure, then, they'll soon be restin'; I'll not be holdin' her very long. Would you jist step to the door and take a look fur Father Lawrence, Miss Mary."

But Mary was obliged to report that no priest was in sight.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "he is not at home. I feel sure he would come to you at once if he knew."

"Joe wint fur him twict," replied the woman, gathering the child jealously to her breast, "but whin Doctor Crane said what he did, Joe knowed she'd git better, so he wint down to the wharf to watch the water."

Again Mary scanned the street, eagerly but unavailingly.

"Mrs. Maloney," she suggested, "suppose I go for him?"

"She's gone," wailed Mrs. Maloney suddenly, "my little babby. Not baptized. She's lost! she's lost!"

"Norah," said her husband, entering from the rear, "Norah, old girl, the tide has turned."

But his wife did not heed him, and only held more tightly to the still little form, rocking herself back and forth as she murmured soothing words to the inanimate clay clasped in her arms and vainly chafed the small, cold hands.

And Mary Stanley, not understanding that the mystery of death had already clothed the Maloneys' baby with a dignity and aloofness incomprehensible but awesome, hastened down the street towards a dark figure rapidly approaching the house.

"Hurry," she said imperiously as they met, "hurry, or you will be too late."

"Phwat are ye comin' here now fur?" demanded Mrs. Maloney, fixing her tearless eyes on the young priest.

"Whist, Norah," whispered her husband uneasily, "it's the Father himself you're sp'akin' to."

"Her not baptized," she continued, "and you takin' yer time. You'd better go now, fur it's little good it does me to look at you. Father Sanders niver failed a poor woman whin she needed him. Sure it was a sad day fur Manchester whin he died. Her not baptized and you takin' yer time!"

"Mrs. Maloney," said the young man sorrowfully, "I came just as soon as I knew you wanted me."

There was silence for a moment, and then the priest, almost timidly, proffered a suggestion. It was not favorably received.

"Phwat's the good of prayin' now?" she demanded bitterly, "it's lost she is entirely. Me little babby. Dead, and her not baptized. Phwat's the good in prayin' now?"

As Father Lawrence walked slowly and dejectedly home through

the Green he became aware of a girl's figure seated upon one of the benches.

"Were you there in time?" queried Mary in a voice which shook slightly.

"No," he returned sorrowfully, "I was just too late."

"You might have hurried," she said reproachfully; "it meant so much to her."

"Miss Stanley," he said quietly, "I did hurry. I came the moment I heard of it. Jane forgot to deliver the message. It was not wholly my fault."

"Oh," said Mary, still partly unconvinced.

"I can't tell you," he continued, "how I regret it. Nothing will ever make that poor woman believe in me again. I don't blame her, but it's hard on me, you know. She will not listen to me even, and I thought it best to leave her for the present. I am mortified and disheartened, for I have completely lost the power to help her or to be of any comfort to her. I would not have believed such a thing could happen."

"I wronged you," said Mary impulsively; "I am very sorry."

"I am sorry too," he said. "It gives the matter an additional sting that you could think me capable of not responding at once to such a summons."

"But I knew you so slightly."

"It is particularly unfortunate that it should have happened when I am so new to the work. I had hoped to win the love and confidence of my people, but I have made a poor beginning, I fear. She could have baptized the poor little child herself, of course, in an emergency, but I suppose she did not know, or had forgotten it."

"Where are you going?" asked Mary as he moved away.

A very whimsical expression crossed the face of Father Lawrence, which would have recalled the boy of ten years back to Philip Radcliffe had he been present.

"To tell the truth, Miss Stanley," he replied, "I am afraid I was going to relieve my mind by blowing up Jane. She should not have forgotten such a message."

"It would be wasted energy, I assure you," said Mary, laughing. "I know Jane thoroughly; you cannot impress her when she does not want to be impressed. Come with me instead; Mr. Radcliffe and I are going sailing, and it's just what you need."

"Come," she added persuasively as he hesitated perceptibly, "we will both be glad to have you, and just now you can do nothing here. Feel that breeze? isn't it lovely? We'll go out on the river and forget the town and the people in it for a little while. Don't go back to that stuffy house of yours just yet."

"You are very good," he responded, "I should like to go. As you say, I can do no good here at present.

"I have not had a chance to congratulate you," he said as they walked through the side streets towards the river. "Philip only told me last night."

"Thank you," said Mary quietly, "I *am* to be congratulated, I think."

"So is he. I told him last night what I thought about that part of it. He is an awfully good fellow, Miss Stanley, and I'm glad he is going to be so happy."

"We are going in my boat," remarked Mary, with her hand on the latch of the Stanleys' garden gate, "and I think Mr. Radcliffe is here already."

The little boat bobbed merrily about beside the slip, and Philip Radcliffe, with his happiest expression, waved his hat in greeting to his cousin.

"So you found John," he remarked; "that is jolly. Now jump in, both of you, and let's be off."

The wind blew Mary's hair in little, disorderly curls about her face, and the sail flapped invitingly.

"It is the day of all others for the river," continued Philip, alert and cheerful. "We will see, Jack, if you have forgotten how to sail a boat; you used to be rather cocky with me on such matters, you know."

"Yes," agreed John, "it is certainly the day of days for the river."

"Aren't you glad you came?" demanded Mary gleefully as she accepted Philip's extended hand to assist her descent into the boat. "I had to be very eloquent, I assure you, Philip; he had more than half a mind not to come with us."

"Jump in, John," said Philip, "be quick. We must not lose this breeze."

"Miss Stanley," said the priest, looking with longing eyes at the dancing water, with swiftly moving sail-boats scudding gracefully in every direction, "I hope you will not think me rude or vacillating, but I don't believe I can go with you this morning, after all."

"Why not?" inquired Philip, astonished.

"Because," he continued, still addressing the girl in the stern of the boat, "because—you will understand, I am sure—I am going back to Mrs. Maloney."

IV.

HAVE you ever seen an apple-orchard in full bloom? Ever looked at the sky through a pink and white canopy spread above you, and felt the soft touch of petals falling now and then to carpet the ground at

your feet? If you have not, I am sorry for you, and if you have, you know all about it. The little buds, at first so tightly folded and so deeply pink, are not strangers. You have perhaps watched them growing daily paler as they open, until at last, quite white and wan, they fall. And if you know them thus intimately, you must also love them.

There is something in the spring sunshine which creates an instinctive desire to sit upon a fence, or to lean against it and meditate. These reflections are not very connected, perhaps, nor would they bear translation into words, but they are very pleasant and can last indefinitely.

Mary Stanley had been leaning on the fence of Mr. Bronson's apple-orchard on the outskirts of Manchester for at least an hour, and showed no symptom of a desire to move. Finally she drew a letter from her pocket and read it attentively.

"Philip is a dear old goose," she remarked aloud as she finished. "Of course, I understand he could not get here last evening if somebody or other was ill and needed him. And I know he wanted to come; he didn't have to tell me that so carefully."

The paper rustled as the breeze took unwarrantable liberties with it, and involuntarily the girl's face became graver and a soft light shone in her eyes as she glanced at the closely written sheets.

"He is *good*," she whispered, laying them against her cheek, "and I—well, I am going to try to make him happy."

"I'm glad he wrote," she continued after a moment, addressing an inquisitive grasshopper which appeared on the fence beside her, "and I'm glad he told me he wanted to be with me. I like to read that part, after all."

So Mary read her letter again and yet again; read it and furtively kissed it, looking up quickly to be sure she was alone. All women have been there sometime and should sympathize with her. The most solitary spinster must have some memory to keep green; within her book of life there must be some turned-down page to which she can refer, and in reading it forget she is alone.

For memory is a possession bestowed upon us all impartially, and every soul cherishes its own retrospections. Sometimes they are very bitter and we would like to forget but cannot. And then sometimes they are very sweet.

Father Lawrence, walking slowly towards Manchester, was meditating also. In fact, he was so deeply absorbed that he passed the turn in the road without seeing it, and consequently brought up abruptly against the fence which supported Mary.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stanley," he exclaimed hastily as he perceived her.

"Do you always walk straight ahead, regardless of fences and people and other trifles?" said Mary, laughing.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked in reply.

"I am staying with Cousin Lucy Bronson. It is not very exciting at the house, so I escape to the orchard occasionally for a little while."

The roofs and spires of Manchester stood out distinctly against the sky, and Mary looked beyond them, over the tender young green of the fields with their bordering hedges, towards the river where the purple horizon merged into the blue water.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, with a comprehensive wave of her hand.

And the priest, his back towards Manchester, looked at the blossom-laden trees, with their dark, gnarled trunks and overhanging branches; at the old fence, with its kindly covering of lichen; and at the girl who leaned carelessly against it.

"Yes," he said emphatically, "it is lovely."

"Come in and rest," said Mary after a moment—"that is, unless you are too busy. I know a nice big tree with a seat round it which I might be induced to show you."

"I have some writing to do before vespers," he replied, hesitating, "but I will stop for a few minutes, since you are so kind as to ask me. The afternoon is young yet."

So he climbed the fence into the orchard.

After a while the sunlight became a deeper golden; the shadows grew very long and dark; and the breeze from the river passed over Manchester, bringing with it the echo of a sound.

"What is that?" asked Mary suddenly.

"It is the bell for vespers," replied the priest, springing to his feet.

V.

MRS. HALE carefully surveyed her tea-table before going into the parlor to receive her guests. She mentally reviewed the menu, checking off each item as she mentioned it with a relieved air; as though up to that moment she had feared it might take wing and fly away.

"Fried chicken with cream gravy," she murmured anxiously; "potato chips; cold ham; salad; Maryland biscuits; hot rolls; waffles; brandied peaches and vanilla ice-cream; cake; tea and coffee. And that's enough for anybody."

Mrs. Hale straightened here a knife and there a fork, and took a hasty peep into the sugar-bowl to assure herself it had been replenished.

"I hope to goodness the waffles won't be tough and that Sarah will put on her white apron," she ejaculated fervently as the doorbell

announced the first arrival, who proved to be Miss Alberta Dawson. Miss Alberta accepted her hostess's invitation to go upstairs and take off her "things," although she merely removed a pair of black silk mitts from her hands and a lace scarf from her head. She then repaired to the mirror, patted her hair affectionately, and returned to the parlor.

"I meant to have come around this afternoon and helped you with the cake," she remarked confidentially, "but I had such a rush of customers I couldn't get away. There were no less than six people in the store between two o'clock and four, and they all wanted the things put away in the highest boxes. I declare, I got right out of patience. Did you get out the silver teapot?"

Mrs. Hale nodded wearily.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "the teapot *and* the India china too. You see it's the first time I've asked Mr. Radcliffe to tea and I thought I owed him that attention. I ought to have had him long ago, of course, but first I caught cold, and then came the spring housecleaning—one thing right on top of another."

"It does happen that way sometimes," said Miss Alberta sympathetically. "Here come the Johnson girls, and Celia's turned her black silk again, as I live! Ain't she thrifty, though?"

"I call it stingy more than thrifty," returned Mrs. Hale warmly. "Everybody knows she has piles of money in the bank, and yet she keeps on turning her dresses and darning her stockings just as if she hadn't a cent to her name. When her time comes to die I expect she'll manage to get drowned or blown up, or something of that sort, to save the expense of the funeral. I'm glad such meanness don't run in our family, though we've trials enough as it is."

With which remark Mrs. Hale admitted her latest guests, escorted them upstairs to take off their things, and assured Miss Celia that the black silk gown looked like new and was vastly becoming.

"Now I hope," remarked Miss Johnson, sotto voce, to Mrs. Hale as they returned to the parlor, "that you didn't feel it necessary to go to the trouble and expense of getting up a big supper for us. A little thin bread and butter with watercresses, and perhaps cake and preserves, are really all anyone could expect."

Mrs. Hale replied somewhat stiffly that she had gone to no trouble whatever, and retreated to the front door to admit Miss Julia Bristow, who floated upstairs and down again as quietly as a shadow. It was said of Miss Julia that she never hurried, and consequently never looked hot or ruffled, whatever the state of the thermometer. Certainly as she seated herself on the sofa and spread the folds of her lavender lawn out carefully about her, she looked the embodiment of tranquillity and daintiness.

"I believe I smell tuberoses," said Miss Alberta Dawson with an audible sniff. "Where can they be?"

Miss Julia confessed to having a spray tucked in her bodice and offered to remove it.

"Although," she said regretfully, "I should be sorry to throw them away. Their odor is most delicious to me."

"How she *can*," whispered Miss Alberta to Miss Celia Johnson, as Miss Julia's attention was diverted elsewhere for a moment. "Every one of the men she was to have married had crosses made of 'em at their funerals. They say she kept a spray of each and dried it; they are all in the Family Bible with the name and date. But I don't see how she can ever bring herself to smell them, much less wear them from choice."

"Ah, there's no accounting for tastes," replied Miss Johnson with a shake of her head.

"Mr. Radcliffe is not very punctual," remarked Mrs. Hale with a sigh of regret for the chicken, which could be heard faintly spluttering in the distance.

"I really don't believe," said Miss Johnson, smoothing her skirt reflectively, "that I ever saw a young man so painfully self-conscious as Mr. Radcliffe. When we had him to tea, of course, I requested him to ask a blessing on the food. Now what do you suppose he said?"

There was a general murmur of interrogation.

"Well," resumed Miss Johnson, "he got red as a beet, and we nine ladies sat round waiting and looking at him, with the hot biscuits (light as a feather) and the oysters both getting stone cold."

"Well?" said Mrs. Hale as Miss Johnson paused for breath, "what did he say?"

"He began to stammer something," continued Miss Johnson, "and finally blurted out, '*O Lord, sanctify thy fatherly correction to us and indue our souls with patience under our affliction. Amen.*' Now did you ever? When I had an extra good supper with the best fluted china and everything as nice as possible."

"I often think," said Miss Julia Bristow mildly, "that it must be embarrassing to be the only man among so many ladies."

And, indeed, Philip Radcliffe could have echoed her remark with heartfelt emphasis. The tea-parties he was forced to attend were a severe trial to his sensitive organization, for he knew only too well that even his most casual and best-intentioned remarks were discussed and criticised in solemn conclave after his departure, and therefore was generally depressed and ill at ease. Even the excellent tea and coffee provided for his delectation turned to gall and wormwood when he endeavored to drink it in the presence of so many pairs of gold-rimmed spectacles, and the best efforts of the ladies in the culinary

line often resembled chips and sawdust to the palate of their Rector. It was also recorded of him that during the progress of his first tea-drinking he dropped his knife four times and upset a glass of water on Miss Susan Greene's purple silk, thus securing for himself the undying enmity of that lady.

"Dear me," said Miss Sally Leatherby, entering hastily, "I thought I was late. Heard the news, girls?"

The "girls" had heard nothing.

"Sultry, isn't it?" said Miss Sally, subsiding into a comfortable chair and wafting her palm-leaf fan. "Shouldn't wonder if we had a thunder-gust before morning."

"Is that your news, Sally?" inquired Miss Alberta, while Mrs. Hale looked anxiously up and down the street searching for her tardy guest.

"No, it isn't," returned Miss Sally calmly; "my news is that somebody down at the works tried to shoot Mr. Stanley this afternoon when he and Mr. Radcliffe were on the river shore, and somehow or other the new Catholic priest was there too and got badly hurt himself trying to save Mr. Stanley, who got off without even a scratch."

There was a general gasp of astonishment as Miss Sally paused to enjoy the effect of her remarks.

"I don't know the ins and outs of the affair," she continued volubly, "but I saw them carry Father Lawrence into the Stanleys' house just as I started to come here, and then Mr. Radcliffe flew off for Doctor Greene as if it was a matter of life and death, and I very much doubt, Mrs. Hale, if you see him here to-night, after all."

"It certainly is a strange thing," said Miss Alberta Dawson, "that those two men should be so intimate. In my opinion it don't look well."

"But," said Miss Julia Bristow, "they are cousins, you know, and friends as well. Of course, they like to be together."

"I wonder at you sometimes, Julia," remarked Miss Johnson severely; "you seem to have no sense of the fitness of things."

And Miss Julia looked properly crushed and remorseful.

"I wonder why they didn't take Father Lawrence to his own house," said Mrs. Hale curiously, "not that Jane is much of a nurse, of course, but it would have looked better, I think."

"They say," interposed Miss Julia, almost timidly, "that he is doing such good work among the mill people; he has a reading-room for them now, you know. And he gave old Mrs. Ames her wheeled chair and Johnny Rawley a new crutch and——"

"Oh," said Miss Sally impatiently, "I'm not denying that he is well enough in his place, but his place certainly is not in the Stan-

leys' house just now. Mary is a pretty girl and a thoughtless one, and he is too young and good looking for a priest."

"Mary is engaged to be married to Mr. Radcliffe," said Miss Julia with quiet dignity.

"And suppose she is, what then?" said Miss Alberta briskly; "'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' I agree with Sally that they should have taken him to his own house. Of course, the Stanleys feel under obligations to him; but they could have sent him beef-tea and things every day. It's such an intimate sort of feeling to be under the same roof with a person. Don't you think so, Mrs. Hale?"

And Mrs. Hale agreed with her heartily.

"Just as soon as I can manage it," she announced, "I am going to see Mrs. Stanley and find out all about it, for you don't seem to know how it happened, Sally, or very much about anything."

"No," said Miss Sally cheerfully, "I don't. But I know it happened somehow, and I know that Father Lawrence is this minute in the Stanleys' spare room; and I know that if anybody had to be hurt I'm glad it wasn't Mr. Stanley; and I know too, Mrs. Hale, that Mr. Radcliffe won't be here this evening; and I believe that ends my knowledge for the present."

"Well," said Mrs. Hale mournfully, "we won't wait any longer. The chicken and rolls must be about ruined now, not to mention the waffles, but we'll have to do the best we can. I think, though, Mr. Radcliffe might have remembered to send word, even if his cousin did get hurt; one should remember the proprieties of life under any circumstances. Will you please walk out to tea?"

VI.

UPON the upper veranda of Mr. Stanley's house, overlooking the river, a reclining-chair with pillows and all possible accessories for the comfort of an invalid waited for its occupant. Mrs. Stanley, for the twentieth time, shook up the pillows and changed the position of the footrest as she conversed volubly with Mrs. Hale, who was swaying back and forth in a large rocking-chair, enjoying herself extremely.

"And so," said Mrs. Stanley in evident continuation of a narrative, "they carried him in, more dead than alive, and we worked over him almost all night before he recovered consciousness."

"Dear, dear," murmured Mrs. Hale.

"Wasn't it awful?" appealed Mrs. Stanley.

"How did you feel when you saw them take him upstairs?" inquired Mrs. Hale curiously.

"My dear," returned Mrs. Stanley, "I felt thankful the spare-

room bed was made up with linen sheets and ruffled pillow-cases. It just shows it don't do to get careless about such matters."

"I don't understand yet," remarked Mrs. Hale, "just how it all happened."

"I thought I told you. Jim Murphy, down at the works—you remember him, don't you? Married Lizzie Green, the best housemaid I ever had, and if she had listened to me——"

Mrs. Hale cut short the flood of memory concerning Lizzie Green and brought her friend gently but firmly back to the point.

"Well, Jim had been discharged by the Superintendent for drunkenness—he is absolutely worthless, you know. Mr. Stanley didn't have a thing to do with it, he didn't even know it, and I do think it showed a very mean spirit in Jim Murphy to try and kill a man for what he didn't do."

"But how did Father Lawrence know about it?"

"He heard Lizzie begging Jim to come home with her," continued Mrs. Stanley, "and thought something must be wrong, so he followed him and got there just in time to knock the arm that held the pistol, so the shot went wild. Jim turned on him and hit him in the head with the handle of the pistol. If Mr. Stanley and Mr. Radcliffe had not been there, he would have killed him."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Hale again; "so they brought him here?"

"What else would they do with him, pray?" demanded Mrs. Stanley sharply. "Of course, Mr. Stanley brought him home for me to nurse. Wasn't it in trying to save my husband he got hurt? It is as little as I can do to take care of him, I think. Why, I might have been a widow this minute!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, "of course. And you like him?"

"We do," said Mrs. Stanley emphatically, "although he's queer too. What do you suppose he said when Mr. Stanley told him he didn't know how to thank him for what he had done?"

Mrs. Hale could not imagine.

"He said," resumed Mrs. Stanley, "that while, of course, he did not want any thanks, he would be very grateful to Mr. Stanley if instead of prosecuting Jim Murphy he would take him back at the works, and that if he would, he would be responsible for Jim's good behavior."

"I think I hear someone coming," said Mrs. Hale tentatively.

"Ahem," whispered Mrs. Stanley, "let's be talking about the scenery. Yes, it is strange how clearly you see the opposite shore in fine weather."

The last sentence was delivered in stentorian tones as John Lawrence, somewhat pale and with an angry-looking bruise on his temple, came out on the veranda.

"Mrs. Stanley," he exclaimed as he saw the preparation for his comfort, "you are really too good to me."

"Oh," said Mrs. Stanley, shaking up a cushion, "not a bit of it. Sit right down here. Why, nursing is a real pleasure to me."

"And to your patients as well."

"Mrs. Hale," said Mrs. Stanley at this point, "I don't think you know Father Lawrence, do you?"

"Everybody is anxious to know him since he put us all under obligations by saving Mr. Stanley," returned Mrs. Hale politely. "You know, Father, you are quite the toast of the town."

"Really," began the priest, "you embarrass me."

"Here is the mail," interrupted Mary, entering the piazza, "two for father and one for you, mother. If I had known you were here, Mrs. Hale, I could have brought yours also."

"It doesn't matter," said Mrs. Hale, rising, "I was just going, anyhow. I am glad to see that you are better, Father; with two such nurses you could not fail to improve."

"I'll go down with you and take Henry his letters," remarked Mrs. Stanley.

"Old cat!" exclaimed Mary as the gate closed behind her mother and their guest.

"Yes," said the priest, laughing, "so I imagined."

Mary seated herself in the hammock and took off her hat.

"You should be shocked, you know, at such sentiments, or, rather, at the expression of them," she remarked, pushing herself idly back and forth.

"Should I?" he exclaimed. "Why, please?"

"In your official capacity as a priest I mean," she returned. "Of course, you never indulge in the luxury of saying mean things about people when their backs are turned; I'm rather sorry for you, though, for it is a great comfort sometimes."

"Then why shouldn't I indulge myself occasionally?"

"Philip never does."

"Which do you think is the better man, Philip or myself?" inquired the priest, with a twinkle in his gray eyes.

"That's not a fair question," said Mary, laughing; "of course, I am prejudiced."

A hammock is a snare and a delusion for an ugly woman and a most effective setting for a pretty one. It was therefore not strange that the young man's eyes lingered admiringly on the girl beside him, whose position, balanced on the edge of the hammock, displayed the curves of her graceful figure to the best advantage as she thrust forth a trim little foot now and then to insure the continuance of the slow, rhythmical motion she liked.

"I'm not very comfortable," she remarked, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. "Do you think you could spare me one of those many pillows? Thank you."

Mary settled herself to her liking and gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah," she said, "this is nice. Confess, now, that our house is cooler than yours and our cook better than Jane."

"I never thought of denying it, but it is not kind in you to crow over my misfortunes."

"I am arguing, not crowing," she returned severely, "and the point of my argument is, why do you insist on going home before you are strong when you admit to being so much more comfortable here?"

"Think of my work; I am quite able to take it up again now. You are all so kind to me that I would be totally spoiled if I stayed much longer."

"Mother says she can never do enough for you."

"I wish she wouldn't look at it that way; it makes me feel such a prig."

Mary stopped swinging and leaned forward slightly.

"I have not tried to thank you myself," she said earnestly; "somehow I just couldn't. There don't seem to be any words to express it properly."

"Please do not try."

A mist obscured the brown eyes for an instant and a bright drop glittered on the dark lashes.

"You don't know how I love my father," she said softly, "and but for you——" she paused abruptly.

"Please don't, Miss Stanley."

"Well," said Mary, her dimple suddenly in evidence, "I've tried to thank you, anyhow, and I feel better."

They both laughed a little, and Mary resumed her swinging.

"Isn't it strange the way things happen?" she remarked after a short pause. "A little while ago you were a stranger, and now I feel as though I had known you all my life."

"Jim Murphy knocked me into paradise for a little while," he returned quietly; "I'm very grateful to him, but it is time I went back to earth, I think."

"What a pretty speech! I shall save it up to tell mother. Only I question their having beef-tea in paradise," she added as a maid appeared with a steaming cup of that beverage.

"Then they miss a great deal, for it is uncommonly good," he returned, sipping with decided pleasure.

The girl in the hammock swung back and forth in silence as she watched him.

"I wonder," she said impulsively as the maid disappeared with the empty cup, "whether you would be offended if I said something."

"Try and see."

"What made you decide to be a priest?"

"Why did Philip become a clergyman?"

"That doesn't seem the same thing somehow. He did not give up as much as you did, and besides——"

"Well?" he inquired, as she paused uncertainly.

"I ought not to say it, I suppose," she resumed slowly, "but I can't help thinking you were intended for something different. You—you *enjoy* things so, you know."

"Is there any reason I should not enjoy myself when I can?" he interrupted in astonishment.

"No," she said hastily, "of course not, but then—you have so little to enjoy."

"I have a great deal," he returned, laughing; "for instance, I am getting a good deal of pleasure out of the present moment, which is more than you are, I am afraid, for you have a pucker in your forehead. What is the trouble?"

"I was thinking of what Philip told me," she answered, "how you gave away your fortune and everything. It did seem such a pity. Please forgive me if I am rude."

"You don't understand, that's all," he said quietly.

The entrance of Mrs. Stanley, overflowing with questions and good-will, brought the conversation to an abrupt end, much to Mary's relief, for she rather regretted the personality of her last remarks.

"I feel," she said to herself as she went to her room to prepare for dinner, "just as I used to years ago when mother said, 'Run away and play, dear!'"

"Don't understand," she repeated aloud as she removed the pins from her hair. "Who *could* understand, I'd like to know."

Reaching abstractedly for her brush, she knocked over a large photograph of Philip Radcliffe, which fell unnoticed behind the dressing-table.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "I wonder——"

Mary rested her chin in her hand and meditated a long time.

A curious little smile hovered about the corners of her lips as she studied herself carefully in the mirror.

"She must have been very critical not to like him," she said at last, addressing the face that smiled back at her, "for I think he would know just how to do it, don't you?"

It was not until quite late in the evening that she missed the photograph from its accustomed place, and at once instituted an

alarmed search until she discovered it, face downward, behind the dressing-table.

"I hate gray eyes with black lashes, anyhow," said Mary irrelevantly, flushed and breathless, as she remorsefully restored the picture to its place of honor.

VII.

PHILIP RADCLIFFE stood at the lectern and read the lessons for the day somewhat absently. Where was Mary? She should, by rights, have been perched upon the organ-stool in the gallery opposite the chancel, but the wildest stretch of imagination could not transform the pepper-and-salt trousers and black frock coat of Mr. Grant, the substitute organist, into the slim, white-clad figure and large, shady hat towards which his eyes were invariably raised when in need of inspiration.

Where could she be? This question pursued him during the lessons and into the litany, through which he hurried breathlessly.

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," finished Tommy Brown, in high staccato, several words behind the rest of the congregation.

Philip felt vaguely troubled and more than usually alive to the eccentricities of his flock. Miss Alberta Dawson, her black satin bosom heaving gently with every breath, quietly waved a palm-leaf fan to and fro at regular intervals until the text was announced, when she promptly produced a Bible and looked it up. Philip immediately became convinced that he had given out the wrong verse or chapter, and it was not until the book was closed and the fan resumed that he summoned courage to proceed.

Having by a great effort diverted his gaze from Miss Alberta, he encountered the vacant stare of Tommy Brown, the idiot boy, occupying a conspicuous seat on the main aisle, where it was impossible to avoid seeing him. Philip forced himself to look beyond Tommy, only to be confronted with old Mrs. Grimes, who was the terror of her neighbors, being afflicted with St. Vitus's dance and prone to hit out violently with her prayer-book at unexpected moments in a belligerent manner somewhat unnerving to the casual observer. Directly in front of Mrs. Grimes sat, or rather slumbered, Mr. Wetherby, the husband of six deceased wives. These unfortunate ladies reposed in a row in his family graveyard, where he could see their white head-stones from his dining-room window.

"We may not live away," he was wont to observe if a guest happened to glance out of the window during the progress of a meal.

Mr. Wetherby's forehead extended to the crown of his head, but this fact was concealed by allowing the hair to grow below his shoulders in the back and turning it directly upward by means of a hoopcomb;

this style of coiffure allowed the ends to extend over the bald and shining top and even to be parted thereon, but the effect from the back was rather unique.

Philip mopped his forehead hopelessly; he could not concentrate his mind upon his subject, and the sight of Mr. Stanley placidly preparing for a nap by spreading his handkerchief over his face was not soothing to his prospective son-in-law.

At last it was over. The sermon upon which he had worked for hours had been delivered in a spiritless tone and manner, which affected his congregation as little as his most impassioned and heartfelt appeals. Philip slowly removed his surplice in the vestry and experienced for the hundredth time that sense of failure so depressing to a sensitive organization. And no Mary lingered in the church-yard until he should join her for a stroll before dinner, according to their usual custom. He must, of course, go at once and see what was the matter.

Father Lawrence, meanwhile, was discharging the duties of the day to the best of his ability, without allowing himself to dwell upon the effect of his administration. He did his best always, and if the seed fell upon stony ground, he could not help it; the only thing to do under such circumstances was to keep on sowing, and perhaps after a while it might take root.

"And he saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," he repeated as the sermon drew near its close.

"And what is love?"

Father Lawrence paused and looked at his congregation. Some slumbered; here and there a smothered yawn was discernible, and a few small boys were occupied in catching flies. The priest felt no resentment; his congregation were laboring people and much in need of rest. It would, however, be refreshing to find even one person who at least understood his meaning.

"Love," he continued, glancing at a remote corner of the church as a last resort, "is the food of the body, the wine of the soul; it is the key to happiness, and the mainspring of existence. Love is the very heart of life."

Someone was interested after all, it seemed, for she leaned slightly forward, as though anxious to hear every word; the priest doubted the evidence of his eyes and forgot the thread of his discourse for a moment.

"Thou knowest that I love thee," he said slowly, and Mary Stanley, with flaming cheeks, sank back into a corner of the pew where a corpulent pillar totally obscured her from sight.

What the subsequent concluding words of the sermon were Mary did not know. She had yielded to a sudden impulse to go to church and hear Philip's cousin preach, and she had been intensely interested

from the beginning. The unfamiliarity of the service and the total unconsciousness of the young priest impressed her with a vague sense of distance, which she found rather pleasant than otherwise. Philip in the chancel was to her simply Philip, not always at his best and keenly anxious to awaken a spark of interest in the phlegmatic breasts of the majority of his congregation. Mary shared this anxiety to a certain extent and frequently felt quite exhausted when the sermon was over from sympathy with the fervor of this desire and the expenditure of nervous energy necessary in the effort to accomplish it.

Father Lawrence apparently had not cared whether his sermon was appreciated or not; the words had simply crowded upon each other without premeditation, straight from his heart. He believed in what he said, that was very evident, and it required no effort on his part to say it. Mary, listening absorbed, forgot she knew the man, and saw only the priest in his remoteness. It was not until her eyes met his, with their unmistakable gleam of recognition, that she began to doubt the wisdom of what she had done.

"I wish I had not come," she thought uneasily. "I wish he had not seen me."

The pronoun did not refer to Philip in the latter clause.

Mary dutifully took charge of the music at the evening service, and in consequence thereof the rector went through the service with a spontaneity which had been entirely lacking in the morning. She settled herself to listen to the sermon and fixed her eyes attentively upon the speaker.

"Judge not that ye be not judged," announced Philip as his text.

"Thou knowest that I love thee," repeated Mary to herself, by way of fixing it securely in her mind, and her familiar surroundings were gradually replaced by the scene of the morning.

"What is love?" whispered a little voice from somewhere.

A moth hovered about the gas, singed its wings, and flew away; Mary watched it go and hoped it would not return.

"*Love is the key to happiness, the mainspring of existence.*" It was not Philip's voice which lingered over the words, repeating them over and over with convincing directness.

"*Love is the food of the body, the wine of the soul.*"

The moth was back again now, fluttering helplessly over the gas, circling closer and closer, until at last it met its inevitable fate; its charred remains obscured the light for an instant only, then crumbled away as the flame blazed up even brighter than before.

"*Love is the very heart of life.*"

The evening breeze stole quietly through the open window and stirred the little curls about her ear.

"What does he know of love?" thought the girl. "What *can* he know? And yet——"

"Miss Stanley," whispered her neighbor, "I do believe you've been asleep. It's time to commence the hymn."

VIII.

"Be good and you will be happy," we wrote in our copybooks long ago.

"Be good and you will be lonely," amends a writer of the present day.

It is open to the public to prove by personal application which version of the above maxim is correct. For my own part—but then this is not a record of my private opinions.

Father Lawrence had virtuously returned home as soon as he was able to do so and, if the truth must be told, he was neither happy nor comfortable. Being naturally somewhat fastidious in his tastes, the two weeks spent in the quiet refinement of the Stanley household and the luxury of once more partaking of well-cooked, daintily served meals had rendered him more than usually alive to the blank coldness of his own dwelling and the eccentricities of Jane's best efforts in the culinary line.

Then too he missed the companionship of the daughter of the house, which, although he hardly realized it himself, had gradually become more stimulating and refreshing than the tonic ordered by the doctor or the beef-tea administered by kind Mrs. Stanley.

So he turned irritably away from his unappetizing early dinner on the day following Mary's sudden appearance at his church, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, stood looking out his parlor window and wondering why he did not feel inclined to make the parochial visits which awaited the first opportunity.

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?" he said aloud, rousing himself abruptly after the better part of an hour had been unprofitably spent gazing out into the street.

Receiving no satisfactory reply to this inquiry, he pulled himself together and marching firmly upstairs produced his visiting list.

"I will go and see the most difficult families on it," he muttered, rapidly entering their names in his note-book, "and I'll begin with the Murphys. Perhaps Jim will kindly knock me back again into Paradise; I'm sure I wish he would."

There are more attractive ways of spending an August afternoon than parish visiting, and a priest may have his preferences as well as any other man, especially if he happens to be young and unaccustomed to the life, so it was not altogether strange that Father Lawrence compared the steaming kitchens and dirty, toil-crushed women and

children to whom he would shortly be introduced unfavorably with the breeze from the river and the roomy, pillow-laden hammock swinging empty and alone upon the Stanleys' upper back piazza.

Probably, though, it was not empty, for doubtless Mary occupied it, as usual. Her life, he reflected, severely brushing his hat, was really very idle. It was to be hoped for Philip's sake that she would turn over a new leaf when they were married. Of course, she was wasting the afternoon dozing in the hammock, with her brown hair blown into disorderly rings about her forehead, and her long lashes resting upon her flushed cheek, as he had once seen them. Such a squandering of valuable time was most reprehensible. Was she wearing a blue gown that day, or a white one? The hat-brush was held suspended in the air for some minutes while this knotty point was under consideration, and finally fell to the floor with considerable emphasis as the priest turned and ran rapidly downstairs, with an impatient shout to Jane that he expected to be absent until tea-time.

The usual afternoon silence reigned supreme as he set forth on his uncongenial round, and over the houses on every side the mantle of sleep appeared to have descended, with its customary tranquillizing effect. Father Lawrence did not think he would disturb anyone by his untimely arrival, however; down in the settlement by the factories, where he was going, there was no time for rest or sleep by day, and even the few hours demanded by nature at night were grudgingly allowed and rendered as unrefreshing as possible.

"I will take the short cut through the Battery," he decided, "and walk along the river bank to Smithersville."

Now the Battery is a pleasant place in which to linger on a summer day, with its drooping willow-trees and irregular stone wall bordering the river; which wall offers inviting flat rocks here and there for the weary to rest upon, with the trunk of a tree for a back and a smaller stone for a footstool, while overhead is spread a green canopy to shield one from the sun.

So it was natural to walk slowly, and pause now and then to rest a little. But the Battery, it appeared, was not quite deserted that afternoon, for Mary Stanley and her small dog sat comfortably in the shade of the largest willow and listened to the water washing against the stones as the tide rolled in.

"Aren't you a little late?" she inquired, without turning her head, as she heard footsteps approaching, and Winks jumped up, wagging his stump of a tail in excited greeting.

"I'm afraid I am going to prove a disappointment," said Father Lawrence apologetically, "but I cannot help being the wrong man, you know."

"Oh," said Mary, laughing; "why, I was expecting Philip."

"So I supposed. Now tell me why you are not napping, like all the rest of Manchester?"

"We often come here in the afternoon," she replied. "Philip reads Browning to me as long as I will let him, and then I turn the tables by reading the 'Rubaiyat' to him."

"Doesn't he like it?"

"Not much, I am afraid; he calls poor, dear Omar a drunken old heathen."

"Well, he wasn't exactly a saint, you know."

"Nevertheless, I love him."

"And so do I," exclaimed the priest, taking the little book and turning its pages affectionately. "Why, you have marked some of my favorite passages!"

"Sit down on part of my stone and show them to me."

The breeze ruffled the little waves of the incoming tide and the shade of the willow was cool and inviting, whereas the walk to Smithersville was long and hot, for after leaving the Battery no trees interfered with the prerogatives of the afternoon sun.

"I will stop for just a minute," said Father Lawrence, hesitating.

But the minute lengthened, all unheeded, as the tide crept higher and higher, with an occasional wave slapping the stones so vigorously that its spray fell upon the "Rubaiyat," leaving small, round marks like the imprint of tears upon the smooth surface.

"Do you remember this passage?" said the priest, lingering over the verse and pausing reluctantly at its close.

"Go back," said Mary; "read it again, please. Yes, I remember, but I want to hear it once more."

So he repeated it and the girl listened dreamily, her eyes upon the dancing water, whose rippling chimed pleasantly with the musical cadences of the old Persian:

"There was a Door to which I found no Key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see;
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seemed,—and then no more of Thee and Me."

"How well you read," she said at last, rousing herself suddenly after a long silence.

"What were you thinking of when I joined you?" said the priest, disregarding the compliment. "You had that faraway look in your eyes which means you are somewhere in the clouds. Is it pleasant up there?"

"It is very pleasant indeed."

"Take me with you sometime; I am so firmly anchored to earth just now I cannot go alone."

"How could I take you with me?"

The old willow swayed its drooping branches impatiently, and the black chimneys of the factories of Smithersville stood out distinctly against the horizon, uncouth and repellent in their angular outlines. At the door of the Rectory in sleepy Manchester Philip Radcliffe thankfully sped the parting guest and started for the Battery.

"I am waiting to hear about those thoughts?" said Father Lawrence, leaning slightly forward that he might look under the brim of her hat.

"I was thinking," said Mary slowly, "about your sermon yesterday."

"About my sermon!" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes; the latter part of it. Do you believe what you said—about love, I mean? You called it 'the wine of the soul,' you know, and 'the key to happiness.'"

"I meant every word of it."

"If love is wine," pursued the girl thoughtfully, "then it must be possible to drink too deeply of it and become intoxicated."

"It is quite possible—yes," he assented mechanically.

"It seemed so strange to hear those sentiments from you, a priest," she resumed, "although, of course, I understand you did not mean human love."

"I don't know," he said absently; "I—I think I did. It is all I said and more—much more."

"How do you know?" she interrupted, breathlessly. "How do *you* know?"

"How do I know?" he repeated, the pupils of his eyes dilating strangely. "Shall I tell you?"

"No, no," she interrupted hastily, "I had no right to ask such a question. Please read again."

And the priest, opening the little volume at random, complied, while the girl leaned back against the tree with her face in the shadow of her hat, and a sudden tumult in her heart she could not understand. After a while her hot cheeks cooled a trifle, and she began to listen, absently enough at first; what was he saying?

"Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits,—and then
Re-mould it closer to the Heart's Desire!"

"Ah Moon of my Delight who knowst no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!"

"And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests, Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made one,—turn down an empty Glass."

"Upon my word," said Philip, appearing suddenly on the scene flushed and breathless, "you look uncommonly comfortable."

"What made you so late?" said Mary reproachfully. "I have waited a long time."

"I know," he replied regretfully, "but I really could not help it. I was detained by a hard-luck story. Where did you stumble on John?"

"He stumbled on me," she replied, "and we have been waiting for you. But now I am going home, for it must be late. Won't you both come with me?"

But the priest declined the invitation, pleading unfinished work as an excuse. As Mary and his cousin started slowly homeward a small gray object fell unnoticed from her lap; he stooped and picked it up, placing it carefully in his pocket.

"John," called Philip, turning suddenly, "do you see anything of a glove on the ground where we were sitting?"

"No," returned John, looking industriously around in the grass, "I do not see it."

As the last flutter of the white gown disappeared in the distance he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a gray glove, which he laid on the wall beside him.

"Why did I do that, I wonder?" he said aloud, staring at the harmless little object almost fiercely.

After awhile the six o'clock whistles blew shrilly at the factories, and groups of men and girls passed quite close as they wearily walked home to supper; the sun went down too, and the leaves of the tree were no longer necessary, except as a protection against the August dew. It was low tide now, and the water which had rippled so merrily against the wall shrank away from it, dull and sullen. And one stone felt quite aggrieved because it had been in constant use for many hours, for Father Lawrence continued to sit motionless beneath the willow. One hand supported his head, while in the other lay the little glove, quite still and comfortable. He did not ask himself why he held it so closely, because he knew at last.

IX.

IN Manchester there is an old wharf, long since abandoned for practical purposes, but much valued by youthful spirits on account of its remoteness from the heart of the town and its general air of dignified seclusion. One has to be careful, to be sure, for here and there a plank is missing entirely, and it is well to test the black, worm-

eaten piles before leaning against them, but these are minor considerations and of slight importance.

"Suppose we walk down to the wharf."

That apparently innocent remark has paved the way to the crisis of many lives, and will probably continue to do so as long as the boards hold together, for, as Miss Alberta Dawson was wont to remark, the old wharf is responsible for half the marriages in Manchester.

"And a very pretty piece of work some of them are," she usually concluded with a scornful sniff.

Father Lawrence had finished his supper, which was always of short duration on Sunday nights, owing to Jane's social engagements, and was free for the rest of the evening; his duties for the day were ended with vespers at four o'clock. He therefore walked slowly through the quiet streets towards the wharf, feeling restless and disconcerted, and at odds with life generally.

When one receives one's first hard knocks in a world which has hitherto seemed created solely to foster and to cherish mankind, one is at first stunned with the suddenness of the blow and then rebellious. After a while, as time goes on and the raps become more frequent, one learns to accept them, with tears, perhaps, and much repining at fate, but still to accept them. It is only at first that one is belligerent and tries to hit back.

It was too early for the legitimate habitués of the wharf, as he was well aware. Later, when the moon was up, a solitary man would be unwelcome; two was the proper number, no more but certainly no less. And Father Lawrence was alone and very solitary.

The bells were ringing for evening service, and he listened to them moodily. That was Philip's bell—that loud, insistent tone which rang out clearly above the others; how it reverberated as it asserted itself and its right to public recognition. From his position at the end of the wharf he could see the Stanleys' garden as it sloped down to the river, with its little slip and boat-house; he could also see the corner which they must turn as they went to church. No doubt they would all go, he reflected, as he strained his eyes to distinguish distant objects through the gathering twilight.

The bell stopped ringing as two mature, stout figures turned the corner. That was Mr. Stanley; his white Panama hat and loose duck trousers were unmistakable; and that was undoubtedly Mrs. Stanley, holding the skirt of her gown high above her ankles on each side, while it trailed limply in the dust in the middle of the back. Where was the slim white figure that should have accompanied them? With quickened pulses he turned towards the garden; there was someone upon the slip.

Duty is an ugly word and an uglier reality. Its constant, never-

ending conflict with inclination saps the warmth from our hearts and the strength from our bodies, and it is not strange that sometimes we attempt to effect a compromise instead of fighting the battle to an absolute finish.

Throughout the restless hours of the previous night John Lawrence had fought his first hard fight and was mentally exhausted in consequence. He recognized his duty and acknowledged it unwillingly; it was hideous in its naked simplicity. One thing to do, and one only. He must go away.

Turning his back resolutely upon the white figure on the little slip he leaned against the unsteady piles and thought it over once more. There was no other solution; no other course open to him. Well, he would go at once.

She was at home, alone; why not go now and tell her his decision? Of course, she would understand. The thought that perhaps she would be grieved was not distasteful; why should all the pain be his? She was alone in the garden. A few minutes—an hour perhaps. Something to remember always; something to look back upon when he was gone. He would be careful, very careful, in what he said. He would leave Manchester—yes, that was quite decided; but he would go himself, now, while she was alone, and tell her.

Turning to retrace his steps, he glanced accidentally towards the irregular forms of the houses before him. Tapering gracefully above the surrounding dwellings rose the spire of the Catholic church, its golden cross gleaming in the faint light of the rising moon.

The priest leaned heavily once more against the cluster of old piles at the corner of the wharf and bowed his head upon his arms.

"I will write to her," he said after a long time, raising his face, white to the lips, and pressing his hand to his burning eyelids, "I will not go."

There was a sound of oars dipping in and out of the water, and something shook the piles by knocking against them.

X.

"MARY," said Mrs. Stanley as she tied her bonnet-strings in an irreproachable bow, "it is church time."

"I know it, mother," replied Mary, turning a page in her book.

"Well, then, why don't you get your hat? We are late as it is, and your father has been waiting on the doorstep this ten minutes."

"I am not going to church," announced Mary, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why not, pray?"

"Oh, I don't feel like it to-night; it is so warm. Besides, I was there this morning."

"Who will play the organ?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the girl indifferently.

"What will Philip think?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley as she bustled about in search of her gloves, "I must say I think it's your duty to go; it is not very warm, as you know quite well. If you are going to marry a clergyman, the least you can do is to go to his church. Philip would be justified if he didn't like it; you should study his happiness as well as your own. But you are so like your father, Mary (where's that other glove?), and I'm sure he is selfish enough in some ways for the whole family. Now, Philip is different—so thoughtful and generous (I wish you would find my handkerchief); Philip is sensitive too, and——"

Here Mary murmured something not quite audible, and Mrs. Stanley paused in her search for the missing glove.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Mary, closing her book. "I really don't like to hurry you, mother, but the time is passing, and Philip particularly dislikes to have people straggle into church late; it annoys him."

"It is my opinion, Mary Stanley," said her mother, pausing solemnly as she left the room, "that you need dosing with quinine and iron; there must be something wrong with your blood. Yes, Henry, I'm coming."

The last sentence was in response to a vigorous shout from the doorstep.

Mary strolled out into the garden and seated herself on the raised ledge of the little wharf beside the boathouse.

The long summer twilight deepened, and only the murmur of the water and the occasional chirp of a cricket disturbed the silence of the summer evening. The girl sat quietly listening to the water washing against the pier and watching her boat rising and falling with the swell of the tide, now almost at its height. She felt strangely restless and depressed, and conscious only of a desire to row herself away from Manchester for a while, to be alone and free to think and act as she chose.

In a little while they would be home from church and Philip would come with them. Philip was not usually at his best on Sunday evenings; the efforts of the day seemed to exhaust his vitality; he required sympathy and perhaps a little stimulating. Mary clasped her hands behind her head and listened to the cricket. She did not feel in the mood for cheering anyone that night; she wanted sympathy herself—just why she did not know, but she was sure she wanted it.

She went into the boathouse and got the oars, unfastened her little boat, and pushed herself out from the slip. Exercise, she reflected, would probably do her good; she would keep close to the shore and out of the current, and be home before anyone missed her.

After pulling aimlessly about in the smooth water of the harbor for a short time, she rested on her oars and drifted idly with the tide. She wished she might slip unnoticed into the house and lock herself in her own room before they returned from church, for she felt sure Philip would be difficult again. Recently he had been urging her to fix a date for their marriage, and she had no reason for refusing to do so, except a vague distrust of the future which she could not explain even to herself. Did all girls feel so? she wondered. It was only quite lately she had begun to examine the exact status of her heart, and to question her ability to help Philip in his life-work. No doubts had troubled her at first, she had been too happy in the thought of his love. And now— Were they congenial, after all?

Marriage, reflected Mary, was a serious step for a girl; and the more she thought about it, the more serious it became.

"It lasts so long," she said aloud as the boat bumped suddenly against an obstruction, and Mary, looking up in surprise, discovered she had floated against the old wharf, and that Father Lawrence stood upon it, gazing eagerly down into her brown eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, steadying her boat against the wharf.

"I was thinking of you," he returned slowly, "and I was about to go home and write to you; there is something I want to tell you."

"Well," she replied, "come home with me, then, and tell me. Wouldn't that be better than writing?"

"No," he said shortly, "I don't think so."

"You are not very complimentary."

He did not reply, and Mary, after waiting a few moments, lifted her oars to push off.

"Of course," she said a little stiffly, "I don't wish to urge you. No doubt a letter *would* be better."

"Don't," he exclaimed hastily, "don't misunderstand me. Of course I will come. Can you reach the landing? I will row you home. What I have to say will not take very long, but it is important to me."

"Everyone has gone to church," said Mary irrelevantly as he stepped into the boat and took possession of the oars.

"I am glad," he rejoined absently, "that I have vespers in the afternoon."

The moon was rising out of the water, a great red ball, and they watched its ascent in silence.

"Miss Stanley," said the priest abruptly, "I am going away."

"You are going away?" she repeated incredulously.

"It is necessary for me to go at once," he continued, dipping the oars slowly into the water, "and—I can never come back."

"I am sorry," she said quietly, "very sorry."

"I had hoped perhaps you might be."

"Why do you go?" she demanded suddenly, looking directly at him, "why do you go?"

"Can't you understand?" he exclaimed, flushing; "don't you know why it is impossible for me to stay?"

"Hush," she said, "don't tell me any more."

"I will not come again to your house," he resumed, "except to pay a formal farewell visit to your mother."

"Then," said Mary slowly, "to-night, for us, is good-by."

"To-night is good-by," he repeated, "yes—it is good-by; but don't dwell on the thought; we must enjoy these moments while we can. Let us imagine them the beginning and not the end. The summer has brought happiness and misery to me, until my cup has overflowed, and yet I would like to live it over again. How is it with you?"

"I do not know," she returned; "sometimes I am so happy I am frightened, but sometimes I am miserable. Just now I am happy, but to-morrow——"

"To-morrow," he interrupted; "well, to-morrow has yet to come, I have no part or lot in it, but to-night is *mine*. No one can deprive me of it—it is all my own. Talk to me. I am watching for your dimple; it is in the left cheek; I know just where to look, but I have not seen it to-night."

The ghost of a dimple played about her cheek for an instant as she smiled faintly.

"I have a favor to ask," he said hurriedly; "don't let us go in yet. I want to row you farther out on the river—away from everybody. I want you to myself just once. Do not be afraid; you will be safe with me, quite safe. Are you going to refuse me such a little thing? We can never go again, you know; it is the last time, the last——"

"I am not afraid," said Mary quietly, "I will do as you wish."

"Then believe that this next hour will last forever. Forget everything but the present. There is no future; there has been no past. We will drift on, and on, and on."

They rowed slowly out towards the broad road of light cast by the moon upon the dark water.

"Let us enter it," said Mary, "let us follow the path of gold. I wonder where it leads?"

"It has no end," he replied; "we will float along in it forever. The present is eternity, you know, for you and me."

"I wish it were," said the girl, with a little shiver; "to-morrow haunts me, and ~~after~~ that is still to-morrow—a panorama of to-morrows each more hateful than the other."

"Hush," he cried, pulling with swift, even strokes towards the

glittering pathway, "you forget. There is no to-morrow. One really lives once in a lifetime only; after that one exists. We are living now. See, we are in the light. It falls directly on you. There are golden strands in your hair which I never saw before.

"I will rest for a while," he continued, dropping the oars, which trailed lazily along after them; "I want to sit here at your feet; give me a cushion. The tide has turned, do you see? We are going away from Manchester. You shall steer if you choose, but I would rather simply drift."

The water lapped musically against the boat, and Mary, releasing the tiller, clasped her hands dreamily around her knees as she sat in the stern of the boat.

"Suppose we were going far away somewhere," she said suddenly, "going to begin a new life?"

"Don't suppose," he answered, "we *are* going, you know. There will not be any spectre of duty hanging over us in that new life. We will be happy, and nothing else is of any consequence."

"There will be no other people," she said, yielding to his mood, "just you and I."

"Just you and I," he echoed; "*you and I.*"

The oar on the right slipped out of the rowlock, rested a minute on the crest of a wave, and floated away unnoticed. The oar on the left moved uneasily; perhaps it wanted to join its companion.

There was silence in the little boat, drifting along its path of gold. Some moments in life are too acute in their intensity and too vital in their import to bear translation into words.

A brightly lighted excursion steamer passed swiftly by, homeward bound; they rocked a little in its wake and floated on. Behind them the lights of Manchester shone like vigilant, accusing eyes, while before them the river widened into the bay, peaceful in its vast solitude and enveloped in sheltering darkness except where the path of light glistened and beckoned as it stretched rippling forth into infinity.

And in the little boat, a mere speck upon the universe, two atoms of humanity looked at each other in silence. Eyes have been called the windows of the soul, but this mysterious habitation is usually kept in the shadow, so that the chance passerby may know nothing of the dweller behind the white-fringed shades. Sometimes, however, these shades are lifted and the soul flutters involuntarily to the light; it is then that heart and soul unite and form Desire.

"Mary," he whispered appealingly.

A small cloud hurried across the face of the moon; even the moon has no right to watch the awakening of a soul.

"Mary," he repeated, "Mary!"

And again there was silence in the little boat.

The evening breeze lifted the light shawl from the girl's shoulders and dropped it into the water, unheeded. At the same time the solitary remaining oar freed itself from the restraining rowlock and, starting forth alone, encountered the shawl and floated on, enveloped in its fleecy folds.

"You love me," said the man slowly, "*me.*"

The bliss of absolute happiness is infinite; its duration indefinite. It seems to exist but for a moment, regardless of the actual length of time. Life may afterwards be blank and gray enough to those who have experienced it, but never entirely empty. For far away amid the dusty archives of memory glows a warm red light—a danger signal which marks a flower-bordered precipice. The blossoms may be slightly faded, but their fragrance is still very pleasant.

So the boat drifted, and the moments passed.

The breeze freshened, and Mary, shivering slightly, asked for her shawl. After looking in vain for it in the stern of the boat, he went into the bow to search further. He did not succeed in finding it, but instead made a disquieting discovery.

"Both oars have gone," he announced quietly as he returned without the shawl.

"Gone!" echoed Mary vaguely. "Where?"

"I don't know," he replied, looking out anxiously over the water; "to Liverpool, probably."

"What shall we do?"

"I think, from present prospects, we will follow them. We are drifting straight towards the bay."

"It is fate," said Mary softly; "can't you see it? We were intended for each other; even against our will we must drift away together into that new life we wished for."

"After the bay comes the ocean," he responded. "If no vessel chances to see us, do you realize what might happen?"

"If you are with me, I do not care. Do you?"

"No," he replied, "I do not care. Better we should die together than live apart."

"Are you sorry that I love you?" she asked anxiously. "I could not help it; I tried so hard not to, you know."

"I would rather have had this one hour with you than a whole lifetime without it," he replied slowly.

Mary moved her hand suddenly, and her engagement ring flashed in the moonlight.

"Philip," she exclaimed, "what about Philip?"

And the man beside her did not reply; he also had begun to remember.

"I am cold," she said, after a long silence, looking apprehensively

at the running water, for the current was very strong in the channel and they were drifting steadily towards the bay.

"You are tired out," he replied gently, "and it is my fault. See, I will fix the cushions on the floor of the boat for you as well as I can; you must try to get some rest. Your dress is so thin; no wonder you are cold. Let me put my coat over you,—I don't need it at all,—and perhaps you may get a little sleep."

The minutes lengthened into hours, and still they drifted. Mary finally fell asleep, exhausted with the excitement of the night, and as far from her as possible in the limited space available the priest sat in judgment on the man.

"You have broken your vows," accused the priest, "you have been false to your church and to your friend."

"I have committed no actual sin," said the man in feeble self-defence.

"Confess," admonished the priest, "confess, atone, *renounce*."

"I have done no wrong," asserted the man rebelliously; "I love and am loved; it is my right. I will *not* renounce."

The sleeping girl stirred slightly and one arm showed white and round upon the black surface of the coat.

"Mother of God," cried the priest suddenly, "why was I made as other men?"

After a while the moon grew tired of watching and dropped out of sight, leaving only a myriad of stars to light the river, with the assistance of the range-lights on either shore. Father Lawrence noted with surprise that he passed between these lights twice in quick succession, and then he understood. The tide had turned; they were drifting back towards Manchester.

XI.

MR. MALONEY arose from the side of Mrs. Maloney, lighted a candle, and threaded his way carefully through tiers of miniature Maloneys, slumbering heavily, until he reached his eldest son, Marmaduke Montgomery Maloney, so called in deference to a favorite hero of his mother in the *Hearthside Companion*.

"Rise up," whispered Mr. Maloney, emphasizing his words by a hearty shake, and finally lifting the boy bodily from the bed and standing him upon his feet, "rise up. We must be off."

The nocturnal fishing expeditions, in which his assistance was required, were a constant source of annoyance to Marmaduke Montgomery, who had but lately been unwillingly promoted to the position of assistant breadwinner, and much preferred his former sinecure of consumer—when there was anything to consume.

The streets of Manchester were dark and deserted as father and

son stole silently out of the house and sought the wharf. Mr. Maloney owned a boat, rather tub-like and insecure, to be sure, but still a boat with a sail as well as oars, and he felt himself a man of property in consequence.

It was a matter of comment among the thoughtful and inquiring spirits of the town that, although Mr. Maloney had recently begun to peddle fish, he was not known to possess any nets; no one had as yet seen him engaged in mending them, nor were they ever spread out to dry. He explained this by saying that his nets were continually in use because, with such a large family to support, he was obliged to keep them set constantly. It was a well-known fact, however, that when the *Norah M.* sailed home betimes with a fine supply of silver-scaled fish gasping and glistening upon her floor someone else was sure to come back chagrined and unladen. In other words, Mr. Maloney, having no nets of his own, made use of his neighbors', and for this reason was obliged to work while others slept.

The town clock struck three as the man and boy clambered into their boat, and the teeth of Marmaduke chattered a little with the chill night air from off the water.

"You kin row," remarked his father, seating himself comfortably in the stern; "you'll git het up that a-way."

The boy sulkily complied, and the *Norah M.* glided slowly out from the wharf and past the row of houses whose gardens sloped down to the river. These houses were dark and silent with one exception, where lights shone from the windows while dark shadows came and went upon the shades, as though figures within paced uneasily to and fro.

"Kape to the right," commanded Mr. Maloney, jerking the tiller, "there's people on the Stanleys' slip. Kape behint them sloops and make fur the open. Whist now! Aisy like."

And, in fact, two men stood upon the little jetty looking out over the water, while their lantern burned dimly at their feet. They had been there all night, and their faces were drawn and haggard for fear of what might come in with the tide.

Marmaduke Montgomery heeded his father's instructions as he bent to his task, and the boat stole by unnoticed. Far away in the east a gray light appeared on the horizon, while overhead the stars, diminished now in size and number, shone faint, like remotely distant lamps. Marmaduke did not look at the stars; his objective point was the row of little lights on the surface of the water which marked the spot where nets were set.

"Pull faster, boy," said his father impatiently, "it's almost daylight now."

And, indeed, the dim outlines of the opposite shore began to be indistinctly visible on the gray horizon. Somewhat to the right a small

object could be plainly discerned; Marmaduke pointed it out to his father.

"Some other cove stealin' fish," he remarked tersely.

"Kape on rowin' and hould yer tongue," growled his parent uneasily; he had noticed the little boat before the boy mentioned it.

"Stop on Ould Man Grimes's claim," he ordered; "I've got a grudge ag'in' him fur what he done about them catfish."

So the net of Old Man Grimes, heavy with its weight of fish, was raised and emptied.

"A good ketch," said Mr. Maloney with much satisfaction as he carefully replaced the net.

The cold gray light of early dawn became clearer, and surrounding objects grew gradually more apparent. One by one the stars faded, and at last even the range-lights on each side of the river were extinguished as a long red streak interrupted the leaden monotony of the horizon and heralded the approach of another day.

Marmaduke did not appreciate the beauties of the sunrise; he yawned exhaustively, and rested his bare feet upon a slippery cushion of fish.

"Wisht I was to home and abed," he remarked moodily.

A faint halloo floated over the water, and the man and boy stared incredulously at each other. After a short interval it was repeated a second, and even a third time.

"It come from thar," said Mr. Maloney, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the sound.

Marmaduke cautiously turned his head. The little boat he had observed before had approached nearer, and a figure stood erect in it waving a handkerchief and shouting anxiously.

"Why don't the fool row hisself home ef he wants to git thar?" inquired Marmaduke contemptuously.

The two boats were quite close now, so near, indeed, that Mr. Maloney, as he turned to survey his interlocutor, could plainly discern his features.

"Be all the Powers," he ejaculated in astonishment, "if it ain't Father Lawrence hisself!"

"Mr. Stanley," said Philip Radcliffe, "you are shivering. Let me get your coat."

But the older man waved him impatiently aside.

"I am cold," he replied, "but a coat will not make me any warmer. Where do you suppose she can be?"

"I do not know," returned Philip sadly.

"But you share my fear?"

"Yes."

"She is our only child, Mr. Radcliffe, but I would have given her to you willingly. This man that went out in the boat with her, and whom you brought to my house, what of him?"

"He is my friend, Mr. Stanley, as well as my cousin; a gentleman and also a priest. The knowledge that he is with her is my only comfort."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Radcliffe."

The two men had watched throughout the endless night for the return of the little boat. The Stanleys' cook had seen Mary and her companion embark, and had volunteered her information upon the return of the family from evening service. They had not come home. Hour after hour father and lover waited in prayerful silence, hoping against hope, fearing yet longing for the break of day.

The tide ebbd to its lowest point, then turned and crept slowly back, bringing with it a collection of small articles gathered from beyond the shelter of the harbor. It carried bits of timber and fragments of seaweed from the bay; it also brought an oar, small and dainty and painted white. Mr. Stanley pointed it out to his companion with trembling finger, for it was light enough now to distinguish objects on the water. The young man nodded silently. There was nothing he could say.

Manchester began to show signs of life about the wharf as the light grew brighter, and one by one the fishing-boats went out with sails spread to catch the morning breeze. From underneath the small jetty on which they stood came a sharp, excited bark, followed by a yelp of unmistakable recognition.

"It is Winks," said Philip, and the two men looked at each other.

"I cannot go and see what he has found," said Mr. Stanley with dry lips, "I cannot do it."

But the little dog was bringing his treasure to his master, laboriously climbing up the steps and dragging something after him—something white and heavy, so heavy that Winks almost lost his balance several times before he reached the top and proudly laid his burden at Mr. Stanley's feet. It was a white shawl, water-soaked and sodden, but recognizable notwithstanding, and Philip stooped and picked it up.

"My God," said the clergyman, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

Between the stone ice piers and outlying small craft the Norah M. was heading directly for the jetty. She moved slowly, for she was cumbersome herself, and in addition had something in tow. Philip discerned her as he cast a quick, apprehensive glance at the river, with the white shawl trailing from his nerveless hands. Winks watched him jealously; the shawl was his. He knew to whom it belonged; had he not been wrapped in its folds many a time? So he waited his

opportunity, and when the shawl came within his reach caught it between his teeth and dragged it to the ground, after which he stood upon it and barked defiance at the interloper.

"Look," cried Philip, grasping Mr. Stanley's hand, "look."

And the sun came up out of the water, as the moon had done the previous night, only it cast no golden path. Instead, the whole river sparkled and glittered, with no dark places or shadows upon its shining surface, as the Norah M. sailed into port.

"Would yez loike some foine fresh feesh fur yer breakfus?" inquired Mr. Maloney, with a nice appreciation of when to speak and when to keep silent.

"John," said Philip, laying his hand affectionately upon the priest's shoulder as Mary and Mr. Stanley went in search of her mother, "I have passed an awful night, but I knew you would bring her back to me, with God's help, if it were possible."

XII.

Is there anything harder to endure than the reaction which follows closely in the wake of intense happiness? Probably we have all experienced it at one time or another. We remember with what astonishment and disapproval we recall in the morning events of the preceding night; the cold voice of Reason explains in measured accents just where we erred, and the accusing voice of Conscience sternly condemns us for erring. In the glaring sunshine of to-day there is no excuse possible if we happened to stumble and fall by the wayside in the twilight of yesterday.

"For the life of me," said Mrs. Stanley for the twentieth time, "I can't see how both oars got away without your knowing it."

"They just *went*," said Mary faintly, turning her tumbled pillow impatiently in a vain effort to find a cool spot; and her mother, finding her indisposed for conversation, straightened the coverlid and quietly left the room.

All the long summer day she had remained in her darkened room with throbbing temples and quivering nerves, pleading headache as an excuse for her desire to be left alone. She could not sleep. When she closed her eyes she heard the ripple of the water, and the bed seemed to rock from side to side as the boat had done when in the swifter part of the current.

She heard Philip's voice in anxious inquiry, and Mrs. Stanley's reply that she was still sleeping from exhaustion; and she heard also, with relief, his injunction not to disturb her, and then his quiet departure.

So the day passed.

Towards evening she fell into a troubled doze, from which she

awoke with a start, dreaming she was drowning in limpid water, and that Philip's arms were stretched towards her but she could not reach them, for her hands were tied.

She must have slept some time, she thought, for the street-lamps were lighted and there were voices in the parlor. Evidently her mother had visitors.

How had the day passed with *him*, she wondered. He had not been to the house to inquire after her; she realized that she had listened intently to every sound, hoping yet fearing to hear his voice. She knew very well why he had not come, yet she felt slighted and neglected. After a while she rose, dressed hastily, and stole quietly down the back stairs and out into the street.

Making a detour to avoid the Rectory, Mary turned into the side street where the priest's house was situated. It looked dark and forbidding, and she walked quickly past with burning cheeks and downcast eyes. She was glad he had not seen her, yet disappointed also. After hesitating a moment she turned into the church-yard and walked slowly along the broad flagged path. The church itself was dark, like the house, but from the window of the sacristy shone a gleam of light and a shadow was plainly visible upon the lowered shade—a shadow which moved restlessly to and fro, sometimes quite distinct and plainly recognizable, at others indefinite and blurred. Mary paused and listened intently. There was no one in the street; she was quite unnoticed.

She leaned against the wall of the building and put out her hand as though to knock.

"No, no," she whispered, pulling herself together as best she could, "I will *not*."

The door of the sacristy opened suddenly and the priest came out. Mary caught her breath and shrank farther back against the wall; the dignity of womanhood had involuntarily asserted itself and demanded that he should not see her there.

As he turned to lock the door a sudden breeze rustled the leaves of the ivy and lifted the thin folds of her white gown.

"Mary," he exclaimed incredulously, starting eagerly forward and seizing her hands, "*you?*"

"Let me go," she gasped, "let me go."

"You came to me," he said slowly—"to me."

"No, no," she interrupted, "I did not mean——"

"You did not intend I should know it," he finished, drawing her closer, "but fate was kind and I saw you."

The leaves of the ivy rustled a warning, quite unheeded.

"Listen," he said quietly. "When I came out that door I was going to you—just as you came to me. For hours I have been in there

fighting with myself; then, at the last, when I thought I had conquered, I found I was going to you because I could not help it."

The girl's eyes widened and she breathed quickly.

"I could not help it either," she whispered; "I tried but I could not."

"Come in," he replied, reopening the door of the sacristy, "for we must talk things over, you and I, and here we shall not be disturbed."

Mary sank into a chair and rested her head wearily against the back.

"That night," she said, "that dreadful night—in the boat——"

"Last night," he interrupted.

"I believe we were half mad," she continued slowly, "you, Philip's friend, and I, his promised wife. *Think of it!*"

"Don't," said the priest sharply, "I cannot stand it."

"Shut your window," said the ivy, tapping sharply against the shade, "foolish mortals! Shut your window."

But the girl did not heed and the priest did not listen; he was watching the rising color tinge her pale cheeks and the light return to her eyes.

"Mary," he said suddenly, "shall I renounce the priesthood and my religion and marry you?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the chirp of a bird in the ivy or an occasional noise from the street.

"You would do this for me willingly?" she said at last.

"I love you," he replied quietly. "God knows I wish I didn't, but I do."

Mary covered her face with her hands.

"I wish I had never seen you," she sobbed.

"Don't cry," he said gently; "every tear you shed burns my heart and leaves its scar."

"It is Philip I must marry," she said hopelessly. "Philip—not you. Don't you understand?"

"Mary," he exclaimed authoritatively, "look at me."

"Shut your window," cried the ivy, tapping louder than before. "Don't you know the light is visible from the street? Shut your window."

The priest bent over her, looking anxiously into her eyes, and reading there indecision and infinite longing.

"There are other countries," he whispered eagerly, folding his arms closely around her. "We will go away together, you and I. The world is large; there must be some corner where we can be happy and unnoticed. Shall we go?"

The girl's eyes grew larger and her soft lips parted tremulously.

"Shall we go?" he repeated breathlessly. "Mary, I love you. Shall we go?"

A quick step sounded on the sidewalk and someone knocked twice upon the closed door.

"I told you to shut the window," cried the ivy triumphantly, "I warned you."

Again the visitor demanded admittance.

"It is Philip," said the priest. "I know his knock."

"Philip?" repeated Mary vaguely, "Philip?"

"Hush," he said imperatively, opening the door leading into the church, "go in there; be quick!"

Half lifting the bewildered girl across the threshold, he closed the door and hastened to admit his cousin.

"I saw the light," remarked unconscious Philip, "so I stopped for a minute, but I began to think I was not going to get in. You were in the church, I suppose, for I heard the door shut."

"I closed the door of the church," said Father Lawrence absently, "yes."

"Come to the Rectory with me," continued Philip cheerfully, "we'll have a smoke and reminisce a little. Don't you remember when we colored our meerschaums in the old library at home?"

"At home," said the priest, lingering long over the words; "yes, I remember. At home."

Philip turned and looked keenly at his companion.

"Jack," he said anxiously, "you are overworking. You have been here all day, fasting—Jane told me so; that is one reason I stopped when I saw your light. Come home with me."

"Not to-night, Philip."

He went to the window and gazed silently into the street for some minutes, then turned abruptly.

"Philip," he said with an effort, "why don't you question me about last night? You have a right to demand an explanation."

"Between you and me, John," said the clergyman quietly, "no explanations are necessary."

A child in the street laughed merrily, and somewhere near by a dog barked excited greeting to his master. Father Lawrence sank heavily into a chair and drew his handkerchief across his lips.

"John," said the clergyman, laying his hand affectionately upon his companion's shoulder, "you are in trouble. What is it?"

The priest sprang to his feet and paced hurriedly up and down the room.

"Philip," he said at last, "for the sake of the old days we both love to remember, don't question me to-night. Go home; I want to be alone."

"You are faint from lack of food," said Philip, reaching reluctantly for his hat; "I do not like to leave you."

He started for the door, but turned again to his cousin.

"I'm sorry, old chap," he said quietly, "and when you want to talk about it I'll gladly listen, but I won't bother you until then. Good-night."

The priest hastily turned the key in the street-door and entered the church. It was quite empty, with the door leading into the street ajar. Evidently Mary had gone home, and he mechanically closed and locked the door. He did not know whether he was relieved or disappointed; he felt stupid and incapable of thought or action as he looked about him with no realization of his surroundings. It was very dark. Only the rays of the street-lamps and a distant candle or two upon the altar cast a feeble gleam into the nave with its rows of pews and occasional white pillars, looking ghostly and unreal in the dim light. He wondered vaguely what the sudden ringing in his head and ears meant, and then stumbled heavily forward, catching vainly at the back of a pew for support. Father Lawrence had not tasted food or drink that day, nor had he slept the preceding night, and exhausted nature at last asserted itself and rebelled against such abuse.

A cessation of the faculties is mercifully bestowed upon us sometimes when the tension of mind and body seems strained to the breaking-point. Doubtless most of us are familiar with it. We can perhaps recall opening our eyes with no sensations whatever, and wondering idly where we are and what has happened; then comes a sudden flood of memory, and we close our eyes again, sick and sorrowful, regretting that we ever opened them.

After a moment the priest regained consciousness and looked about him. Surely he was in the church—his church. There was the chancel where he had stood only yesterday and administered the sacrament. Yesterday? What had happened since then?

He rose slowly to his feet and walked unsteadily up the aisle until he reached the rail of the chancel, and as he put his hand uncertainly upon it the kindly shadow of oblivion was lifted and he remembered. Father Lawrence did not enter the chancel. Kneeling upon the lower step he bowed his head upon the rail.

"My God!" he cried, "what have I done? What have I done?"

XIII.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Hale, counting her stitches carefully, "you might just read out the social news."

Mrs. Hale was spending the evening with Miss Alberta Dawson at her store, and her request was occasioned by the arrival of the

Manchester *Comet*, a weekly publication containing all the news of the town.

"I declare," said Miss Alberta as she looked for the desired column, "the *Comet* is quite a paper, isn't it? I can't help thinking, though, that it's too severe on the Administration. I hope the President don't let it worry him."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Hale, "some of the editorials are so bitter and sarcastic. No doubt he does the best he can."

"It must be very hard to stand such criticism," said Miss Alberta, settling her glasses firmly on her nose as she found the column she sought; "however, it's the penalty of a high estate. But do listen to this now:

" 'We are credibly informed that Joseph Hutchins, of Greenbrier, has a bronze turkey-gobbler weighing twenty pounds, and that he expects to double its weight by Thanksgiving. We congratulate you, Joe. Ask us out to dinner, won't you?'

"The Hutchins always have been lucky with their turkeys," said Mrs. Hale reflectively.

"I don't believe any such tale as that, though," returned Miss Alberta sceptically. "Here's something else:

" 'An infant child of Robert Wilson, our popular barber, was bit by a strange cat while sportively gambolling in the gutter adjacent to the paternal residence on Friday morning. We are glad to announce that the little one has developed no symptoms of hydrophobia.'

"Too soon to brag yet," interpolated Miss Alberta as she passed on to the next item:

" 'Miss Mary Stanley, who has been confined to the house by a slight indisposition during the past few days, was observed walking down Water Street yesterday afternoon.'

"A little touch of malaria," said Mrs. Hale. "Mrs. Stanley told me Mary was quite pulled down."

"Malaria," repeated Miss Alberta as she turned the page; "well, maybe that's another name for it.

" 'The monthly social of the Moss Rosebuds was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening and was, as usual, a brilliant success. The Grand March was led by Miss Edna O'Brien and Mr. Clarence Murphy with grace and skill. A bounteous repast of cake and lemonade was served at midnight, and shortly afterwards the party dispersed to seek the arms of Orpheus. A pleasant time was had by all.'

"Orpheus," repeated Mrs. Hale; "somehow that don't sound just right; seems to me to need an M somewhere. Who was Orpheus, anyhow?"

"I think he had something to do with the Battle of Waterloo," replied Miss Alberta vaguely. "For my part, I don't consider it delicate to speak of seeking the arms of anybody."

"The press is allowed entirely too much license nowadays," said Mrs. Hale with conviction. "Go on, please."

"The candy-pull given by Miss Emma Jones at her residence on Main Street on Tuesday night was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season, and the fair hostess was showered with compliments and congratulations as her guests took their departure. Query: Which was the sweetest—the candy or the girls who pulled it?"

"I should think a pot of molasses would turn to vinegar if Emma Jones looked at it hard enough," said Mrs. Hale, laughing.

"Oh!" cried Miss Alberta, "listen to this:

"It is with great regret that we announce the approaching departure of Father Lawrence from Manchester. During his short sojourn in our midst he has made himself very popular, and it is a most unfortunate turn of the wheel of fortune that takes him away on one of its spokes. We can only hope that the Father is as sorry to leave us as we are to lose him."

Miss Alberta laid down the paper and deliberately took off her glasses.

"I heard——" she began mysteriously.

"Did you?" interrupted Mrs. Hale eagerly. "So did I, but there may be nothing in it."

"Oh, yes, there is," insisted Miss Alberta. "One Sunday evening not long ago I didn't go to church because I had something I wanted to do. You know I generally take a bath on Saturday, whether I need it or not, especially in summer."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, nodding acquiescence, "so do I."

"But I was too busy on Saturday," resumed Miss Alberta, "so I put it off until Sunday, when I could take my time. You remember what a fine night it was? Well, I was tempted to stroll down to the Battery after everybody got off to church, and as I was sitting on the stones looking at the moon a rowboat passed quite close to me—under my very nose, in fact. If you'll believe me, Mrs. Hale, Mary Stanley and Father Lawrence were in that boat, so taken up with each other

that they never even saw me. It's high time he left Manchester, in my opinion."

Mrs. Hale gasped with astonishment.

"You don't say so?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," said Miss Alberta emphatically; "and what's more, they were heading straight for the middle of the river. Thinks I to myself, 'I'll just watch how long you stay.'"

"Well?" said Mrs. Hale breathlessly, "well?"

"I waited until eleven o'clock and they had not come back; I could take my oath on it. By that time I was clean tuckered out and too sleepy to get through my prayers, let alone take a bath."

Mrs. Hale rolled up her knitting and stuck the needles through it as though stabbing someone.

"I wonder," she said reflectively, "if she will marry Mr. Radcliffe now?"

"Ah," said Miss Alberta, rising to greet a customer, "that's the question."

Meanwhile Father Lawrence himself, unconscious of the interest his neighbors took in his movements, was busy packing. About the room were scattered the bits of string and fragments of paper inseparable from this occupation, while large boxes of books filled every available space.

In the fireplace a little pile of papers waited to be burnt, and he occasionally added another to the funeral pyre as he rapidly overhauled and cleared out his desk. At last he paused and seated himself upon one of the boxes, leaning wearily against the wall as he drew a letter from his pocket. It also was destined to be destroyed, but he wished to read it first.

It did not seem to be much of a letter, after all, with no date and no beginning; blotted and badly written, it scarcely appeared an epistle one would regret parting with, much less strain one's eyes to read at such a distance from the light.

"You must go away from Manchester alone. I hope it will not hurt you to read this as it has hurt me to write it, and I hope your heart will not ache as mine is aching now.

"You have placed your life in my hands and offered to marry me. That was very noble in you, for it meant giving up all you hold highest and best in heaven and earth for me. And I was weak enough to believe I could make you happy—could make you forget; I even thought that I—I—could satisfy you through all the long years to come. I wanted to think so because I love you. You left it to me to decide our future. Well, I have decided. To-night when you put me into your church and closed the door I was excited and

bewildered; I wanted to be happy. After a while I heard Philip's voice, and then, all at once, I knew.

"I knew that if I went away with you I should ruin three lives—yours, and mine, and Philip's. Yours, because I had interfered with your chosen work and changed the whole current of your existence—a man never forgives that in a woman; mine, because, seeing you unhappy, I should be unhappy also, and because I should always remember the wrong we both had done to one who trusted us; and Philip's, because he loves me with his whole heart. Don't you see it now as I do?

"My way lies straight before me, so clear and plain that I cannot help seeing it, even against my will. And your way is straight before you too; I saw it also while I sat in your church waiting for you, and then God gave me strength to go home before you could join me. I could not have resisted you if I had seen you again; I could not, even now, say to you what I am writing.

"So, if you love me, go away. Do not ask me to see you again, but go quickly, for I dare not trust myself. It is best for you and best for me not to meet again, and so I entreat you,—if you love me,—go away.

"One thing more. Philip must never know. I thought at first I ought to tell him, but I can see more clearly now. It is not necessary that he also should be unhappy; he loves and trusts you as he does me, and I will not have him troubled. It is my right to demand your silence, and I *do* demand it, for I am going to marry him. Therefore I beg you, for the sake of his love for you and yours for him, not to try to see me again. I do not want you to forget me,—I am not brave enough for that,—I only want you to help me by going away.

"MARY."

The sheets rustled together as the priest replaced them in their envelope and sat idly looking out the window into the quiet street. They were crumpled and soiled from much reading and had evidently been crushed and twisted many times. "If you love me—go away;" that was the refrain, the one insistent note, appealing yet decisive. Well, he was going. After a while he crossed the room and laid the letter with the other papers in the grate; he also drew a small gray glove from his pocket and looked doubtfully at it for a moment, then, very slowly, placed it also in the grate. Apparently Father Lawrence was disposing of all sorts of things to-night. Lighting a match, he set fire to the papers, and watched them blaze up brightly. With a sudden, quick motion he snatched the glove from the flames and smoothed it out remorsefully.

"It is mine," he exclaimed almost fiercely, "I have nothing else." The papers fell apart, charred and blackened, smouldering into

ashes, and the priest turned away from them and resumed his seat upon the packing-box beside the open window. Gazing out into the quiet street, he noted that the opposite dwelling had been vacated since yesterday; to-morrow his house would be empty too, he reflected, for his successor had not yet arrived.

Resting his head upon his hand he reviewed the past summer. It was a grievous record from the standpoint of the priest; the man could fervently give thanks that it was no worse.

He remembered his visit to the Archbishop and his confession when he asked to be removed from Manchester. Father Lawrence's lips set in a hard, straight line as he recalled the words of his superior on that occasion. No doubt his remarks were true, but they seemed unnecessary. When one has a gaping wound it should be gently treated, not roughly probed until it bleeds afresh. Out in the far West among the Indians, where he was going, there was doubtless work enough to keep him busy, and the wound would perhaps heal with time. Just now it was very painful.

He thought of Mary, and his hand involuntarily closed upon the little glove. If he had met her before he entered the priesthood. If—

People came and went unnoticed in the street below him; the lamp burned low, spluttered, and went out; after a while sleepy Manchester went soberly to bed, and the silence deepened, broken only by the occasional bark of a dog or the striking of the town clock as it marked the passing hours. Overhead the stars increased in size and number until the heavens seemed filled with curious eyes looking at the priest as he sat upon the packing-box beside the window, dreaming of the life that might have been.

In the Stanleys' garden the dew lay thick upon the roses, which lifted their drooping heads to drink it in thirstily, refreshed and invigorated after the heat of the day.

"Philip," said Mary as she gathered a half-blown bud and laid it against her cheek, "are you quite sure you love me?"

And what he replied need not be recorded.

"The last time we were in the garden together," she resumed slowly, "you asked me to set a day for our marriage, do you remember?"

"I don't suppose I ought to hurry you," he replied, "but you see I am impatient."

"Would you like it in October?" she asked almost timidly. "I will be ready when you wish, Philip."



XIV.

WHEN one goes to the city in the River Queen one rises very promptly, because the boat is due at half-past seven and frequently arrives a little earlier if the tide happens to be with her. It is well to be on time, as Mrs. Maloney remarked, hustling her brood out of bed at five o'clock one September morning and marshalling them down upon the wharf shortly after six. Not that the Maloneys contemplated travelling themselves, however; they had merely come down to speed the parting guest, but they wished to be in ample season to do it properly.

And soon a motley assemblage gathered on the pier, shivering a little from the fresh morning air and exchanging greetings as they looked expectantly up the street now and then and waited patiently. Old Mrs. Ames arrived in her wheeled chair; Johnny Rawley balanced himself on his new crutch with its padded velvet top; and one after another was added to the group, until by seven o'clock it seemed as though the entire poorer population of the town had assembled upon the pier.

"Set quiet now," admonished Mrs. Maloney as she distributed her flock along the raised edge of the wharf. "Ef yez falls overboard, there ain't nobody goin' to git theirselves wet pullin' yez out."

"Don't stop the young 'uns from makin' the fust acquaintance of water on their bodies," remarked Mrs. Ames acidly from her chair.

"Was ye plazed to spake to me, Ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Maloney with laborious politeness.

"Them as the shoe fits," said Mrs. Ames haughtily, "kin put it on."

"Well," said Mrs. Maloney reflectively, "mebbe my young 'uns ain't all they ought to be outside, but their *insides* is all right—not clean burnt out with gin and sich, same as some folks not a thousand miles away."

This allusion to the indiscretions of Mrs. Ames's youth closed the encounter, with victory riding triumphant upon the banner of the house of Maloney.

A sudden splash created a diversion as Marmaduke Montgomery lost his balance and fell overboard. Being as much at home in the water as on shore, he merely swam to the slip and crawled back to his former place.

"Did ye git yer noo shoes wet?" inquired his mother, tendering the hospitality of her petticoat to wipe the water out of his eyes. "Don't ye dare to shiver," she added in an angry whisper as Marmaduke felt the morning breeze unpleasantly against his dripping garments, "actin' before them people as ef ye wasn't ust to the feel of water."

And Marmaduke, with blue and trembling lips, refrained from shivering for the honor of his family.

"He's long in comin'," observed Mrs. Ames, craning her attenuated neck to look up the street.

"He'll be longer in comin' back," returned an old man gloomily.

"He give me this cheer," resumed Mrs. Ames; "much anybody else cared whether I ever breathed the air or not."

"He bought my crutch," said Johnny Rawley, "and I walk elegant now."

"He kep' my son in medicine as long as he lived," added the old man brokenly.

"Phat he done fur me an' mine is only known to me an' the Lord," said Mrs. Maloney solemnly, and every member of the company acknowledged an indebtedness of some sort as they waited the arrival of Father Lawrence.

"John," said Philip Radcliffe, who had insisted upon spending the night with his cousin, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

"No, Philip, nothing."

"I wish," resumed the clergyman, "that you could have given me your confidence. You used to tell me all your troubles, Jack."

"I should feel much better if I had told you, but——"

"Well, you know best, of course," interrupted Philip; "don't think I am doubting you, or anything of that sort. You will write to me, John—often, I hope."

"Philip," said the priest suddenly, "if in years to come you should think bitterly of me, perhaps justly, remember that being man I suffer from the same temptations that beset other men. And remember also that I am sorry; never forget that, Philip. Come, it is time we started for the wharf."

"I wish you could have waited a little longer, John," remarked the clergyman as they walked slowly down the street, "I should like you to be at our wedding. The date is set at last—had I told you?"

"When is it?"

"The twentieth of October. I had counted on your being present, old chap. I have no nearer relative, you know, and certainly no dearer."

"I shall think of you, Philip, and pray for your happiness."

"Our happiness," amended Philip.

"Both of you, of course."

"Look," exclaimed Philip, laughing, "your friends are waiting to see you off."

The priest's face brightened somewhat as he went from one to another, saying a few cheerful words to each and promising to remember them and write to them sometimes.

"God bless you, Philip," he added as the boat approached; "may you be as happy as you deserve."

"And Mary," said Philip, "have you no message for her?"

"Tell her," said the priest slowly, "that I know she will be happy in the life she has chosen. And ask her to think of me occasionally."

The River Queen reversed her paddle-wheels, churning the water into a white froth, and took aboard her cargo of freight and passengers, then backed out into the stream and headed for the city.

The priest stood in the stern and watched the forms and faces of his friends grow dim and indistinct. He saw the row of houses, with their gardens sloping down to the water's edge, and recognized them as friends also. He passed the Stanleys' slip, with its little white boat rocking idly with the incoming tide, looked away from it towards the upper back piazza with its empty hammock and comfortable chairs, and saw a figure standing there gazing after the retreating boat. Father Lawrence gravely raised his hat and stood bareheaded as the River Queen swept on; he did not see the brown head bowed hopelessly upon the piazza rail, or the slender form shaken with irrepressible sobs, as the boat became a speck upon the water. And perhaps it was well he did not, for he saw instead the golden cross upon the spire of his church shine suddenly distinct in the strong light of the morning sun; as he looked it became less brilliant, until it seemed merely a point of light in the distance, like a belated star.

So Manchester faded until only a blur upon the horizon, caused by the smoke of the factories, marked its location upon the shore of the river.

The priest leaned over the rail and watched the broad, smooth path left by the boat as she travelled steadily towards her destination.

In his hand he held a glove — too small, surely, to have been worn with comfort. Father Lawrence held it securely yet gently; sometimes both his hands closed tightly upon it, as though fearing it might slip from his grasp. They were nearing the city now, as he was aware from the increased number of vessels they passed and the general air of activity which pervaded the boat. He looked around hastily and saw that he was alone, so he took the little glove and pressed it to his lips; then dropped it into the water, where it rested quietly a moment before it disappeared from view.

Father Lawrence squared his shoulders and walked to the bow of the boat preparatory to landing.

The usual crowd waited upon the wharf, pushing, jostling, swearing, each oblivious of the other, and the priest looked at them thoughtfully.

"There is work in the world waiting to be done," he said aloud, "much work. I will try again, and this time I will succeed."

So he crossed the gangway and mingled with the surging mass of humanity.

"Shove off them trunks," cried a deck hand, "they goes with the priest. We don't want to take no old freight back with us."

CONCLUSION.

THE flight of years does not affect Manchester very perceptibly. No rows of contract-built houses or detached ornate villas indicate that the germs of expansion and progress are getting in their deadly work. The old town has been very comfortable as it is for the last century or so, why then trouble to expand? So the citizens tranquilly pursue the even tenor of their way, and only the fact that it sometimes grows too cold to sit upon the front steps, or too warm for fires within-doors, suggests to them that time continues to roll steadily onward and that life is passing also as the seasons come and go.

Perhaps another plank or so has disappeared from the old wharf since your last visit, and the grass pushing its way between the uneven cobblestones of the streets has become more apparent, but these are not very radical changes after all. Perhaps too there are vacant places in certain households and some hearts have grown strangely heavy while you and I have been away mingling with the busy world, but this, of course, is not evident to the casual observer.

"Just the same," you say, with your slightly superior smile, "just exactly the same."

"Just the same," I echo, with a relieved sigh, "just the same, thank God!"

But after awhile I begin to look about; I miss here and there a familiar face from its accustomed place, and pass on to the next landmark a little sadder, a little less confident of being greeted by a well-known voice, a little fearful of inquiring for the absent.

I hear with regret vague rumors of projected improvements, which, indeed, have been projected too long to materialize; a trolley-line is mentioned in an off-hand way as not improbable.

"And a good thing too," you say briskly; "it may wake 'em up a bit."

But I repudiate the suggestion with scorn, for I love my Manchester as I have always known it, and do not want to see it alert and bustling. Very soon now you turn your back on the quaint old streets, just as you did ten years ago.

"I've had enough of it to last twenty years this time," you remark as you drive away.

But I linger on the Green a little, and pause before the court-house to look for the crack in the left-hand corner of the third step where once as a child I dropped a bright silver quarter and lost it;

the crack remains intact, and no doubt the quarter is there also quite safe and comfortable, if slightly dingy. I notice a blue sign over the post-office instead of a brown one, and feel impelled to enter and inquire for my letters, but the voice is silent which used to remark,—

"Here's a package for you; I don't know what's in it," and my mail loses half its interest.

I stop at Miss Alberta Dawson's store, and she greets me as though I had dropped in yesterday instead of ten years ago. A black cat instead of a gray one occupies the bolt of red flannel on the counter, but Miss Alberta herself is unchanged as she gives me the news of the town well spiced with comments; according to Miss Alberta, the youth of the present day leave much to be desired in both manners and morals.

After a while I detach myself, with considerable difficulty, from the rocking-chair and the society of my hostess and continue my explorations alone. I pass the Catholic church and priest's house and observe that the latter has received a coat of paint. On the doorstep Jane Harley is standing gazing vacantly up and down the street, so I stop and ask her a few questions.

"Law," says Jane impatiently, "how should I know? He went West, or maybe it was North now; shure I've furgot entirely. It ain't to be expected I should remimber sich little things whin me mind is that full of me own bizness."

I stroll on past the Rectory and pause again, for an interesting group is gathered in the yard.

"Yes," says the eldest boy in reply to my question, "my name is Philip Radcliffe; that little girl with curly brown hair is my sister Mary; the others are just friends of ours, you know."

It is but a step from the Rectory to the church-yard. The ivy on the south wall has grown and flourished exceedingly, sending forth little tendrils in every direction, and clinging affectionately to the rough stones. A man and woman stand looking at it, and I shamelessly listen to their conversation as I linger in the shadow of the church near the resting-place of "Hannah, Wife of the Above," for such is the privilege of the historian.

"See how it has grown, Philip, and I thought it would never start. Once it seemed quite dead, you know."

"It only wanted a little time, Mary, and a little patience."

"It was in this corner where the ivy was first planted—do you remember, Philip?"

"Could I forget, sweetheart?"

"I believe our love is like the ivy on the wall, Philip. It grows stronger all the time, and even when we think it is complete little, new tendrils creep out and bind our hearts closer together."

The setting sun illumined Manchester until the dingy old houses glowed in its golden light. It touched the River Queen as she approached the wharf, and she glistened pearly white and spotless; it helped the spire of the Catholic church to shine out brilliantly against the deep blue sky; it tenderly enveloped the white cross where slumbered "Alice, aged twenty," until the marble, cold and white no longer, gleamed warm with little rosy shadows, as though to proclaim the endless life of the soul rather than the disintegration of the body; it lingered long upon the head and brow of the woman who bent forward to train a new shoot of ivy against the wall with gentle fingers, when it would have wandered at will among the grass and flowers.

"Mary," said Philip suddenly, "tell me truly, have I satisfied you? Just at first I feared I lacked something you wanted. I did not know what it was; I could only love you with my whole soul, and pray for your entire love in return. Are you happy, my wife?"

"Love is the key to happiness," said Mary softly; "you opened the door for me at first, Philip, but I can unlock it for myself now. The key to happiness," she repeated dreamily; "I seem to have heard that before; I wonder where?"

MAY SONG

BY NORA ELIZABETH BARNHART

OH, the wind swept down from the hills of song
And cluttered my clock-work life askew,
And tossed my work-day task aside
In the riotous thought of you.

And out in the open fled I forth,
As free as the oriole's stab of song,
And stretched soul-length on the green old sod
In a comfort deep and long.

And here on the dandelions' pave of gold,
With the fragrant petals overhead,
I care no more for the fret of facts
Than he who is longtime dead.

Oh, the wind swept down from the hills of song
And cluttered my clockwork life askew,
But what care I, when the May is come
And you and you and you!

WHERE POETS LIVED AND LOVED

By *Anne Hollingsworth Wharton*

Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," "Social Life in the Early Republic," etc.



FROM the first glimpse of the silver waters of Lake Windermere, with its green, well-wooded shores and rugged hillsides, associations that link the Lake District with some of the fairest pages of English literature take possession of the traveller who loves his Wordsworth, his Coleridge, and his Southey. Other associations there are with this quaint and picturesque corner of Westmoreland: Mrs. Felicia Hemans's "Dove Nest" is perched upon the eastern slope of Windermere, Christopher North's Elleray is on the same beautiful lake, and here he was working on his "Isle of Palms" when Shelley brought his child bride to Chestnut Hill, a few miles beyond, on the Ambleside Road. Here is still the "lovely orchard garden," smaller and less charming than when Shelley and his wife and Eliza Westbrook here rejoiced in some fleeting hours of happiness. Just beyond the village of Ambleside, on the road to Grasmere, is Harriet Martineau's vine-covered cottage, the Knoll, where Charlotte Brontë was a welcome guest in 1851, and where Emerson visited Miss Martineau a little earlier. Fox How, the home of Doctor Arnold, of Rugby, is near by and eight miles across country, on Conistone Lake, is Brantwood, the home of John Ruskin for nearly thirty years. In Conistone churchyard stands a noble shaft of native stone raised by loving hands in memory of one who dedicated his life to the search for beauty in truth and truth in beauty. These and many other links there are to endear these shores to lovers of literature in England and America; but the dominant thought in the minds of most travellers is that over these hills, and besides these lakes, walked and talked, lived and loved, Coleridge, Southey, and, above all, the poet who wrote so tenderly of this

"Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,
Though peaceful, full of gladness."

Every mile of the way from Ambleside to Grasmere is replete with memories. On the stage road, at the foot of Nab Scar, is Nab Cottage, a long, low building with a porch in front. Here De Quincey lived for some years, and here Hartley Coleridge, the "Lile Hartley" beloved of the lake folk, lived and died. On the southern slope of

Nab Scar, upon its fair green terraces, is Rydal Mount, long the home of the Wordsworths. Not far from Rydal Mount is the picturesque miniature lake, Rydal Water, whose silver bosom reflects its tiny islets and emerald shores. The long reeds that grow far out in the water fringe the lake with their slender shafts and wave gayly in the breeze, a challenge to any Pan who may be haunting these woods and shores. Poets instead of river gods answered the lovely lake's challenge, and "beauty born of murmuring sound" entered into their souls, for from Keswick, where Coleridge and Southey could daily note the cloud-shadows upon the rugged sides of Helvellyn, or watch "the water come down at Ladore," and from Grasmere, where Wordsworth communed with Nature in all her moods, there issued some of the sweetest of our English lyrics.

The remarkable literary compact made between Wordsworth and Coleridge, in which the one was engaged to exemplify the power to give interest to the commonplace by imaginative treatment, while the task of the other was to make the supernatural interesting by the dramatic force of the emotions aroused, resulted in many of the "Lyrical Ballads" and in the weird and haunting poem of "The Ancient Mariner." That these poems did not at once meet with success in the world of letters furnishes a sad commentary upon the limitations of the critic and reviewer. Wordsworth not unnaturally blamed Coleridge's fanciful and mystic poem for the failure of "The Lyrical Ballads," while the latter, with more reason, insisted that Wordsworth's extreme realism was the mill-stone about the neck of the volume.

Overlooking Rydal Water and under the shade of a friendly tree is "Wordsworth's Seat," a huge boulder with hospitably shelving sides. Here we may fancy the poet sitting by the hour drawing inspiration from the beauty of the lake and the picturesque grandeur of Loughrigg rising above it.

Pleasant as are the associations that belong to Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth and his wife lived for so many years, Dove Cottage is even richer in memories of the poet in his youth and is, in a certain sense, the shrine of a friendship and sympathy between brother and sister only equalled by that of "the gentle Elia" and the gifted but unfortunate Mary Lamb. Those who are inclined to believe that Wordsworth was selfish and unappreciative of his sister's love and service need only to glance over the pages of "The Recluse" to find ample assurance of his gratitude and devotion.

"Where'er my footsteps turned
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang:
The thought of her was like a flash of light,
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance."

To the little, low cottage, built upon a hillside, Wordsworth brought home his fair bride, Mary Hutchinson, in 1802, and here the young wife and dearly loved sister lived together in harmony and happiness almost paradisiacal. The small kitchen is shown to-day, much as it was when these two well-born and highly cultivated women performed all the tasks of the household with their own hands, by their intelligent thrift and industry exemplifying the advantages of "The Simple Life" long before the popular French pastor expounded his theories to an eager, admiring, but practically unheeding world.

It is impossible to read a page of Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere journal without being impressed by the pastoral simplicity of life and the "high thinking" that reigned in Dove Cottage in those days:

"Monday.—Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read 'Timon of Athens,' dried linen. . . . In the morning William cut down the winter cherry-tree. I sowed French beans and weeded. . . . Coleridge read 'Christabel' a second time; we had increasing pleasure. William and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the Preface. . . . A sweet evening, as it has been a sweet day, and I walked along the side of Rydal Lake with quiet thoughts. The hills and lake were still. The owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing. I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver How, as if coming out of the vale below,—

" 'There was a light of most strange birth,
A light that came out of the earth,
And spread along the dark hill-side.' "

If William chopped wood for the kitchen fire and Dorothy mended old clothes and sowed French beans, they truly "walked among the stars" when they had finished their homely tasks or while engaged upon them. That the Wordsworths were able to sustain thinking of any kind, high or low, on the combined sum of the incomes of the three inmates of Dove Cottage was largely due to the exertions of the two capable women who baked, brewed, washed, and stitched in the little kitchen beneath the shadow of the hill. Nor was this all. When the daily tasks were done the wife and sister still had mind and spirit to enjoy the last poem or essay from the pens of Coleridge, Southey, Sir Walter, or De Quincey, or to listen, with keen appreciation, to the latest composition of the master of the household, who depended upon his womenfolk for literary companionship as well as for the material comforts of life. In fine weather there were congenial spirits to drop in and discuss poetry and prose with the young writer; but in the long seasons of rainy weather that come often to this Lake Country and in the short days of winter, when the evenings

are long, it was to Dorothy and Mary that Wordsworth turned for the sympathy and encouragement that every sensitive poet's soul craves.

In 1807 De Quincey visited Dove Cottage, which was originally an inn with the sign of "the dove and olive bough." His description of "the little, white cottage gleaming among trees" is not untrue to its appearance to-day. Here is the same diamond-paned window looking out on the road and all embowered with roses and jasmine. This window belonged to Dorothy's ground-floor chamber, where are still the articles of furniture used by her and brought from Rydal Mount after Mrs. Wordsworth's death. On the floor above is the bedroom of the master and mistress, the little parlor consecrated as the poet's study by its three hundred volumes, and beyond it the tiny guest-chamber, added just before Sir Walter and Lady Scott visited the Wordsworths in 1805.

"I was," wrote De Quincey after his first visit to Dove Cottage, which was destined to be his own home for twenty-seven years, "ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a little drawing-room, or whatever the reader chooses to call it. It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and in other respects pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the hall below."

In this little parlor were often gathered together the brightest spirits of the time. If the walls could repeat sound impressions, like the phonograph of to-day, what eloquence and genial converse, subtle humor and flashing wit, they would relate! Coleridge, who, as Lamb said, talked like an angel, was a daily visitor at the cottage and quite ready to prolong his angelic converse until three o'clock in the morning, if Dorothy and William would but listen.

Here came Robert Southey across the hills from Greta Hall, Keswick, Samuel Rogers, Humphry Davy, Thomas Clarkson, the friend of the African slave, and Charles Lamb, beguiled at last in 1802 from the courts and nooks of Thames Street, the never-failing delights of Fleet Street, the old book-stalls, familiar street cries at noon and at midnight, dear to his cockney heart, to behold for once and to be stirred to the depths of his soul by the glories of Helvellyn and Skiddaw. If Wordsworth could have looked over Lamb's shoulder when he wrote to Manning of an earlier invitation to Keswick, "O London! with thy many sins. O city, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!" would he have written so generously of him,—

"Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my friend,
But more in show than truth?"

Both Coleridge and De Quincey have left pleasant descriptions of Wordsworth's "exquisite sister." To the sensitive and impressionable

Coleridge Dorothy Wordsworth evidently stood first among womankind, and although no breath of slander ever touched her fair fame, she seems to have given him a place in her heart close to that held by William. "Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive," wrote Coleridge; "her eye watchful in minutest observations of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer."

De Quincey speaks of Miss Wordsworth as "shorter and slighter than her sister-in-law, her face of an Egyptian brown rarely met with in women of English birth." Although admiring greatly the remarkable endowments of the poet's sister and her exquisite sympathy with Nature, this keen observer found in Mrs. Wordsworth a greater refinement of manner, an ease and repose, that would have caused her to be pronounced "very much the more ladylike person." Very quiet was Mrs. Wordsworth despite her "radiant graciousness," entering so little into the general conversation around her, that Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson used to allege against her that she could only say "God bless you!"

Despite the sweetness and sunny benignity that De Quincey found in Mrs. Wordsworth's countenance, the country people, some of whom still remember her, speak of her face as "nobbut a plaainish an." When interrogated as to Wordsworth's appearance, an old retainer replied, "He was an ugly-faaced man and a mean liver"! Of the poet another old lake countryman said, "Mr. Wordsworth went bunning and booming about and she (Dorothy) kept close behint him, and she picked up the bits as he let 'em fall and tak' 'em down and put 'em on paper for him. And you med' be very well sure as how she didn't understand nor make sense out of 'em, and I doubt that he (Wordsworth) didn't knaw much aboot them either himself, but how-iver there's a gay lock o' fowk as wad I dar' say."

In the little terraced garden, which lies so much higher than the house that the second-story rooms open into it, is "Dorothy's Bower." The vines that grow so luxuriantly to-day were planted by the poet's own hands, as were the apple-trees upon the crest of the hill that still shade Wordsworth's out-of-door study. Upon the rustic bench under the trees he often sat absorbed in thought, with the lovely panorama of rugged hills and smiling valleys spread before him, and here he entertained his brother poets who made his home their rallying-place. Beneath the little bower is the well where the brother and sister planted the large-leaved primroses so exquisitely embalmed in poesy, and here the hidden rill still sings, as of yore,—

"If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound."

In this happy garden,

"whose seclusion deep
Hath been friendly to industrious hours,"

and while taking long walks around Grasmere Lake and Rydal Water, or while seated upon the great roadside boulder that bears his name, there came to the poet his highest inspirations, winged fancies and thoughts sublime flashed

"upon that inner eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Indeed, Wordsworth has told us himself that nine-tenths of his verses "were murmured out in the open air."

It was while living at Dove Cottage in the early years, when "every common sight" wore "the glory and freshness of a dream," that Wordsworth wrote "The Ode," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Excursion," and "The Daffodils," which latter poem, although destined to a place among the immortals, served to excite the ridicule of some of the reviewer's of the time. If to Miss Anna Seward's practical mind the idea of daffodils "dancing in the breeze" on the banks of Ullswater seemed absurd and suggested a vein of madness in the poet, Dorothy's sympathetic eye beheld them, on a spring morning, tossing and reeling and dancing, seeming "as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew over the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing." Even so to later observers have the daffodils of Ullswater Lake and Gowbarrow Park "danced in the breeze" on a spring morning.

The present custodian of Dove Cottage, who seems to feel a genuine pride in the fame of this son of the lakes, told us that she and her young companions were a bit in awe of the tall old gentleman in his long blue cloak, who walked about the hills and vales muttering to himself. An old woman now, she was a girl when Wordsworth died and remembers him well, and as she shows visitors the grates and fireplaces of the cottage she assures them that they are just as Wordsworth left them, and that the poet used to toast his bread before the

"Half kitchen and half parlour fire."

Homely recollections are these, but they serve to make real to the traveller of to-day the simple details of a life of high purpose lived in a cottage as humble as that of a day laborer of our time, where if the living was of the plainest, the thinking was of the highest, reaching imperial domains of intellect, and linking the poet of Dove Cottage with such elect spirits as those of the great Florentine who sang of death and life beyond, of England's blind bard who discoursed of life,

death, and immortality, and such other "singers of high songs" as Spenser, Tennyson, and Browning. No words that have been written of this lover and bard of the English Lake Country better describe his character and his mission to mankind than those inscribed upon his memorial tablet in the Church of St. Oswald at Grasmere:

" WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
A TRUE PHILOSOPHER AND POET
WHO, BY THE SPECIAL GIFT AND CALLING OF
ALMIGHTY GOD;
WHETHER HE DISCOURSED ON MAN OR NATURE,
FAILED NOT TO LIFT UP THE HEART
TO HOLY THINGS,
TIRED NOT OF MAINTAINING THE CAUSE
OF THE POOR AND SIMPLE,
AND SO, IN PERILOUS TIMES WAS RAISED UP
TO BE THE CHIEF MINISTER,
NOT ONLY OF NOBLE POESY,
BUT OF HIGH AND SACRED TRUTH."

In a shaded corner of the old churchyard are the graves of Wordsworth and his Mary. By the side of their tombstone, which bears the simplest possible inscription, is that of the poet's favorite child, Dora, Mrs. Quillinan, and of her husband, Edward Quillinan, while quite near are the graves of the much loved sister Dorothy and of the children who died in childhood and infancy. Not far from the grave of William Wordsworth is that of Hartley Coleridge. The last resting-place of this brilliant but unequally developed genius is marked by a Celtic cross, and a little farther to the right in this Poet's Corner of the Lake District is a tablet to the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough and to his sister, Anne Clough, sometime Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge. Although Clough died at Florence and is buried in the Swiss cemetery there, this tablet to his memory is placed over the grave of his mother, Anne Butler Clough, who died at Ellen How, Ambleside.

Not only the rustic church of St. Oswald, but the whole valley of Grasmere, "is like being at a natural church." So wrote Dorothy Wordsworth in her journal, and as we quit the peaceful valley and climb the steep mountain road to Kirkstone Pass, and so gain a wider and more extended view, we feel that we have left behind us a sacred spot, a shrine shut in by rugged hills, mirrored in clear lakes, consecrated by the lives and sacrifices, the high thoughts and aspirations, and the noble and gracious fulfilments of some of the wisest and best of the children of men.

BRAEBURN BONNIE

By *Ralph Henry Barbour*

Author of "Kitty of the Roses," "The Land of Joy," etc.



I.

THE room was occupied by a man and a dog. The man's name was Bruce Courtney; the dog's name was Max. The man was thirty-seven years old, a bachelor and somewhat of a misanthrope: the dog was eight years old, a wire-haired terrier and somewhat of a nuisance. The man sat at a table, whereon the gleaming white cloth was set inhospitably for one; the dog lay curled up on the rug in a shaft of sunlight; sometimes he shivered and grunted complainingly, for the lozenge-paned windows above the shelf of crimson geraniums were swung wide open, admitting, besides the sunlight, an occasional chill, moist breath, and the cheerful plash and patter of melting snow dripping upon the ledge.

Before the man was breakfast: a silver coffee-pot dazzling in the sunlight stood upon a blue and white tile and cocked its ebony handle in pert invitation; a creamer to match was filled with the clotted product of his own dairy (the cubes of sugar nearby looked blue in comparison); a golden-brown omelet awaited attention, flanked by a plate of crisp toast, a tiny bowl of radishes, peering coyly from their bed of crushed ice, and three pats of butter hued like old ivory. Beside the blue and white tile was a small pile of letters, circulars, and bills.

The man was good-looking, with clear-cut features, good eyes, gray and steady, and a physique that told of a healthful outdoor life. Ten years before, ere he had retired from the gentle whirl of Boston society to live a somewhat reclusive life among the Middlesex hills, matrons with marriageable daughters had been very kind to him. When, at the death of his mother and the succession to the Courtney fortune, he resigned from all save one of his clubs, gave up his profession, and quietly disappeared, Society gasped. When, a few months later, it was learned that he had bought an immense tract of land some thirty miles from town and was building houses, barns, kennels, and stables, Society sighed with relief, nodded knowingly, and wondered which of all the many eligibles was to be the fortunate mistress of Braeburn. After two or three years Society gave up hope, shook its head, and

remembered that it had always thought Bruce Courtney a bit peculiar. Then it forgot him.

Bruce was satisfied that it should. During those ten years he had been happy, giving his time and thoughts to his dogs and horses and farm, sparing a moment now and then to a friend or two: he hadn't many nowadays. Had he been forced to a confession, he would have acknowledged that Jim Livingstone stood first in his affections, but that Braeburn Bonnie was a close second. The Braeburn Kennels collies were the finest in America, and Braeburn Bonnie was the pick of them all.

Bruce poured his coffee, helped himself to a portion of the omelet, and gave his attention to the solitary letter which remained after the circulars advertising disinfectants, cattle foods, and kennel requisites had been sorted; it was characteristic of him to leave it until the last. He read:

"DEAR B. C.: I'm bringing you a customer. I know how frantically averse you are to them, but this one is in deadly earnest, and is, besides, well enough endowed with the standard medium of exchange to buy you outright. We're coming to-morrow on the ten-something, so kindly send a trap.

"JIM.

"By the way, the customer is looking for something as is something, so you had better brush the sawdust off of Bonnie. *This isn't a jest.*"

"Confound Jim," muttered Bruce, scowling at the note, "he knows I don't want to be bothered with visitors now just before the shows. And the last man he brought, after looking at everything in the kennels, decided that what he wanted was a beagle. However——" He glanced at his watch. "George." And when the man had appeared, "Say to Mrs. Green that Mr. Livingstone and a friend will take lunch."

Finishing his breakfast, he lighted a cigarette, chirped to Max, and crossed the little reception hall to his office, bearing the morning's mail. Unable to find sunlight here, Max curled himself up in his master's lap and went to sleep with the scratching of a busy pen for a lullaby.

II.

"HE'LL be a queer-looking customer, A'm thinkin'," said MacCaull. MacCaull was the kennel manager, a tall, wiry Scotchman, with a keen blue eye and a tangled mass of yellow beard.

"Who's that?" Bruce asked. They were standing by the paddock gate. MacCaull nodded towards the driveway, up which the returning trap was advancing with a soft sound of crunching gravel.

"Mr. Livingstone's friend, sir."

Bruce's gaze followed the other's and he gave a start of surprise.

"A woman!" he muttered. "Damn Jim!"

But he hurried across to the house, leaving the manager chuckling quietly under his beard, and reached the porch just as the carriage swept up. Livingstone, grinning exasperatingly, waved him a gay salute with the whip. Connor went to the horse's head and Livingstone leaped out, giving his hand to his companion. Bruce assisted, possessed the while by a fierce desire to punch his friend's head.

"Miss Varian," said Livingstone, "allow me to introduce Mr. Courtney." Bruce bowed, but Miss Varian gave him her hand.

"It's just as I suspected," she said smilingly. "Mr. Courtney and I have met before."

"Deceived!" exclaimed Livingstone tragically. Bruce smiled politely and strove in a mental panic to recall the very attractive features before him.

"No, I didn't deceive you, Mr. Livingstone," said the girl. "You didn't ask me. Suppose you ask Mr. Courtney to tell you about it."

"I—I really fear I can't," answered Bruce. "It must have been some time ago, for I'm sure that—er—otherwise——"

"That's a very pretty and diplomatic way to evade it," said the girl, "but—yes, it was a long time ago." Bruce's confusion compelled mercy. "It must have been—quite—twelve years ago. And so, of course, his memory"—turning to Livingstone—"is scarcely to blame. Mine, though, is more faithful. But then perhaps it's no great credit to remember the man who saved your life."

"What?" cried Livingstone. "B. C., you never told me this!"

"But—really—are you quite sure, Miss Varian?"

"Quite," she answered.

"But I never—that is——"

"Never?" she asked sternly.

"Well, just once, perhaps; there was a little girl—about ten years old——"

"Thirteen," interrupted Miss Varian. "Thank you for those three years, Mr. Courtney, but I cannot tell a lie. I was thirteen. And the undertow had me; it was at Manchester; and just when I had used up all my breath shrieking——"

"Pardon me; you do yourself an injustice. You cried out but once, I think. I happened to be near and heard you. You were a very plucky—er—youngster!"

"Thank you. Anyhow, I assure you that you reached me just in time. Afterwards they told me your name. But I never saw you again; and you never knew, did you, that you were a little girl's hero?"

"You thought altogether too much of the service I rendered,"

Bruce replied with a trace of impatience. Her voice had held a mocking tone that he didn't like; and, besides, the idea of being considered a hero was repugnant; all the heroes he had known were insufferably priggish. "Shall we go inside?" he suggested.

"As a hero, B. C., you're a flat failure," mourned his friend as they followed Miss Varian into the house. "If I had had the fortune to rescue Miss Varian from a watery grave, I would have played the part artistically; I would have been a hero all my life to the exclusion of everything else; I would never have done a stroke of work, and——"

"As for that, Jim," said Bruce, "you show strong traces of heroism as it is. May I offer you refreshments, Miss Varian?" She shook her head.

"We'll stay to lunch, though," said Livingstone promptly. "Won't we, Miss Varian?"

"If Mr. Courtney will have us," she answered.

"I have already ordered the gates locked," Bruce replied gravely. "And now, shall we walk over to the kennels?" They traversed the steaming brick walk to the stable-yard, a quadrangle of sweet-smelling, golden-yellow straw. MacCaull was awaiting them. He shook hands with Livingstone, was introduced to Miss Varian, and then went in for the dogs. He brought them out in couples, The Bruce and Brownie, Bright Eyes and Bessie, and others of Braeburn's best, and Miss Varian looked them over silently and imperturbably. What talking there was Livingstone did. Bruce said little; but if his lips were idle, his eyes were not; he was examining the girl with not a little interest. One cannot, certainly, save a person's life without thereafter awarding that person something more than ordinary consideration. To be sure, Bruce had, perhaps, recollected the little girl in the blue bathing suit not more than a dozen times since; but then he had not seen her after he had dumped her unceremoniously into the arms of a frantic German governess, and events crowded close upon one another's heels in those days. But now his interest showed a desire to pay its arrears.

Eleanor Varian was, by her own showing, twenty-five years of age. She was above average height, her form showing at once the maturity of womanhood and the lithe gracefulness of a girl. Her carriage was erect, and she had a way of poising her head with a slight backward tilt which was at once a charm and a challenge. Her features were handsome and remarkably clear-cut. Her eyes were brown and deep, and her hair, and there was a great deal of it, was brown too, and lustrous, with distinct golden threads and gleams where the sunlight, slanting over the warm red tiles of the roof, was caught in its meshes. Her complexion was clear and healthy, and the frosty morning air had placed rich coloring in her cheeks. She was a beautiful woman,

thought Bruce. There was an expression, almost an atmosphere, of quiet fearlessness and capability about her that belonged rather to the matron than to the girl. She impressed Bruce as having definiteness and directness of purpose, and, above all, she was, he felt, thoroughly honest, to herself as well as to others.

"There's no nonsense about her," he told himself, "and the man she marries must show a clean pedigree and be sound all through. I wonder if Jim is in love with her?"

"He's my favorite," Livingstone was saying when Bruce's thoughts returned to the matter at hand. "Isn't he a beauty, Miss Varian? Did you ever see anything handsomer?"

MacCaull was showing Braeburn Brilliant, a pure white dog with an outer coat of remarkable length and thickness that caught the light as though composed of threads of silver. The under coat was a shade towards cream. Brilliant was generally considered the most perfect example of the white collie ever shown in America, and had in three seasons captured more than a dozen blue ribbons.

"He hasn't a bit of color on him anywhere," continued Livingstone, "except on the tip of one ear, and you'd scarcely notice that."

"But I don't see any even there," said Miss Varian, who was stroking the dog's silky head.

"By jove, you're right! What have you done with it, Mac?"

The kennel manager showed a twinkle in his eyes, but replied gravely,—

"Those spots bleach out in time, sir."

"And sometimes one gives them a little help, eh, Mac?" Livingstone laughed.

"Will any of the dogs I've seen," asked Miss Varian, "win over Young Toby or Lochiel?"

MacCaull shook his head grimly.

"There are few dogs that can," said Bruce.

"Do you know of any?" she asked.

"Three or four."

"But in this country?"

"Only one, I think."

"And that one?"

"Is Braeburn Bonnie."

"May I see her?"

"Certainly, but it is, of course, understood that she is not for sale."

"At any price?" she asked earnestly.

"At any price," he answered. He glanced frowningly at Livingstone. "Bring her out, please, Mac."

Braeburn Bonnie appeared a minute later, straining excitedly at

her leash. MacCaull unsnapped the hook and she made a frenzied dash across the yard and leaped at Bruce's face.

"Down, Bonnie! Down, girl!" he called. She obeyed instantly. He put his hand out and she placed her long, slim muzzle in it and gazed up at him with her limpid brown eyes aglow with affection. She remained perfectly still save for the eloquent and excited swaying of her thick brush. Bonnie was a tri-color, showing black, white, and a little fawn. She was three years old, of medium size, and was the undisputed champion. She traced her pedigree back to Glen Monarch, of Ayrshire, and Watt's Bess, and exhibited many of the attributes that made that pair famous. Eleanor Varian examined her with interest. Then she knelt on the straw and stretched out her hand.

"Won't you come and see me?" she asked softly.

"I'm afraid not," Bruce said. "Collies are shy with strangers, and Bonnie is especially so. And for some reason she has never taken to women."

"Does she dislike them as much as—her master does?" asked the girl with a faint smile. Bruce reddened.

"Someone has spoken calumny," he answered. Suddenly Bonnie, who had been regarding Miss Varian out of the corners of her eyes, lifted her chin from her master's hand and deliberately walked over to the visitor. Miss Varian patted her head and then threw an arm about her neck, burying her face for a moment in the silken ruff. Bonnie stood the ordeal gallantly, to Bruce's surprise; she even seemed to like it; her tongue dropped over her teeth and she laughed into the girl's face.

"You seem to have won her," said Bruce. It sounded almost resentful.

"I wish I had!" she answered. Then, appealingly, "Oh Mr. Courtney, you must let me have her! Won't you? Can't you? I'll pay any price you say!"

"I'm sorry," he said gravely. "It is impossible."

She gave the dog a final hug and arose from her knees.

"Shall we go back?" she asked quietly.

"I'm going over the stables with Mac," called Livingstone. "I'll follow in a minute." He regarded Bruce with a black scowl.

"Hang his cheek," thought Bruce, "does he think that I must give up everything I've got to satisfy a pretty woman's whim? What business had he bringing her?"

Back in the sun-parlor, he pulled forward a basket chair and Eleanor Varian sank into it, arranging her gray skirt with little, deft pats that struck him as charming. He received permission to smoke, and lighted a cigar.

"You have a lovely place here, Mr. Courtney," she said. "And do you never leave it?"

"Oh, yes, I go up to town now and then; sometimes to New York. When the bench shows come, I'm away for weeks at a time."

"And in summer?"

"I stay here, occasionally running down to the shore for a few days. But it's quite cool and comfortable here at Braeburn. And, besides, it's home."

She shook her head smilingly. "You belong to quite another age, Mr. Courtney; at least, to another country. If I were a writer, I'd make you the hero of an English novel. But I forget," she caught herself up in exaggerated concern, "you don't like being a hero, do you?"

"I think," he answered, a crease of perplexity between his eyes, "that you attribute a whole lot of mistaken dislikes to me. As for that—that affair, why—really, I had forgotten about it: and, of course, you made much more of it than it is worth. But please don't think that—that I dislike what you told me a while ago. I feel honored that you remembered me."

But she shook her head once more. "No, I can see that you are frightfully bored over it. We won't talk of it." He frowned a trifle and wondered why all women, even the most beautiful, should persist in wilfully misunderstanding and perverting what was said to them.

"Mr. Courtney," she went on, after a moment of silence, "I'm going to tell you all about it."

"About——" he questioned.

"Oh, about this dog affair. I want you to know why I have set my heart on Braeburn Bonnie."

"I shall be very glad to hear," he answered gravely.

"Well, you shall. Three weeks or so ago I returned from England on the same steamer with Mr. Howard Prentiss."

He nodded.

"Yes. He had just bought in England two collies, Rutherford II. and Perthshire Lassie. Have you ever heard of them?"

"Frequently," he answered, smiling. "In fact, I knew that Prentiss had bought them and I know why."

"To defeat Braeburn Bonnie?" He nodded again.

"Will they?"

"I can't say. That is, I have no fear of Perthshire Lassie, but Rutherford II. was admittedly the best dog in England barring one, and that one is not for sale. How Bonnie will stand against him remains to be seen. It is reported that Prentiss paid thirty-five hundred for him."

"He did: he told me so coming over. I have known him for some time. I saw them both quite often. They are beauties, but I like

Lassie best. Well, one day he was praising them up to the skies, Mr. Courtney, and—but I ought to explain first that he generally was praising them: he talked about them all the time. It was very tiresome, really.”

“I can quite imagine it.”

“And so one day, the morning before we got in, he was—may I say it?—‘blowing’ about the dogs as usual. ‘There’s nothing to touch them in the States,’ he declared. I said I didn’t believe that was so. Of course, I didn’t know anything about it: only I did think that somewhere there was an American-bred collie as good as either of his English ones: it was partly patriotism and partly contrariness, I suppose. Well, it ended in a wager.”

“Ah,” said Bruce.

“Yes, a pair of gloves against”—she paused and reddened—“against something else, that I couldn’t show an American-bred collie, male or female, at New York, that would defeat Rutherford II. I don’t care a snap for the gloves, you may be sure, but— Oh, I do want to win, Mr. Courtney. I’ve set my heart on it: it’s a matter of pride now. I didn’t think I would have much difficulty in finding what I wanted, but when I talked with persons who know about dogs they frightened me. ‘There’s only one collie for you,’ they all said, ‘and if you can get her you’ll be doing more than anyone else can. Bruce Courtney’s Braeburn Bonnie is your only hope.’”

“I see,” muttered Bruce.

“And that is why I came this morning. I wouldn’t let Mr. Livingstone tell you who I was because—well, because he had told me once that you didn’t like to show your dogs to women. You see, I sort of sneaked into your lines, didn’t I? And now—now it’s all useless!”

“I’m afraid it is,” answered Bruce regretfully.

“And you don’t think you’ll change your mind?”

“I’m sure that I sha’n’t.”

“You’re going to keep her always?”

“Yes; that is”—he paused and smiled whimsically—“until I find the woman whom I am to marry. She is to have Braeburn Bonnie, that unknown and possibly non-existent woman, as the one thing I value the most.”

Miss Varian looked the surprise she felt.

“And marriage is really within your scheme?” she exclaimed.
“How odd!”

“Odd?” he questioned, raising his brows.

“Yes, that is, Mr. Livingstone——” she hesitated.

“Jim,” he interrupted, “is a good fellow, but his information is sometimes misleading. He is a lawyer. It is one of his pet hobbies to make me out a woman-hater.”

"Pardon me," she said sweetly. "Hereafter Mr. Livingstone's statements shall be treated to a dash of salt. And so Bonnie is to be a wedding present? How interesting—and romantic!"

"I dare say it's a silly notion," he replied with more than a suggestion of reserve. "And it is quite likely I shall never have to part with her."

Livingstone joined them, glancing questioningly at Miss Varian. She smiled, then shook her head with exaggerated despair. The butler appeared at the window.

"Luncheon is served, sir," he announced.

III.

THE following day Bruce went to town. He had telegraphed Livingstone to meet him at his club and take lunch, and found him waiting. Bruce revealed the real reason for that luncheon two minutes after they were seated.

"Tell me something about Miss Varian, Jimmie," he said.

"My dear chap, what nonsense! She's neither a dog nor a horse, a prepared food nor a flea exterminator!"

"Shut up! Who is she?"

"Well, if you really want to know, B. C., she's Miss Eleanor Varian, daughter of the late T. G. Varian, the Lynn shoe manufacturer, who died three years ago leaving two million dollars to charities and a third million to his daughter. There isn't a doubt in the world but that the will could be broken into minute fragments. I wish she'd give me a show at it," he added wistfully.

"She probably doesn't want to lose what she's got. Is her mother dead?"

"Yes. She lives at The Randolph with an unmarried aunt, her mother's sister. Eleanor Varian, in short, is the best woman in the world, old man, and if you've got anything to suggest to the contrary, you'll have to move to another table."

"I haven't. I like her."

"The deuce you do!"

"Yes," answered Bruce imperturbably. "Is she—er——"

"Not that I know of; if she were, I fancy it would be out in short order. She's a bit of a catch."

"Yes. And how about you?"

"Me? Lord love you, B. C., I haven't the ghost of a show! I only wish I had! That's the deuce with this boy-and-girl-together business: it kills all chance for romance. Romance requires a large amount of mystery; just as soon as a girl finds out how you live, what you do, and where you go, half the glamour is gone; it's the unknown that awakens sentiment. Great Scott, man, I'd marry her to-night before

dinner if she'd have me! And she could throw her old million into the Charles River and be damned to it!"

Livingstone's dark eyes snapped behind his glasses. Bruce smiled across at him approvingly.

"You're a good fellow, Jimmie, if you are a thundering poor lawyer, and I wish you could win her."

"Humph!" grunted the other, "I don't believe you wish anything of the sort!"

"What do you mean?" Bruce demanded.

"Why, you want her yourself, you idiot; you're in love, for the first time in your selfish old life, and, what's more, you've got it terrible bad. And I'm glad of it!"

Bruce stared at the other as though suspecting him of having gone suddenly insane.

"Don't be an ass," he said contemptuously.

A week went by. The first bench show was approaching and Bruce was busy, yet not so busy but that there was time for thought. Prolong the dinner period as he might, there still intervened two empty hours between the coffee and bedtime—empty because books no longer held his attention. During that week he neither saw nor heard from Livingstone; towards the end of it he damned that gentleman heartily for not writing. His appetite became freakish for the first time in memory, and Mrs. Greene, viewing the dishes as they were returned from the dining-room, sighed and shook her lace cap in consternation. Monday morning's mail brought a large, square envelope addressed in high, angular characters quite unfamiliar to him. He tore it wildly open in the hope that it might prove to be from Eleanor Varian. And when he found that it was he was so surprised that it was quite a minute before he could read it. It ran:

"DEAR MR. COURTNEY: I can't give up without one final—and despairing—effort. Have you relented? If you but knew how much it means to me to win that awful wager I'm almost certain you would. If you have anything encouraging to tell me, won't you call some afternoon this week, preferably Wednesday, between four and six? Sincerely,

"ELEANOR VARIAN."

Bruce seized the morning paper and read the date. Alas, to-day was but Monday. For the rest of the day he was silent and abstracted. Tuesday he went about with the grim expression of one who has reached a distasteful decision. Wednesday afternoon he presented himself at Miss Varian's apartment wondering whether his incipient baldness was as glaringly in evidence as he imagined.

"You have come to tell me that you have changed your mind?" she asked eagerly as she gave him her hand.

"Hardly that. I have come with two suggestions to offer."

"Suggestions!" she repeated in disappointed tones. "I ask for a dog, and you give me suggestions! Well, and what are they, please?" She sank into a chair across the room and leaned forward, chin in hand, regarding him gravely.

"The first one," he began, "is that you translate the terms of your wager to mean that you may show a dog which is not your property."

"Impossible," she answered decisively. "I thought of that, but it was understood that the dog was to be my property. You see, I didn't realize then—the difficulties. And now—the other one?"

"Yes." Nevertheless he did not at once proceed, but studied the gray gloves he was drawing through his hands with much interest. When he spoke his voice held an unaccustomed tone of hardness and his words came very deliberately.

"The other suggestion is this: I have told you that Bonnie is not for sale, nor is she. It has pained me to refuse you, Miss Varian, hurt me more than you suspect."

The girl's brown eyes narrowed themselves ever so slightly.

"I also told you that Bonnie would stay with me until I found the woman I was to marry; that to her I would give the dog as the thing I valued most. Well, it is so, Miss Varian; I will do just that. With Braeburn Bonnie you can, I think, win; without her I'm certain you cannot."

He paused and observed her gravely, almost coldly. While he had spoken her eyes had never wavered from his face, but had searched it intently. Her countenance showed no surprise, only a curious speculativeness, but her cheeks were paler than was their wont.

"You mean," she asked evenly, "that if I marry you, you will sell me Bonnie?"

"I mean that if you will promise to marry me, I will give you Bonnie to-morrow."

"Do you think the exchange is a perfectly fair one?" she asked without bitterness. "A woman for—a dog?"

"There is no question of fairness," he replied, a tremor in his voice. "Call it what you like—blackmail if it pleases you. It matters little to me. I want you, and I'm taking advantage of the chance that has fallen to me."

"You want me?" she repeated. "Why?"

"Because"—he arose from his chair and went towards her—"because I love you!" He seized the hand which she had held out in a little gesture of repellence. "Because I can't do without you! I know

what you are thinking: that I am a madman to imagine that you care for me. But I don't; I know that I'm nothing to you. But you are everything to me, and the rest,"—his voice fell to a softer cadence and trembled,—“the rest might come; it is not impossible; I would be very—very thoughtful of you! Surely, it would not be impossible to learn to care for me—a little—in time!”

The studied coldness and deliberation were gone from him. For the first times her eyes softened. She withdrew her hand slowly.

“Will you please sit down again?” she asked quietly.

He observed her for a moment with a little frown creeping up between his eyes; then he turned and crossed the room to his chair. He had lost, he told himself bitterly. Well, he had made a mess of it from the first; even to his own ears his words had sounded at first brutal, then childish, puerile; and he deserved to lose. He sat down and waited for her to speak. She too had resumed her seat, and was arranging the folds of her gown with calm precision. Then,—

“I presume I should thank you for your offer of marriage, Mr. Courtney,” she said soberly, “even though it is in reality more of a business negotiation than an affair of—let us say, sentiment. There is, however, a difficulty that presents itself. I did not think it necessary to tell you the other day that by the terms of the wager Mr. Prentiss is to pay me a pair of gloves if I win, while I am to—well, pay him myself if I lose. So, you see——”

“Yourself!” cried Bruce. “Do you mean that you are to marry him?”

“Yes.” She smiled across at him lightly.

“But——” He paused, scowling intently at her. Then, “Do you love him?” he asked.

“Do you think for a moment that I would have risked such a contingency unless I did?” she inquired with dignity.

“But—I don't know,” he muttered. “Still, if you do, why do you want to win the wager?”

“Perhaps because I don't wish to be won like a sum of money or a box of cigars; perhaps because——”

“You don't love him!” he exclaimed in sudden conviction.

“You may think as you please,” she answered. “But you can see that the wager stands in the way of my accepting your very kind offer.”

He nodded gloomily.

“Unless, of course,” she went on lightly, “unless you cared to accept me with the reservation that if I lose the wager you—lose me!”

Bruce stared. “You are—that is a joke?” he asked slowly, incredulously.

"A joke? No more than the whole thing, Mr. Courtney; it is all something of a joke, from first to last, isn't it?"

"Not with me," he answered grimly. Then, "You will marry me?" he asked wonderingly.

"If Braeburn Bonnie wins," she replied. She arose and moved calmly past him to the little desk in the corner. "The amount, please?"

"She is not for sale," he said stubbornly.

"Then the bargain is off."

"But——"

"There are no buts, if you please, Mr. Courtney. You must allow me to purchase the dog at the market price. Afterwards, if—if she wins, you may return it to me as—as pin-money, if you wish. If she loses, you may buy her back. You agree?"

"Yes."

"And the amount?"

"Two thousand dollars."

He heard her pen gliding over the paper and saw her face bending calmly over the desk silhouetted against the afternoon glow from the broad window, and stared, silent, motionless, scarcely daring to breathe lest it all prove unreal, a dream. She closed the desk lid and came to him.

"I think," she said quietly, "it is a good plan for engaged persons to be honest with each other." She held forth the check and he took it. It was for thirty-two hundred dollars.

"Especially," he answered, placing the slip of paper in his pocket, "when dishonesty is so soon found out. I will deliver Bonnie tomorrow."

"If you will, please, to our stable."

He turned towards the door.

"I may see you again soon?" he asked.

"Are we not almost engaged?" she asked, smiling calmly. "Besides, I shall want your advice. Could you call Friday afternoon? I should like you to meet my aunt; besides, it is customary, I believe." She laughed softly. "And perhaps you will stay and take dinner with us?"

"I shall be happy to do so," he answered soberly.

She gave him her hand; he bowed above it silently.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Courtney."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Varian."

After the door had closed behind him she stood for a minute where he had left her, a little, inscrutable smile on her face.

IV.

THE bench show in Madison Square Garden was three days old. It was mid-afternoon and the big arena was thronged. The air was thick with gray dust and heavy with the odor of disinfectants. Barks, yelps, growls, and whines from the straw-carpeted benches, shrill cries from the venders of programmes, the chatter of the jostling throngs, all combined to form a medley of sound almost deafening.

But MacCaull, sitting on the edge of the bench along whose barrier ran the brass-studded inscription, "Braeburn Kennels," was at home in the riot of noise, contented with the dust-laden atmosphere and the strong smell of chlorides. Beside him lay Braeburn Babbie, eyes, bright with the excitement of the novice at its first appearance in public, darting hither and thither in alert curiosity. Farther along were The Bruce, Bright Eyes, Brilliant, Brownie, and Bessie. Only Bonnie was missing.

But she was not far. From across the aisle she had gazed over at her comrades ever since the beginning with wondering dismay and longing in her clear brown eyes; why she was parted from them was more than she could understand. However, life had been going strangely of late, and this was of a piece with the rest!

Suddenly she gave a leap and a yelp of delight, tugging madly at her chain. Down the aisle came a man and a woman. Bonnie barked and bounded deliriously, and not until both man and woman were petting her was she quieted. Then, with her long, sleek nose in the curve of Bruce's hand, and her eyes fixed adoringly on his face, she was content. And Bruce was saying things to her in a very earnest voice which only she and the woman could hear:

"Bonnie, it's up to you, old girl. Look your best, carry your head high, stare the world in the face! When you're on the box stand straight and steady, prick those fine ears of yours, and say: 'Here am I, Braeburn Bonnie, direct descendant of Glen Monarch, granddaughter of Watt's Bess! Behold and admire!' There's more than a dinkey silver cup in this, lassie; it's America versus England, Braeburn Kennels against the World, and—and your master's happiness, lassie, is at stake! You've never lost yet; go in again, Bonnie, and win!"

He laid his cheek for an instant against the silken head; a pink tongue lapped his ear and Bonnie quivered all over with joy. Eleanor Varian looked down upon them with a little, tender light in her eyes that went out the moment Bruce arose.

"I hope she'll remember all that excellent advice," she laughed. "But if she's as nervous as I am, she won't."

"That'll pass once you're inside the gate," he answered. "Don't hurry her; give her her own way. Keep her head loose and speak her soft; she likes that. All ready, Dawson."

Miss Varian's man came forward and unslipped the chain. Bonnie leaped lightly to the floor, and together, side by side, they made their way towards the judging ring. Bruce looked after them.

"The finest dog in the country and the best woman in the world," he murmured. "And, please God, they're mine!"

MacCaull led Brilliant and Bright Eyes away and Bruce took his place on the side of the bench. Babbie laid her head on his knee and asked to be petted; she was a nervous young lady and the excitement was telling. Bruce dipped his fingers in her snow-white ruff and moved them to and fro soothingly. Presently she gave a long sigh, her dark eyes closed, and the taut muscles relaxed. From where he sat the pen in which the Winner's Class had assembled was not visible; only the backs of the watching throng about it and the black announcement board above. Yet he knew the scene by heart and could picture the present setting. There would be Prentiss, handsome and supercilious, with Rutherford II.; Cromwell, white and nervous, with Lochiel; the Greeting Kennels man with Young Toby; MacCaull, calm and watchful, with Brilliant and Bright Eyes; a scattering of other unimportant entries; and, God bless them both, Eleanor Varian with Bonnie! And there would be the little, round-faced English judge, with his sharp, gray eyes and his beet-red cheeks, enacting the rôle of Fate. Bruce wished he might smoke; his nerves were jangling badly.

About him the aisles were deserted and the early twilight was filling the corners with shadows. The minutes passed. Bruce's thoughts wandered from the judging and his gaze from the fateful board. Memory travelled back to that winter morning when Eleanor Varian had slipped from the cart and into his ken, and then returned step by step to the luncheon with Jim Livingstone, to the second meeting with Eleanor, to the dinner at which he had met the aunt and had won that little old lady's heart between the oysters and the salad, to subsequent visits to the apartment when he had been accepted unreservedly by both women as a friend and a gentleman instead of what he was—an unmitigated cad!

His fingers gripped in Babbie's ruff, causing that young lady to blink reproachfully, and his eyes narrowed. Heretofore he had resolutely kept his thoughts from the subject, fearful of what they would reveal, but to-day they rushed away in spite of his feeble efforts at control and drew him pitilessly along. Dragged from the specious arguments with which he had sought at times to clothe them, his actions stood forth naked, hideous, and abhorrent. . . .

A burst of applause swept across the arena. The throng about the enclosure melted away. The clerk had posted the last word on the announcement board; translated, it read:

"1st Prize.....	Braeburn Bonnie.
2d Prize.....	Rutherford II.
3d Prize.....	Young Toby.
V.H.C.....	Lochiel."

But Bruce sat unheeding with Babbie's head on his knee until Bonnie, tugging wildly at her leash, threw herself upon him. He looked up into Eleanor's face, flushed and radiant with victory.

"We won!" she cried. "We won, didn't we, Bonnie?"

Bonnie laughed assent and strove to reach Bruce's face with her eager pink tongue. Bruce unslipped the leash and patted her head.

"I'm very glad," he said gravely.

The laughter died out of the girl's face and gave place to a little, speculative frown. Bruce Courtney had been a man of many and strange moods since she had met him, but here was a mood more puzzling than any. Bruce gave some directions to MacCaull, and then he and Eleanor made their way silently out of the building. And the silence held until the throng at the entrance had been left behind and they had turned northward on the avenue. Finally it was she who broke it. She turned out of the thin stream of the homeward-bound and paused in front of a florist's window ablaze with yellow daffodils and pansies. Bruce followed and stood at her side, staring unseeingly at the blossoms. She shot a glance at his face and turned to him impulsively.

"What is it?" she demanded. "If you please, we will have it out at once. I'm not going to let you spoil my pleasure in the victory."

He took a long breath and met her gaze.

"I don't want to spoil your pleasure," he said soberly. "In fact, I am going to add to it. I—I have decided to buy Bonnie back."

"Oh," she said softly. She turned from the window and they went on. Bruce tried to see her face, but it was held away from him. The silence lasted for a block. At the entrance to her hotel she held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said calmly. He studied her face, hoping to find there he scarcely knew what, but its smiling serenity foiled him. He took her hand.

"Good-by," he muttered, raising his hat. Then, "I will mail you my check this evening," he added.

Her eyebrows lifted and she shook her head gently.

"I'm sorry," she said gravely, mimicking his tones. "It is impossible."

He stepped towards her impulsively.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

She turned on the top step and smiled down upon him gloriously.

"Braeburn Bonnie is not for sale," she said.

A LASS OF THE LARAMIE

By General Charles King

Author of "Ray's Recruit," "Ray's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," etc.

SHE had quarrelled with him and triumphed. She had meant to hurt and humble him, and she had succeeded beyond hope or expectation. She had won a brilliant victory; had been envied and congratulated by other girls and praised and flattered by other beaux. She had, therefore, every reason to be supremely happy, and she was at this moment sobbing her heart out, profoundly miserable.

There, perched on the bluff above the rushing Laramie, the fort stood black against the dawn, its night-lights still drowsily blinking, the sentries pacing their lonely round. Only the company cooks, the stable guard, and certain troopers warned for escort duty were really astir—that is, so far as she knew. Here among the willows in the valley, all darkness, lay her frontier home—Jim Calloway's ranch, Jim Calloway being about the squarest and best of the cattle barons of a quarter of a century ago, and she his much loved and only daughter. Three years had she been away to school in the East, but now she was eighteen; her fond old father had been lonely without her; she had always loved the glorious, open-air life of the frontier, of canoe and saddle, rod and rifle, the range and the mountains. Then there was the fort, with the troops and the band; with abundant feminine companionship in the wives and daughters of the officers; there was old Colonel Spangler, who called himself her second father; there were Spangler's young Adjutant and Quartermaster; there were several other bachelor boy officers; there was, especially, Bob McNair, born soldier in spite of a famous sea name, and Bob McNair had been devoted to her—plain Jane Calloway—ever since her home-coming the end of June. And here was the fog end of August.

"Plain Jane Calloway," she laughingly called herself. Jane she was, baptismally, for the love big Jim bore the mother, now three years gone to her rest. Calloway she was to the core, her father's brave, square, independent second in everything. Plain she was not, despite the freckles that mottled her soft cheek and the sunburn and tan that contrasted so vividly with the pearly, creamy white of her neck and shoulders. It must be owned of some of the fort girls that they were not sorry the contrast was so great she couldn't wear "low

neck" that summer at the hops. "But where'll we be next winter—when she can?" asked Belle Spangler, ruefully shrugging certain salt-cellar cavities of her own. They might well be jealous of her, or envious at least,—some of those honest army girls at the fort,—for both physical charm and financial backing she had in abundance; but they couldn't help liking, admiring, and—some of them—even loving Jane Calloway. As for the men—but what was the use so long as Bob McNair was her shadow and so obviously, utterly, irrevocably in love with her, and she so sweetly, yet shyly, pleased with him?

But then something happened, Heaven only knows just what, when everything seemed to be going blissfully, and girls sought to be confidential and congratulatory, and men tried to be knowing and witty. All of a sudden, just after that picnic at the Peak, there was a break. Bob McNair had been "off his feed" as much as three days, and Jenny Calloway had been riding and dancing, trouting, shooting, or flirting—yes, flirting, for to such lengths will a girl go when she means to torment the man she most loves—with Ives, Brent, Lee, Nesbit,—all the subs, in fact,—and the climax had come this night of the dance in honor of the officers and ladies of the Fiftieth Foot, bound for the Black Hills from Omaha Barracks.

Among them was a girl who had known Bob since babyhood, had once been a sentiment, and had successfully sought at the picnic to monopolize most of his time—they know how to do it, nearly all of them. She, with her brother, Major Waite, was the guest of the Colonel. Bob really wasn't to blame, but, for Jenny Calloway's express benefit, Miss Waite contrived a sprained ankle half a mile from camp, and a totally unnecessary amount of supporting arm, and time, all the way back; after which came recovery as rapid as the play had been complete. What Miss Calloway said to Bob and Bob to her I don't know, but he was ready and eager to explain the night of the dance, despite the violent quarrel which led to the substitution of Nesbit's name for his as her escort; and, though she was dying to have him come and explain, she wasn't ready to forgive. She meant to punish and torture a few hours longer; cut him out of dances, glances, supper, and then, when everybody had seen how miserable he was, she might give him a chance to plead. She meant that that hateful Hattie Waite should see him pleading.

It had all been carried out pretty much as she had planned. He was floor manager and empowered to introduce "extras" in the programme, yet even these she found means to deny him, and then noted with joy that he didn't revenge himself by going and asking Miss Waite. He was watching her every move, and she, who could see it without watching, gloried in his distress. He should have taken Mrs. Swan, of the Fiftieth, to supper, and did not that he might

hover about *her*; so, secure in her triumph, she kept him hovering, with the promise to hear after a while, and all went as she would have it until the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home;" then away on Brayton's arm she floated for the last waltz to the tune of "Good-Night, Ladies," and then there was sudden thinning out of the dancers. Something had happened to call many couples to the veranda without, and when she and Brayton got there, several officers, including the Colonel, were speeding away in the moonbeams across the parade. Even the floor manager, McNair, was gone.

"What is it? What's happened?" they breathlessly asked.

"Wires cut! Courier in from Chugwater," was the hurried answer. "Sentinels report signals from Hawk's Nest."

Her plan had worked to perfection, but she had counted without that lurid temptation of the plains—the Paymaster.

It was then shortly after two. It was now shortly after four, and the last she had seen of Bob McNair was when, hurt, stung, and justly indignant, he had lifted up his head, looked her in the eyes, and said: "I have asked, and you have denied, at least once too often. This ends it," then walked straightway across the room to where Harriet Waite sat, chatting with the Adjutant and watching from behind her fan. Then Brayton came for the "Good-night" waltz. Then came the strange alarm; then "Bob" was gone.

"All I know," said her father as they drove swiftly home, with the moon hanging low in the west, "is that someone has warned the Colonel to look out for trouble. The Paymaster is due here at ten in the morning. He has only half a dozen men as escort. He hadn't reached the Chug at ten o'clock, and the wires are cut both ways."

"But who——" she began.

"Nobody from either the Hills or the railway," he answered. "But Frenchy said yesterday that whole outfit of Red Rawson's from the Sweetwater, with as many as a dozen rustlers from Powder River, camped up at Bull Bend on the Platte two nights ago, and he's such a liar no one believed him; Spangler wouldn't, anyhow. Now he has ordered young Lee, with thirty troopers, to start presently to look 'em up, while McNair's gone up to Hawk's Nest scouting. You'll be perfectly safe here, Jenny; I'm going out over the range to see that all's right there."

She shivered, but neither from cold nor fear. "The lights at the Nest," she asked, "what were they?"

"Nobody knows. It's what McNair's to find out. He has Sergeant Rice and three or four light riders with him. They are to be back by six or seven."

Back by six or seven, and here it was not yet five! But the latitude was high. A grayish pallor hung in the orient sky and was

slowly stealing upward. In the dead silence of the waning night she could hear the hoofbeats of her father's pony far out across the prairie. Leaning from her casement, tearful and disheartened, she held a slender hand to her ear in the effort to catch the faintest sound from the west—the way to the Peak, the Hills, to Hawk's Nest, and the line on which Red Rawson and his cutthroat gang should come, if coming they were—the line on which Bob McNair had gone, as gone he certainly had—she had heard him loping by in the dim moonlight, never dreaming who it was—gone too without a word, perhaps even a thought, of her whose every thought now followed him.

It was a simple situation—to those that knew “the lay of the land.” Northwest, a dozen miles up the Platte, was Bull Bend; west, up the Laramie, was the rugged height of Hawk's Nest—a landmark for many a mile; southward, a good day's march away, lay the fords of the Chugwater where the road split, the old road hugging the foothills on the west, the new road reaching out eastward towards Boxelder and “Eagle's.” The ranchers at Hawk's said Rawson's gang had gone around to strike the new road south of the fort. Then if the Paymaster was coming the other route he was safe.

Jenny had thrown aside her party dress and white kid slippers, and had donned a warm wrapper, for the mountain air was chill. She went to her father's room for a powerful signal telescope on which he set much store, and this she carried into a spare room whose windows looked southwestward up the Laramie, the way McNair had gone. There was a stir out at the stable and a shifting lantern. “Who's there?” she called, and in the dim light of the dawn a dark figure came forth. “It's Murnane, Miss Jenny,” came the cheery answer. “I'm saddling a fresh horse to go out and join your father. Mine's played out. Just got in from the Chug.”

“Did you see the Paymaster?”

“Oh, yes'm. He's all right—or will be. Ambulance broke down and delayed him last night. But he's got full warning about Red Rawson's outfit. He's coming the old back road by the Laramie 'stead of the regular way round to the east where they expected to nail him. Four of 'em was seen at Boxelder Springs.”

“Queer,” thought Jenny, as the cowboy galloped away. “If they were at Bull Bend, they must have made a wide circuit to the north and east to get away around to Boxelder.” The light was slowly stealing up the Laramie. The Peak was turning pink at the tip and with every moment blushing farther towards its black skirt of pine. She focussed the big glass up the beautiful valley, now faintly visible, with white mists creeping from the few still reaches of the stream, and presently she sighted something that set her heart to beating. Several little black specks came dancing into the field of vision from

round a point of bluff; Bob and his men,—it could be no one else,—galloping back with their tidings. She watched them, with relief and hope in her eyes. The upper valley itself was turning pink. With Bob coming back everything seemed couleur de rose.

Then suddenly she blanched and started. Slowly, cautiously, other specks were creeping into that big field of vision—farther away by two or three miles than the coming squad. First, only a single horseman; then more, a full dozen—aye, a score, with two or three scouts far out to their front. Over the long divide they came, over from the upper Platte—from the very direction of Bull Bend. Merciful Heaven, it could be nothing less than Red Rawson and his desperadoes! Then they had *not* gone to the lower valley after all! Those four reported at Boxelder were only sent to impress the scattered ranch folk with the belief that *there* they would waylay the Paymaster and despoil him of his treasure. And now Bob McNair, sent scouting to craggy Hawk's Nest and doubtless ordered to look for the outlaws, was galloping home, innocent of their presence. Moreover, now, they were on their way to meet their victim, and an hour might ruin all.

Then up sprang Jenny Calloway, with blazing eyes, and twenty minutes later a little party of troopers, loping homeward in the rays of the rising sun, were suddenly amazed and confronted by the sight of Jim Calloway's bonny daughter galloping full tilt to meet them. But the eager light went out of her face.

"Where's Mr. McNair?" she cried, all a-tremble now.

"Stayed back, Miss—him and Corporal Weston. Hawk's Nest told us the Paymaster was coming round that way, and that all of Rawson's outfit had gone down the Platte and around to the Boxelder.

There was not a moment's hesitation. "Whirl about, every one of you!" she ordered. "Come with me, fast as you can. Lead the way, any one of you who knows where we can find Mr. McNair. There isn't a moment to be lost. Rawson's gang are *not* down the Platte! They're up the valley! They're out to the west!"

The rush that followed they never forgot. Startled and amazed, the steeds were reined to the right about, and spurred heels drove home as the little party tore away in the wake of the girl on that splendid racer—the girl whose golden hair was now streaming like a guidon in the wind. They could not catch her! They could not lead! Some strange power possessed her, for, swerving from the level of the valley, she was skimming like a bird up the long slope of the divide to the south. Three—four miles they spurred, their horses groaning, staggering now, and she was but a speck in the distance when at last they reached the crest and saw her in swift pursuit of

two others, two still more distant specks, close to the shaded refuge of the old Laramie trail at Willow Springs.

Then too they suddenly saw, three miles away to the southwest, on the far side of the broad valley, on line with their fair leader, a scattered dozen of strange horsemen, lashing like mad for the same goal, and then they understood. Red Rawson and his gang had planned to ambush the Paymaster and his little escort there, in this secluded nook on the old west road, and were now riding hard to run down this daring horsewoman who was striving, doubtless, to give warning. Unseen by the bandits and unconscious of their own peril, those she really sought were now lost in the shadows of the grove.

"Now, fellers, for all ye're worth!" shouted Sergeant Rice. "Ride even if we have to kill the horses to get there!" and on they went.

Meantime Bob McNair, having ordered his party back to the post with the tidings that Hawk's Nest Ranch reported the outlaws away over to the southeast about Boxelder, and the Paymaster coming by the old back trail, had decided to ride southward to meet him. He was hurt, sore-hearted, angering. Jane Calloway was a vain coquette, like the rest of them, said he; and, so thinking, was watering his horse in the thick of the willows and the cool of the springs when that sagacious animal, as well as the Corporal's, lifted up his head and announced, horse fashion, that something exciting was in the wind. The next moment the two soldiers heard a distant shot, then two more in quick succession, then a low, yet distinct thunder of hoofs, and then they spurred to the edge of the timber, and what they saw was this:

A slender girl, with golden hair streaming in the wind, riding like the wind straight for their covert, while, on the farther slopes to the west, lashing, spurring, shouting, and shooting, came half a dozen of those buccaneers of the west—Red Rawson's old Sweetwater gang, and McNair fathomed it all in a glance. In an instant he sprang from saddle and seized the Corporal's carbine. In an instant he had knelt and, aiming low and vengeful, sent his first shot square at the foremost ruffian, now barely five hundred yards away. It saved the girl if it only scared the bandit, for, in amaze at finding others first at the spot, the leader swerved to his right, the others following suit, while McNair's carbine drove shot after shot at them as they scurried away to the westward ridge. Then, tossing the hot weapon to his comrade, the young officer sprang to meet the girl, who reined up, speechless, at the edge of the grove and toppled out of saddle into his eager arms.

"Jenny—you!" he cried. "In Heaven's name, what does it mean?"

"I—saw them—from my window," she panted. "I knew what—it must mean. There was no one—to send—to warn you——"

"And *you* came! My—my darling!" And then Bob's brown mustache sank into the depths of the wind-blown tresses of the head pillowed helplessly on his breast; and so he hardly heeded the Corporal's exultant shout: "They'll never get us now, sir! Here come our fellows!"

Which was how it happened that, when the Paymaster and his little party came trotting down to the willows at ten, they were met by welcoming comrades, not by the volley of a gang of cutthroats in ambush—the gang now glaring in baffled fury from a distant ridge. Which was also why the Paymaster rode two thousand miles to attend a certain wedding three months later on, and that, of all the gifts that came to Calloway's for that blissful occasion, there was none to compare with one that bore this legend: "In grateful remembrance of Willow Springs."



THE LAND OF PHANTASY

BY PHEBE LYDE

IT was the land of phantasy, where it is always May,
The long, long twilight lingered, and the golden air was sweet;
In swelling hill and rolling moor the pale dream country lay,
With a winding road across the downs to tempt our wandering feet.

We gathered blossoms all the way; strange, magic blooms grew there,
The shining flower of happiness, and honeyed buds of bliss;
You twined wild garlands through your curls, and on your bosom fair
You bore the red, red rose of love, with petals like a kiss.

Scarce any murmur broke the hush in that still land of dreams,
Perhaps a whisper of the wind, or note of nested bird,
And far away the bubbling breath of distant gushing streams,
But not the sound of human voice, or any spoken word.

There was no need of spoken word as hand-in-hand we went,
For each heart beat the measure full of perfect harmony;
Our eyes on one another looked with silent, deep content,
We did not question what had been, nor what was yet to be.

A charmed spell the spirit held through those enchanted hours,
The dim past faded out like smoke, and time was swept away;
We sought no boon of future joy, eternity was ours—
This was the land of phantasy, where it is always May.

THE MAN WHO WAS FAITHFUL

By Owen Oliver



I HALF roused from heavy slumber as a tinkling clock struck twelve. Something unfamiliar in the sound of the clock seemed to worry me and keep me from drifting back into sleep. After I had blinked drowsily for a few moments I noticed that it was a strange clock on a strange mantelshef. I sat upon the sofa and found myself in a strange room, lit by a strange lamp. I stumbled over to the window and pulled up the blind. There was very little light, but I could make out an old-fashioned garden, a rustic coach-house, and a winding chalk road, climbing along a low hill with several tops. A quaint church, nearly all steeple, stood upon one of them. The garden and the coach-house were new to me. I did not think I remembered the road and hills. I was sure I did not remember the church. The clothes I had on fitted as if I had worn them for some time; but they were such as I never wore. The well-used pipe in the pocket was not mine. Indeed, I scarcely ever smoked one. I did not know the bulky brown pocket-book. Mine was a thin black one, and I hated to have it over-full. I gripped my arm sharply to see if I was dreaming. If I was, I could feel hurt. I put up my hand to my face, and found a well-grown beard, instead of a clean-shaven chin. I staggered over to the strange mirror, and staggered back a step. If I was John Dane, I had forgotten myself.

I re-discovered my features one by one, and found the slightly blunted forefinger of my left hand. I had damaged it when I was a boy, but the traces of the injury had almost disappeared. My mustache would look the same, I thought, if I waxed the ends again. My hair was a trifle thinner in front—as if time had passed! I snatched a newspaper from the side-table; it was dated 17th August, 1897: and I remembered nothing since July, 1894.

What did I remember last? Let me think. It was on the twenty-something I went—somewhere where I had never been before. I took money—two or three hundred pounds. It was in connection with my business—I was a solicitor, if I remembered rightly. I went out of a big station, through a narrow street, and up a hill. Then I came to

a building where some men were hauling up a beam with a crane. Someone shouted, and—my memory stopped there.

I stood thinking, with the paper shaking to and fro in my hand, till I heard a light footstep on the stair. There was nowhere to hide, and my legs would not move. A strange, fair-haired woman, in a dressing-gown and slippers, entered. She nodded to me familiarly.

"I told you you would go to sleep," she said with amiable disapproval. "It's no use denying it. You're not half awake yet. You look as if you'd had a nightmare. Why, you're *shivering* with cold." She poured out some whiskey, half filled the tumbler with soda-water, and handed it to me. "It's a good job you have a wife to look after you!"

I let the tumbler fall, and it broke with a crash.

My wife! This comely, fair-haired woman! The wife I remembered was quite different. She had black hair and dark eyes, and all places were the same when she was in them. Her name was Violet. There was a little boy too; a little boy of three, who was named after me, and used to follow me all over the house. He would be six now, if I was John Dane and he was my little boy. If I wasn't John Dane, who was I? I groaned and caught at a chair. The fair-haired woman took my arm and helped me to sit down.

"Poor old Frank!" she said compassionately. So I *wasn't* John Dane. "Is it the same old trouble?" She touched my head at the back, and I put up my hand and found a scar about three inches long. The beam must have fallen on me, if I remembered what I thought I remembered. "You don't have the attacks so often now," she consoled me. "You'll soon be all right. Lean on me and I'll help you upstairs——"

"I—I seem to have—to have forgotten something," I told her. My voice was faint and husky, but I recognized it as my voice.

"You always do, you know," she said, "when you are like this. You will remember in the morning, when you are well."

"I shall remember in the morning," I repeated vacantly. So I was "Frank" and the husband of the fair-haired woman. She was a pleasant woman, and no doubt I should remember that I was fond of her, and I should forget about the other wife and child.

I was well enough in the morning, but I did not remember the fair-haired woman. I thought I remembered myself and the others; but it seemed so impossible that I concluded it must be a dream. I dared not mention it, for fear they would think I was mad and put me in an asylum. So I resolved to let them suppose that I was ill and suffering from temporary forgetfulness till I found out more about myself.

I stayed in my room for two days. The fair-haired woman waited

on me. In the afternoons and evenings she brought her sewing and sat with me. She was not talkative for a woman, and I dared not ask direct questions. So I learnt very little from her. On the third day I pretended to be rather better and walked about the house and garden, leaning on her arm. I found out the names of the servants, and which room was which, and who the neighbors were. The next day some of them came in and talked to me about my orchard and my fields and my crops. The doctor talked about the same things; and I nodded and said, "Yes, yes."

On the following day I learnt that I had a little room of my own. I looked through the correspondence and accounts that I found there. I had a letter about some grazing that I wanted to let, and another about a horse that I thought of buying. The fair-haired woman looked over my shoulder as I read them and suggested answers. I asked her to write for me, and when she wrote I found out my name. I ransacked the drawers and cupboards when she was out of the way and came upon our marriage certificate. I pieced things together as well as I could, and in about a week I had discovered enough about myself to take up my life again. I made blunders, of course, but people put them down to my "attack." My memory was always indifferent during the attacks, it appeared, but not usually so bad as on this occasion.

My discoveries, briefly, were as follows: I was Frank Davidson, farmer, of Bolt Hill Farm, Ashingham, Kent. I had come there three years before. I had money (the bank-notes had been in my waist-coat pockets, not in the missing pocket-book) and I had hired the farm. From the accounts I seemed to be doing pretty well. I had been married to the fair-haired woman for fifteen months. There was a fair-haired baby of three months, named Francesca, after me. She knew me quite well, her mother declared. I grew very fond of the fair-haired baby.

I could learn nothing of my life before I came to Ashingham. I gathered that no one there knew anything about my previous history, except that I had scarcely recovered from an accident when I came. If my memories were not a delusion, I must have lost recollection of myself after the accident and started my life afresh. I had been brought up on a farm. That would explain my choice of occupation. Frank Davidson was a character in a book which I had been reading just before the accident. That would account for my name. The fair-haired woman was sufficient excuse for my marriage. It was all easy enough to explain to myself; but it was not likely that anyone else would believe the explanation—least of all the delightful, unreasonable being whom I remembered as Violet. If I traced myself, I should be worse off than at present. Moreover, I could not recollect

anything that would enable me to trace myself. So I tried to make myself believe that my memories were an illusion, and that I must put them aside and live the life in which I found myself as well as I could. I liked the life. I liked my neighbors. I liked the fair-haired baby. I liked the fair-haired woman too, in a way. Her air of proprietorship annoyed me; but this would cease when I got rid of the phantasy of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, passionate woman that I called "Violet." The fair-haired woman was very good to me. I decided to be good to her. I think I was.

Three months had passed, not unhappily, when something else flashed into my memory. We were in the drawing-room one dull November afternoon. The dog was sleeping on the hearthrug. Lucy—that was the fair-haired woman's name—set the baby on his back and laughed at me over her shoulder. I remember suddenly that Violet looked at me like that as she played with *our* baby. It was in the garden of our house. The house was at Upper Tulse Hill! I remembered the road—the name of the house—everything! I rushed up to my room and flung myself on the sofa, and clenched my hands and shook myself to and fro. I wanted my own wife, not the fair-haired woman, or any other woman in the world. But what could I do?

What *could* I do? Try to answer that before you blame me. If I told the truth, nobody would believe me. The fair-haired woman would be disgraced. The fair-haired baby would be nameless. Violet would certainly disbelieve me. She was never reasonable where other women and I were concerned. But she might be in want—she and the boy—and need my assistance. I must go to them. I would steal away when my headache was gone. I would make up some story about my life for these three years and more. I would take her abroad where the fair-haired woman would never find us—I did not think about the wrong to *her*. But presently she came to me, and bathed my forehead with scent, and covered me with a rug, and told me I was ill and must sleep. She bent down and kissed me. There was never a better or sweeter woman in the world. I knew that then, and I know it now. I could no more treat her unfairly than I could hurt a child who trusted me. I decided to face the question as an honorable man.

I faced it for a week, and in the end I decided to find out what my wife and boy were doing, and whether they needed help from me, and then to act in whatever way appeared best for them all. I also resolved to conduct my inquiries without seeing Violet. I never had any power of reason where she was concerned, or she when she dealt with me. It would be just a look and a cry, and our arms outstretched. How mine ached for her! No, I must not see her.

My appearance was greatly changed by my beard, and by the different manner in which I dressed, and even spoke. Also I was a

little altered by my illness and by the hand of time, which grips one so suddenly after thirty-five. I scarcely feared recognition, but I bought a pair of colored spectacles when I reached London as an additional precaution. I went down from Ludgate Hill in a compartment with two men whom I used to know. They did not recognize me, though I tested my disguise by speaking to them. Violet might have recognized my voice, but even she could not have recognized my appearance.

She had moved from our old house, but I had no difficulty in tracing her, or learning what had taken place after my disappearance. A man who had probably stolen my watch and pocket-book at the time of the accident had been found drowned with them on him. He was disfigured beyond recognition, and had been accepted for me at the inquest. Violet had obtained what little money I had left. She had invested it all for the boy, and had kept him and herself for two years by giving lessons in painting and music and by singing at concerts. She had a good voice—it used to thrill me like the quiver of a 'cello—and she was clever at music and many things. At the end of two years she had married again! He was an elderly, well-to-do man of business, who had been a client of mine. He was a good fellow, and he would do well by her and the boy. They did not need me any more.

I bought a revolver and cartridges and found an empty compartment in the train. I think that would have been the end of the story, only the fair-haired woman had slipped a photo of the fair-haired baby in my hand as I left Ashingham, and I thought I would take a last look at it. I had always liked the baby from the first time it seized my rough finger in its chubby hand. The little mouth would always pucker into a smile when she saw me. I kissed the smiling face and threw the revolver out of the window. I must go back to the baby and the fair-haired woman and to my duty. Violet used to say that I had "a mania for duty." She and I always argued about such things. Lucy held that a wife should not argue with her husband; and she never talked about duty—only did it. I suppose most people would consider her a better woman than Violet. She was less exacting, less wilful, more open to reason, more free from vanity. *She* never quarrelled with me. *Her* eyes never flashed at me through hot tears. *Her* foot never stamped at me. *Her* words never stabbed at me. The fair-haired woman was best, I said to myself—I said it over and over again as I travelled down to Ashingham. And suddenly I tore my newspaper into shreds. "It's a lie!" I cried aloud. "A lie!"

There was an old gentleman in the corner. He kept his eyes fixed on me till the next stopping-station. Then he hastily alighted. I laughed long and wildly after he had gone. How it would frighten

the fair-haired woman, I thought, if she heard me laugh like that. I took a savage, insane delight in picturing her crouching in a corner and trembling. But I knew she would do nothing of the sort, only take my arm and say I was ill, and pity me, and try to do things for me. It would be easier to bear if she would leave me alone; but she appropriated me so entirely in her unobtrusive way; made so sure of me; talked to everyone about "her husband;" liked to be spoken of as "my wife." My wife! I would tell her what she was, I cried fiercely.

I changed my mind, if ever I really had such a cruel and wicked intention, when I saw Lucy waiting in the dog-cart outside the station gates. She waved her hand as the train came in, and when I came out she gave me a smile that was not her usual quiet smile, but a sudden ripple of delight, like the baby's laughter.

"It is cold for you, Lucy," I said as I sprang into the cart. I had to say something.

"I am not cold inside," she answered, with the same childish smile. "I am *very* glad to see you."

"I am glad to see *you*," I declared, "little—wife!"

It was the first time I had called her that. Of all the hurt of that time it hurt me most.

I talked and pretended to make merry all that evening; but I lay awake and struggled with myself and made good resolves long after Lucy had gone to sleep. I would be a good husband to her, and a good father to the little girl, and forget the others. I would go to town again at the end of the week and buy some toys as a Christmas present for the baby. I would buy a bracelet for the—for my wife! My wife! I put my hands on my face, and unmanly tears trickled through. I was unnerved at the time and had lost the self-control which is usual to me.

I went to London and bought the presents, and returned to the railway station. Somehow—I have never realized how it happened—I found myself in the train for Tulse Hill. I had decided a dozen times that I would never go there again; but the desire to see my wife and boy seemed to have overmastered me. There was no risk of detection, I assured myself. I would call and pretend that I was an old friend of myself, and talk to her, and ask to see the boy. I would see her, hear her voice. I should have done this mad thing, but on the platform at Tulse Hill I saw her husband. He was directing two porters, who were carrying a huge rocking-horse, and he himself was loaded with a medley of parcels, evidently toys. No doubt he had something for Violet too. He had always liked her and the boy, and they had always liked him. He would make them happy. I could only make them unhappy. They did not want me. I would go

home. I laughed that I had called it that. I went "home"—to Ashingham.

I came to think of it as home after a time, and but for my memories my life would have been a happy one. Lucy was not a part of myself, as Violet had been, and she did not share my tastes for music and books and deep thinking, but she was very companionable. She was well-educated and very intelligent in business matters, and a great help with the farm; a loyal and devoted wife, who put my interests first in everything; a sensible, kindly English lady, with a mind as sweet as her face. I admired and esteemed her beyond words.

After a couple of years her brother suggested that we should join him in South Africa, where he was doing well. The opening which he offered seemed advantageous, and Lucy pressed me to take it, though I knew that the parting from her old friends and surroundings was a great wrench to her. She was a great help to me in Africa also, and it was largely due to her that we prospered so greatly. She had the knack of making friends and keeping them. In the same way she made a friend of me and kept me. For, if I must give a name to my feeling towards her, I should call it strong and affectionate friendship. It was possibly the same feeling that *she* called love. At any rate, in three years she never found out that it was not. Violet would have found out in three minutes!

If Lucy lacked Violet's passion and brilliancy, she did not lack depth of affection or of character. She was an ideal mother, and guided our little one so unobtrusively that the child never felt the guiding hand. Sometimes I think that she guided me in the same way. I grew less hasty, less intolerant, more ready to see the good points in other people and the weak points in myself. She never tried consciously to influence me, or, indeed, realized that I needed improvement; but the example of her life influenced me to live better, and when she was gone the influence was left.

It was enteric, and the end came very suddenly. We expected her to recover right up to the last; and when the disease took a turn the wrong way there was scarcely time for farewells. "Baby," she whispered in the husky fever-voice. "You *can't* be a better father to her, dear, but remember that you are mother too. I don't think you have ever known how *much* I love you. It has been—a happy—time!"

I *did* make her happy, I think, and I don't suppose she blames me, now she knows. She was never one to blame people.

So she was gone, and the baby was left—a pretty, prattling mite of three. I lived for the child; and when my property rose in value I sold it and returned to England, because I held that the best women grow there. After careful deliberation I took a house in West Dul-

wich, so that I could keep an eye on my boy. I had no idea of divulging myself. No inducement in the world could have made me wrong little Mayday. That was her mother's pet name for her—the one romantic fancy of an unromantic woman, she used to say. She would have said that it was my duty to watch over the boy, I was sure.

I heard that he was attending the Preparatory School for Dulwich College and doing reasonably well, but it was some months before I saw him. At last I met him walking home one afternoon. He had grown tall and clean-limbed, a good-looking lad, favoring his mother. He had her large, dark eyes, and they had a friendly smile for the world in general. As he passed I noticed that his tie was black. He could not smile so if it were his mother, I thought; but I followed him home; and then I saw Violet. She ran to meet him at the gate in her old headlong, laughing way. She used to rush at me like that. She too wore mourning—mourning such as a woman might wear for a husband some time dead. Everything seemed to whirl round and I fainted. My eyes opened on my old writing-table. I was lying on my old sofa, and Violet was sprinkling my face with scent-spray. She had been crying, and I knew she had seen the likeness to myself in me. I nearly cried out to her. Then I remembered Mayday, and shut my eyes before she saw them opened. After a few moments I lifted myself a little on my elbow and tried to bow.

"I see that I must have fainted," I said in a quiet, formal voice. "I am greatly indebted by your kindness to a stranger."

She bent her head in the graceful fashion that I remembered, and smiled her old, brilliant smile.

"You do not seem like a stranger," she said in her frank way. "You—you are not connected with anyone named Dane, I suppose?" I shook my head, and she sighed. "You are so like—someone that I remember. We have not met before, have we?" I tried to speak, but my voice choked in my throat. "You are still faint. Let me give you some water."

She poured out some water and handed it to me. How quick her movements still were! And how her smile warmed me!

"No, Madam," I said at length, "we have not met before. I could never have forgotten you."

She frowned slightly at my boldness. Then our eyes met, and held us as when I first saw her twelve years before.

"I do not think I should have forgotten *you*," she said frankly. "I have never forgotten—the one who was like you. He was my first husband."

"One does not forget those things," I told her. "My wife died a year ago. I have one little girl. You have children?"

"One boy; *his* son. My second husband is dead also."

"I have no second wife," I said brusquely. It hurt me to hear her speak of him.

She flushed hotly and drew herself up. How often I had pictured her like that!

"You are, perhaps, well enough to go now?" she suggested, with an angry flash in her eyes.

I tried to rise, but she saw that I was still unsteady and restrained me gently with her hand.

"I am, perhaps, over-ready to take offence," she said. "You did not mean anything, of course?" She looked at me.

"I regret my speech," I said; "but—yes, I meant it."

There was a long silence, and she clasped and unclasped her hands.

"I cannot be angry with you," she said at last, "for thinking that I should have been more loyal to my husband. It seems when I look at you as if he had come back to reproach me. I married again for the sake of my boy. My second husband knew my reasons. He was very, very good to me. It hurts me now that I did not care for him as—as he cared for me. But—— Perhaps you understand——"

"I understand," I said. "I did not love my wife—in that way. I cared for her very much; but I loved—an—ideal—someone who was—like you."

I buried my face in my hands. When I lifted it our eyes met again, and then our hands.

"I never question an impulse," she said with forced gayety, "but we are rash people to make friends so quickly."

Then she jumped up suddenly and walked over to the window and wiped her eyes. She remembered, as I remembered, that she said that when she made friends with—her first husband.

I knew at once what would happen if I stayed near her. It was running too great risk of detection, I warned myself, and I must go away; but I did not go. Every man has some one passion that overmasters him. Mine was my love for Violet. I struggled against it at first, but the struggle was useless. After a time it seemed to be needless, for I soon found out that she would never suspect my identity. She was too much in love with me, as I was, to see me as I had been.

Violet struggled too. She had loved my memory for so many years; and she strove hard to be loyal to it, and to set Jack against me in her mind, as I set Mayday against her in mine. If Jack had disliked me, or Mayday had disliked her, we might have continued to struggle; but Jack and I were companions from the first, and Mayday would cry after Violet.

They settled matters for us in the end. I had gone in to Violet's house to help Jack with his lessons. Violet was sitting at the other

side of the table sewing, and the nurse brought Mayday to walk home with me. When she saw Jack standing beside me she puckered her little mouth for a moment.

"I've got your daddy!" the boy teased her.

"Then I'll have your mummy," Mayday said; and she rushed at Violet; and Violet flung down her sewing and snatched Mayday up in her arms, and Jack smiled his big, good-humored smile.

"You can have half of mother," he said, "and I'll have half of your father. How would you like that, Mr. Davidson?"

"I should like it best of everything in the world," I said. "Violet?"

Violet did not answer, only looked up at me and smiled. Then she bent down and kissed Mayday.

"You shall have your fair share of me, little Mayday," she said.

We have been married again for three years now, and she has kept her vow.

There are hundreds of ways in Violet that I always admired, and still admire; but her passionate affection for Lucy's child is, to me, the crowning proof of her goodness, though she will not have it so.

"We love each other too ridiculously to be jealous of memories," she says. "I would have you faithful to them, as you are faithful to me."

You who have read this story know if I am faithful to Violet, and if I am unfaithful to the dear woman who sleeps across the sea.



SPRING

BY LULA BELLE WOOLDRIDGE

JUST a waving of slight shadows
O'er the land,
Just a piping of high voices
From the blue:
Have you seen it—you and you—
Seen that waving of slight shadows o'er the land?
Have you heard it from the blue—
Heard that piping of high voices from the blue?
Have you felt it, through and through—
You, too—
That light waving of slight shadows o'er the land,
That faint piping of high voices from the blue?

NONSENSE NAMES IN NATURAL HISTORY

By *Dr. Charles C. Abbott*

Author of "Travels in a Tree-Top," "The Birds About Us," etc.



THE propensity of ignorance to miscall objects in nature is too remarkable to be passed unnoticed, and yet it is very seldom that we hear any protest against the use of names that are not only absurd in themselves, but often sadly misleading. This thought came to me recently on hearing a fairly well-educated person speak of a "devil's darning-needle." I question if absurdity ever reached to greater length than in thus designating a very harmless, useful, and beautiful insect.

It may be argued by way of defence that people generally do not stop to think, and any name adopted by a community is sufficiently good if it brings up a mental picture of the animal referred to. That it is a "nonsense name" in fact never occurs to anyone using it, for the simple reason that the absurdity is not apparent. This is miserably weak, as it is a confession of ignorance which is indefensible, and a tacit acknowledgment of indifference and laziness, which are wholly without excuse. But, more than all this, by persisting in the use of "nonsense names" we are spreading ignorance, keeping alive unjust prejudice, and doing no end of mischief, because through this ignorance, especially of those who most frequently come in contact with what is collectively known as wild life, the whole community suffers. The destruction of birds, indiscriminate slaughter of reptiles, and persecution of every living creature that crosses the farmer's path has led not only to a vast pecuniary loss, but has robbed the country of those features which are or should be the common property of the community, as is the sky or the landscape. The line must be drawn somewhere between the rights of individuals and those of the public; and where can it be better drawn than at the singing-bird, the harmless snake, and the brilliant butterfly? If my neighbor does not care to look or listen, let him turn aside and give me a chance; but how often, rather, does he drop his work to destroy what does him no injury, and so rob me of what is clearly as much the property of others as of himself. Nothing is more abused than the theory of man's dominion over nature; he too seldom rules,

too generally tyrannizes; but until there is a world-over awakening of common-sense this will always be the case. Probably the world is now too old to learn.

Why, in the name of common-sense, should the vast majority of people call every little fish a "minny," not satisfied to use the correct term, "minnow"? Why, to designate all small birds, do they say "chippy"?

Usually, when I have asked this question, the reply has been, that people generally are not interested in fishes or birds. This leads to strong language on my part, and many are offended: if the subject were not dropped, I would soon have more foes than friends.

My argument is, that persistent indifference to a correct use of language because of indifference to the object referred to is evidence of a lack of intelligence. Our harvest-fly is a cicada, and not a locust, yet "locust" is the word in ninety-nine mouths of every hundred. If you correct anyone, the chances are that you hear in reply, "I do not care." If you express your opinion of this illogical stand on another's part, probably there is one more foe and one less friend. Carlyle once said a very wise thing about "fools." I always supposed the other man was meant; but my efforts to set people aright have slowly led me to think that I was wrong: I am the "other man," the fool.

To return to "minnies" and "chippies." If we refer to Jordan and Evermann's "Fishes of North America," there will be found pages of minnows, and what they are is lucidly defined, but there is hardly a little fish of any sort, even those cast up on the sea-coast, but nine in every ten idlers on the beach will call it a "minny." Some exploit their ichthyological knowledge by saying, "Oh, it's some soft of a little minny;" which leads to the inference that there are big minnows, which is not true. This is bad enough, but when you with kindest motives endeavor to set people right and point out the difference between a real minnow and a baby blue-fish, the chances are you will be snubbed and set down as impertinent. It is a sorry day for him who offers to instruct the public.

Probably the commonest of all misleading names in natural history is the term "chippy" for every bird smaller than a robin and not so characteristic that even fools can discriminate. Incredible as it may seem, I have been asked if a humming-bird was not "some sort of a little chippy." There are people so supremely patient, they can preserve their tempers under such circumstances and go into a long explanation. Thank goodness, I am not one of them! No, a humming-bird is not "a little chippy;" and, on the other hand, a "chimney swallow" is not a swallow at all, but quite nearly related to the humming-birds. The "independent" man, who claims the privilege of thinking as he pleases and also doing what he likes, proclaims, on hear-

ing my remarks, "It has been a chimney *swallow* all my life, and it's going to be,"—I quote actual occurrences,—and so ignorance is perpetuated side by side with knowledge.

If knowledge of natural history was a debatable matter, then the existence and even the desirability of two sides would be apparent; but such is not the case. No one has any right to dispute facts, once they are ascertained to be such, but no power has ever been brought into being that could compel man to be so far obedient and believe the truth. It is the weakness of human nature to overestimate its privileges, to magnify its liberty, to play sovereign, although born a subject. Abused personal liberty is a public curse, and it is as three grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff where personal liberty is not abused. Slavery may have been a curse, but the pendulum can swing to the other extreme.

As a matter of fact, there is a single species of sparrow which is and has always been known as the "chipping sparrow." The name is derived from its note or chirp, i.e., chirping sparrow. If people are in such a hurry that the name must be clipped and mutilated until we have "chippy," be it so, but do not let the name go beyond its proper boundary. There is one "chippy," not a dozen, and it is the duty of everyone to distinguish it from its nearest relatives, or else not use the name at all. Ignorance is privileged to use the phrase "a little bird," and no one will object,—that is not misleading. If asked what kind of a bird, say "I do not know." There is no healthier sentence in the English language. It is honest; and honest ignorance is on the high-road to knowledge.

It is a most unusual occurrence to find accurate knowledge concerning a snake's tongue. With almost everyone it is a "sting," and not a tongue at all. This feature of every snake is forked; it darts with lightning-like rapidity; it is fiery red: no wonder, then, that it is terrible. Who has not heard of the cup that "stingeth like an adder"? As an "adder" is a deadly serpent that keeps its tail in the background and its head directed at its prey, of course the forked tongue must be the sting; and all snakes being similarly armed, all snakes must sting. This is a conclusion reached almost as far back as prehistoric times, and not yet has one "educated" person in a thousand discovered that it is untrue. Neither an adder nor any other serpent stings; but no one appears to think it worth while to say this when they quote Scripture; and so our snakes, valuable as they are, continue to be persecuted.

The strangest misuse of language is in the application of the term "species" to about everything it does not mean. In our newspapers, especially, we continually see such absurd statements as "W. X. killed a bird of the owl species," or "Y. Z. caught a strange animal of the raccoon species." However indifferent one may be to knowledge, he cannot be so to speech; he must use correct words or be misunder-

stood. Herein we are all slaves. No one can claim to be educated who does not know the meaning of the three terms, "family," "genus," and "species." For instance, there is a group or order of birds of prey,—eagles, hawks, falcons, buzzards, kites, and owls,—and these are families under the names given; but the eagles are different, as the golden eagle and the bald eagle; these are species. We have the sparrow-hawk, peregrine falcon, and red-tailed buzzard; each is a species. The newspaper reporter should have said "W. X. killed a species of owl." This is good English: what he did say is nonsense. A genus is a group of lesser importance than a family, which may comprise many genera, and is too difficult of comprehension to be used with safety by the average reporter; but the true "species" is so simple that misuse is inexcusable.

The world is little better for the preaching that never ceases upon it. Individuality is rampant, and every thinking soul among us is wedded to his or her own conclusions. The world is what it appears to us is inscribed on every man's banner, and what avails it with the squinting multitude that a few men have correct vision? Not of one mind are we as to the significance of the words we use, but the fact remains that black is black, and white is white, however much men may dispute it. I venture to suggest that as life wears away, day in and day out, other things being equal, those have the most satisfaction, derive the greatest pleasure, and command the most respect who see nature aright, and, seeing thus, avoid the use of "nonsense names" in natural history.



FOR AN OLD BIRCHBARK CANOE

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

COME to the ancient loft once more, O Spring;
In through the dusty sashes, broken paned,
Once more among the cobwebs and the sleep.
Life of the mystic bark, back to him creep.

Give in your warming touch power to awake,
For not since Fall has pole or paddle stirred;
But swollen, foam-flecked streams are flowing now,
And bending blade keeps time with singing bow.

HURT IN THE SPIRIT

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz



I.

THE spring was in the land.

Its ineffable thrill was born of the sunshine and the south wind, for as yet there was not a swollen bud or small shoot of green. There was a broadening of threadlike rills, and now and again a sudden warble from a bare limb or a leafless bush. Staid horses tossed their heads and ran over wet pastures. The earth steamed with suggestive aromas. Once again there was at hand the heart-moving miracle of Nature's resurrection.

Large fields sloped gently to a stream in a stone-strewn hollow. Well-fenced were they and had yielded fine crops of wheat the past year. In the autumn they had been ploughed and were now to be turned under for the early sowing of corn. Two old men worked there in the autumn, and the same old men came out into the spring sunshine to plough.

These men had long been neighbors and friends. They were Elders in the same church, although one was considerably the senior of the other. One man was wifeless and childless; neither had a brother or son. In their isolation they were drawn to each other and often met by the stream which divided their farms for companionship and to take quiet counsel on church and worldly affairs.

It had been a cruel winter, one cold and fickle as to changes. Absay Blewett had not weathered it well. The younger man saw, with great concern, that there was a change in him, a havoc of vitality that could not, in the natural order of things, be repaired.

His faded eyes softened as he guided the horses down the declivity, seeing that his furrow was straight and as deep and true as of old. He watched his neighbor coming down opposite him, this Marum Parthemore, who had been near him in all the business of his life. Marum would outlive him and would carry out his wishes when he passed on—and his ever-trembling lips formed the one question, "Where?"

Both men came down the slopes slowly until only the flashing run brawled over its rocky bed between them.

"Howdy, Brother Marum?" said the older man. "Nice mornin'?"

"How ye feelin'?"

Hurt in the Spirit

"Jes' so. I see ye got Nathan ter the plough. Let him stand an' kim over her', wull ye?"

Marum came cautiously over the stones. His eyes were keen and now anxious. He asked no questions.

"I war thinkin' w'en I war on th' turn up the hill thet thar war some words I'd like ter say ter ye. Tain't words thet kin be spoke keerless-like, but the time air a-comin' w'en I carn't speak at all, mebbe, an' I count on ye."

Marum Parthemore nodded.

The old man shifted the reins between his hands.

"I hain't 'lowed myself much pleasure, hev I, Marum?"

Marum threw up one hand.

"No, ye hain't, Brother Absay, ye hain't. Air ye goin' ter do better now fer yerself?"

He tried to speak lightly, but the words sounded foolish. There were graver thoughts about, and Marum felt them ready for utterance.

"Mebbe so—arter I'm gone," replied the old man on the plough. "I hev left a cool hundred a year to the meetin'-house, hev made it a charge on the farm fur twenty-five year. How's thet?"

Marum nodded and looked puzzled as well.

"Ye're to see arter it while ye live. Arter ye, young Hiram Appsit will, my grand nevvie, ye know. He'll be growed up."

"A clear give, is it?" asked Marum.

The men's eyes met.

"Naw; but they're jes' boun' ter leave my place vacant in meetin'—thet thar seat at the end o' the Elders' bench—fer jes' ez long ez I give 'em thet money."

Marum stood silent. He was weighing the occasion and this statement. To him it was one personally important. In this isolated community the world was reproduced. The meeting-house, standing upon an adjacent hill, was the public theatre of action, the arena where honors were adjudged. The Parson was the executive monarch; the government was vested in six Elders, of whom Absay was now the head. He it was who sat at that end of the long black bench next to the pulpit. He it was who opened up the meetings and had precedence in the funeral processions. He it was who censured any new hymns or unseemly music that crept in through the younger members. He had held this position for thirty years. Next to him on the bench sat Schuyler Dally, many years younger, but who confidently expected to pass into the head seat as soon as Death came to Absay Blewett.

These things Marum Parthemore quickly reviewed as he stood opposite old Absay Blewett. He was aghast at his neighbor's words. If he had any dream of ambition, it was that some day, for even a brief period, he might sit at the end of that bench as head of the

church members. He knew that Schuyler Dally looked forward to it eagerly and that old Eleazer Rose asked it as a precious gift from his Maker. Yet the very thought of it was against Christianity, and he had always put it from him as a temptation of that personal devil in whom, as in the existence of God, the man thoroughly believed.

Absay Blewett was watching his face. For almost the first time in his life he apologized for an action.

"I can't die easy, an' feel thet anyone air settin' thar, nex' ter the pulpit. It's been my place fer so long. I thort I would jes' buy it up fer myself. See!"

Marum looked uneasily to right and to left, then straight up the Blewett hill.

"Mebbe ye won't care—then," he said slowly.

The old man twisted the reins.

"Mebbe—but mebbe I wull—who kin tell? Nuther me nur you, Marum. Mebbe I wull. Anyhow, I can't go happy a-thinkin' thet anyone air settin' thar, an' I'm wullin' to make it good to the church to leave me alone."

The younger man patted the sweating side of the old black mare.

"Air it done ag'in' Brother Dally?" he asked softly. "I disremember 'xatly what story went 'round—when I war small—'bout ye and Persis, Schuyler's fust wife. Hain't ye fergot? Ye hain't holdin' eny wrath ag'in' him?"

A change came into the old man's face, one curious to witness. It was as if the lightning played over a riven oak. The storm passed, and then the head Elder spoke thickly, but decidedly.

"Thet war years ago. It is not meet fur any man to jedge his fellow-man, Marum. But thet air ain't nuther here nur thar. I won't take no risks o' feelin' hurt in the speerit to look in an' see 'nother man a-settin' nex' to the pulpit."

"But why fer jes' twenty-five year?" asked Marum. "Why not fer all time?"

The old man smiled a little, but shrewdly.

"I kalkilate thet in twenty-five year my speerit won't keer 'bout returnin' to Hill-and-Holler. My mind goes feelin' erbout consid'able fer signs o' the speerit life, an' I kalkilate the old Adam'll be erbout outen me by thet time. A hundred dollars to let thet seat be vacant at every meetin'—a kind o' respect ter me, ye see, fur my long stayin' with the church. Whut ye think, Marum?"

"Brother Schuyler Dally won't like it," mused Marum, "nur old Brother Eleazer. I kin stand it."

"But ye'll see ter it? Ye're set in my will ter do it."

"Ef ye say so."

II.

IN time, and a short time, old Absay Blewett was gathered to his fathers and consigned to the same moldering dust in the Hill-and-Hollow graveyard. Such a funeral had never been seen in the country, for folks came from over Cartwright Way, and from up to Penniman, and in by way of the Old Coon Gap from Lucooket.

The summer day that saw the last of old Absay Blewett could but be a day of congratulation in the Dally household. Brother Dally was a man of much force of character, but his ambitions were as nothing compared to the fierce burnings in the bosom of "Cassander Ann," who had been raised over beyond Lucooket and had brought money with her. In truth, Cassander Ann was meant for a larger sphere of action, and in her youth she frightened away all eligible suitors with her mighty ambitions and mad desires. She was over twenty-three when one spring Schuyler Dally met her. He was a widower fifteen years older and was easily captivated by her unusual beauty and her energies. He lost no time in an ardent wooing, and he carried Cassander Ann back with him through the Gap ere the leaves fell.

She set herself to rule Hill-and-Hollow. She had the best house, the best furniture, the finest china that ever went there. She could not interest the community if out of the church, so at once became a power in the church. To her Schuyler owed his early election as an Elder. When he began to get near the top of the black bench she was devoured by an overwhelming desire to see him at the head. She asked nothing more in the community—because there was nothing more.

The news of Absay Blewett's serious condition affected Schuyler Dally so much that he hitched up at once and drove down to the post-office. Cassander Ann gazed after him with large, wistful eyes. She always wanted to be in the thick of things, but years had brought her some discretion. She stood on the flat stones before the front door to watch the buggy out of sight, then turned to enter the house. She saw Peachy Tuley coming up the walk from the fenced-in garden and waited for her.

Peachy Tuley was the only child, a girl of nineteen, the prettiest creature that Hill-and-Hollow had ever seen. She came up from the garden with a huge bouquet of sweet-williams and Drummond phlox and mignonette and larkspur and single pinks and petunias and a dozen more of those dear flowers that are still known to country gardens. Nature had been kind to Peachy Tuley's garden, but kinder still to Peachy Tuley's face. It rose over the great posy like a rarer blossom. It was a rose and white face, a red-lipped, smiling face, a blue-eyed face with round rings of brown, curling hair setting

about it like an aureole. It was a saucy face and a fascinating face, but it spoke of the real Peachy Tuley in that, for she was both.

Cassander Ann waited until the girl came up and breathed out her great news in gasping sentences:

"Elder Blewett air on his death-bed. Paw air gone to see about it?"

Peachy Tuley smiled. She knew of her parents' ambitions and she believed in them.

"Paw air in luck, truly," she remarked. "I calkilate we better fly to and do up his fine shirt for the funeral, Maw. I think I'll admire to see Paw walkin' head, an' you an' me the fust of the wimmin after the mourners. I'll wear my blue marcelline."

"Thet air too gay," remonstrated Cassander Ann. "Folk'd remark it of the head Elder's folks. A white gown with a black ribbon'd show some proper respect. Ye see ye'll be noticed more when yer Paw air head Elder. I'm skeered to death erbout yer actions, I am."

Peachy Tuley laughed merrily.

"La, Maw! I'm jes' the same as ever. Let's get right at that shirt."

For one brief day Schuyler Dally felt his ambitions satisfied; Cassander Ann was happy and Peachy Tuley was peaceful. Then the clipped wings of the position was made known to the new head Elder by Parson Tuggle.

Marum had at once sought the head of the church, showed him the dead man's will, and asked him to keep the head Elder's seat vacant until after a congregational meeting at which to discuss the bequest and to accept or reject it. The Parson well knew the value of that hundred dollars to the church, so he promptly draped the end of the bench in cheap black and afterwards hunted up Brother Schuyler Dally to explain matters.

To say it was a bitter disappointment to Brother Dally is saying too little. He had dreamed of the top of the black bench for years. It was his right and his privilege to take it now—and he was to be debarred from it by a dead man's whim.

The funeral was a large one, and there were many from far away to see and hear. The empty seat was covered with black, and Schuyler Dally sat next with five men below him. And the sixth man lay rigid, his arms crossed, his sightless eyes closed, while all the prayers were made, the hymns sung, the sermon and the eulogies delivered. The Parson walked ahead down the country road to the graveyard, the bearers with the coffin came next. The niece of the dead man, Melicent Appsit, her husband, and little Hiram, who was to have the farm, headed the procession. Then came the congregation headed by Schuyler Dally, he walking alone, the other Elders following in

pairs. At this sight Cassander Ann's spirits revived and Peachy Tuley smiled quietly. Anyhow, Paw was head Elder, and nothing could be done to take his rights away.

The next night there was the stormiest church meeting that had ever been held in Hill-and-Hollow. No one stayed at home and babes-in-arms came and remained. There was a strong opposition to the acceptance of the late Elder's bequest from two parties, one the Appsites, who grudged the hundred dollars per year, and from Schuyler Dally's relatives and friends, who wanted "to see him where he b'longed."

Marum Parthemore made a plain talk for his friend's wishes that was little short of eloquent. It had a great effect and was the real cause of the acceptance of the bequest by a good majority. To him it was a real issue, for at the last Absay Blewett had pressed his hand and whispered, "See to it fer me," and Marum meant to keep his word. He could not speak of this to anyone, but, after the black print drapery had become dingy on the end of the bench and was pulled down, Marum often fancied he could see Absay Blewett sitting there exactly as in life, in his old relaxed attitudes, his thumbs crossed and his one good eye following every movement of the congregation.

III.

Two years passed by before there came the final scene. It is probable that this would never have occurred had it not been for Cassander Ann. A man forgets the worst of a disappointment, a woman nurses it. It is true that not a Sunday morning passed but Schuyler Dally did not experience a pang when he sat down on the Elders' bench, leaving a wide space at the top for the spirit of Absay Blewett to occupy. But, that moment over, he thought no more of it. On the other hand, Cassander Ann faced the seats from the women's side of the church, and she gave her mind wholly up to the injustice of the matter. At the end of two years she was quite as determined on the solution of how to get her husband into that empty seat as ever. The church prospered and was spiritually progressing. A great wave of grace had swept in many doubtful souls. Had Brother Absay been among them in spirit? Was that empty seat the source of this uplift?

A way suggested itself to Cassander Ann at last. This was for the head Elder to take his seat at the beginning of a service and, while the sermon was going on, for him to edge over until he occupied the end of the bench. Afterwards he could repeat this until it gradually became a regular thing to see him there, and it was not very likely much would be said about it after two years had passed.

Brother Schuyler Dally refused to listen to this scheme. He reminded his wife that he had enough anxiety without hunting up

any more. The trouble he had on hand was with Peachy Tuley. Never had there been, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, such a will-o'-the-wisp bit of humanity as that girl, not in the length and breadth of the section. Her beauty was a threadbare theme. Of suitors Peachy Tuley had good, bad, and indifferent, and when she found out that one of them was especially obnoxious to her father, it seemed to be her chief delight to lead that one the maddest and most capricious chases.

That Hill-and-Hollow disapproved the Elder knew well, and he expostulated and exhorted in vain. Cassander Ann was not much alarmed, being mindful of some wild oats sown in and around Lucooket during her young days. Privately she admonished Peachy Tuley, who said she was only having a real good time and for them not to mind her.

The night came when, after a three days' junket with a merry party over at Penniman and round Cartwright Way, Peachy Tuley did not arrive at home until well into the Sabbath morn and, looking from his window above, Schuyler Dally saw his lovely daughter part lingeringly from Judson Storms, the very man whom he most despised. He did not go out to Peachy Tuley, but woke Cassander Ann and sent her to tell the girl that his heart was broken with her ways. Cassander Ann went in to Peachy Tuley and, much more sternly than she had ever spoken to her before, forbade Judson Storms her company, and ended with a flood of seldom-seen tears.

Now Peachy Tuley was herself tired of this lover, with whom she had only been trying to pique one graver and better, and was quite willing to profess a great shame and promise reform. And it was not hard to believe promises from such rosy lips.

"I'm ready to do anything you wish, Maw," she vowed, "and I don't actually care if I never do see Judson again. I was just foolin' with him to make Silas Tweedle angry. Silas is so slow."

Cassander Ann beamed with surprise.

"Silas Tweedle? He's got the most land in this county. Now, Peachy Tuley, ef ye mean thet's true, yer Paw'll fergive ye. Air ye sure!"

Peachy Tuley's flower face expressed a most indignant surprise.

"Sure? What, of Silas? Why, Maw, he's asked me some six times a'ready!"

Cassander Ann sat down on the side of the bed and thought hard.

"Well, I am plumb glad!" she ejaculated; "now, if I could jes' git yer Paw into that first seat, I'd die happy."

"Ye look most too healthy to die, Maw," said Peachy Tuley with a yawn, "but if you want Paw there so bad, I do wish he was. I'd like to see him settin' thar myself."

Hurt in the Spirit

"You might help me," mused Cassander Ann, "an' I don't really see anything wrong in yer doin' it." And then and there was a conspiracy formed.

When Elder Dally came down to a late breakfast he found Peachy Tuley in a plain print gown, helping her mother. As this was an unusual thing, he decided it was meant to conciliate him. He was sternly silent. Cassander Ann waited on him, and when the meal was over brought the great Bible for family prayers and placed it before him.

"The men have gone early to church," she said; "there'll be only we three. Peachy Tuley has something to say to ye, Paw."

Peachy Tuley stood up with a deeper pink in her cheeks.

"Paw, I'm sorry."

"Why didn't ye think o' thet yestidday? Ye'll be put on church trial an' I'll be disgraced."

"I'll quit right off, Paw, if ye'll only act like ye're the head Elder."

"I am head Elder."

"Ye don't act like it. It makes Maw an' me down in the mouth an' keerless-like. Ef ye'll take yer seat in the church, I'll behave, hones'."

The Elder looked at her hard. She was the dearest thing in the world to him and her future was making him uneasy. Other parents in Hill-and-Hollow had mourned daughters lost in that vague place known to the community as "out-'n-th'-world."

Still he hesitated.

"I don't like ter do it. The church air boun' down," he said slowly; "it will make trouble an' stir up bad feelin'."

"It's your seat by right," cried Cassander Ann.

"Mebbe 'tis. Can't you be good without thet, Peachy Tuley? I don't like to hire ye to be good."

"I'll give up anything," repeated Peachy Tuley, "anything."

Her father again glanced at her sternly.

"You would have to promise to hev nothin' more to do with thet young Storms. Thet's a bad stock, root an' branch."

"I'm willin' if ye'll take thet head seat. I'll never see 'im again, Paw, if ye will."

The Elder began walking up and down, his brows contracted. To both women he had never looked better or more energetic in his life.

"You've set me a hard task, my darter," he said, "an' I see your Maw's will in it. Cassander Ann, ye'd not be satisfied ef I was President of the hull country."

Cassander Ann looked him full in the eyes. They were not demonstrative, but they understood each other pretty well.

"We want ye to have yer own," she said tersely, "yer own, an' nothin' more. We're honest Christian folk, I hope."

Peachy Tuley hung on to the Elder's arm coaxingly.

"What's more, Paw," she said in her most dulcet voice, "I'll settle down an' marry someone ye'd like—he's asked me."

"Who is it?"

"But promise first. Do, Paw."

The Elder hesitated for a moment. Then he said coldly,—

"Well, Peachy Tuley."

"He's promised, Maw! Well, Paw, how will Silas Tweedle do?"

The Elder's face flushed. He had never thought Peachy Tuley would do so well for herself. And, in the enjoyment of the news, the time came for the morning service with nothing more said about the Elder's promise.

But Cassander Ann would not let him forget it, and in the afternoon, as they drove home from the Sabbath-school, she urged it upon him to edge himself over by degrees and to take possession of the end of the bench. Evening service was a good time to begin. The novelty of the thing would soon wear off. He must break the ice that very night. When Peachy Tuley got up from the supper-table with Silas Tweedle and several other admirers in tow, she shook her forefinger at her father and told him "to remember his promise to her and Maw."

The evening services of the Hill-and-Hollow church proceeded as usual. The church was a prim edifice with bare, whitewashed walls, a choir gallery, eight high windows, two side aisles, and four rows of long pews. It was poorly lit, unevenly heated, and badly ventilated. On Sabbath evenings it was crowded to the doors as the only church open in a five-mile radius. The services were severely simple. Prayer, a hymn, prayers, a sermon, and then the doxology. The sermons were long and a great many people slept through them. It was at this time that Cassander Ann coughed several times most meaningly to urge Elder Dally to "move up."

The long black bench at the side of the pulpit presented its usual appearance. Next to the pulpit was the space, and then came the Elder Dally well clad and sturdy. Next to him bent the small and wizened Elder Rose. Marum Parthemore was always awake. He was leaning well forward, one elbow on his knee. He looked across the other Elders at Parson Tuggle, who was busily engaged in an exposition of an intricate point in Old Testament history. Cassander Ann wished that Marum would sit back, but then she did not think he would interrupt church services out of respect even if the head Elder did change his place.

Cassander Ann coughed again, and the Elder made a slight movement to the left. She watched him narrowly, burning with the impatience of her soul. It was in her to break all control and to boldly

grasp what she wished. The Elder was more deliberate, but he really moved over, and there was now a little space between him and Elder Eleazer Rose.

Cassander Ann's cheeks were hot, her eyes strained to watch his every movement. A little more and a little more the man moved towards the head of the bench. Elder Rose was evidently in a doze. Cassander Ann's heart suddenly stood still. A hoarse, terrible cry rang out. From whom? Marum Parthemore was on his feet, his accusing finger pointing towards the empty seat. For it was empty. Down, as if pushed by strong and powerful hands, went the head Elder, his lax arms twisted under him and his head over, horribly limp. Schuyler Dally lay as if pushed back from the coveted seat, and when the old doctor who had been with him on his entrance into the world knelt beside him there was only one thing for him to reply to Cassander Ann's and Peachy Tuley's shrieking demands:

"He's had a stroke—he's gone!"

But Marum Parthemore in the silence of the woods and fields still looks grave enough when he fancies he hears a quavering voice:

"Mebbe I wull keer. Who kin tell? Nuther me nur you. Mebbe I wull. I won't take no risks o' feelin' hurt in the speerit to look in an' see any other man a-settin' in thet seat nex' ter the pulpit."



TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT

THERE was a battle-field, where myriads lay,
 Some deadly wounded, many thousand dead;
 And with a hurrying dust through all the land
 Sprang the hot couriers: many a name they bore,
 Spoken by Victory in her trumpet-breath,
 Crowned by the crimson Hour for deathless fame.
 The mother gave her son: he lay forgot;
 The wife her husband: in the cannon's path
 Oblivion tossed him; and the maid betrothed
 Sent her beloved: the earthquake of the bomb
 Was the fierce sexton at his sudden grave.
 Their names the couriers bore not. Far behind
 The vulture hovered, seeking such, and found.
 When the long death-list came at last, it brought
 The nameless names that break a myriad hearts.
 The conquering leader rides in history;
 The conquering army sleeps anonymous.

THE DERELICT OF SILVER SADDLE

By Grace McElroy Iurs



THE day was hot, with the shimmering haze of midsummer over everything; above burned a cloudless sky, blue as the heart of a sapphire. To the west the mountains rose, gray and bronze in the foreground, but melting beyond into tender relationship with the sky. To the east there was a slope downward, the last from the level space which saddled the lower range, showing brown trees, blistering rocks which radiated like furnaces, and the dusty white road leading down from the heights of the Saddle through Silver Spur and the Gulch to the railroad—thence to civilization; "God's country" they were wont to call it here, when surfeit of Nature's bigness had cast new and beautiful lights on the littleness of conventional living.

Dave Foster, solitary horseman in the varied shimmer, hesitated at the curve of the road. Back behind the foremost peak, hidden in a patch of pines, lay his cabin. He had intended to ride on down to Silver Spur when his allotted job was finished, but his fancy, seared and scorched in a morning's hard riding, pictured the green shadows which ringed his retreat in most alluring light.

"Blamed if it's worth it!" he murmured, looking along the white length of road, treeless and springless for a good five miles.

With the words there appeared in his range of vision, in the very middle of the road, a moving black dot, whose growing proportions indicated that it was coming towards him.

He gazed steadily, his eyes opening to their widest. There were not many who came there on foot. A moment later his mouth also opened to give vent to an astonished "Hello!"

"If it ain't a woman!" he exclaimed, reining Dandy back off the road to await her coming. Women were too rare in the region of the Silver Saddle to be passed unceremoniously, whether known or not.

He watched as she toiled towards him, the details of dragged finery and yellow hair fringing her brow gradually taking shape to his eyes. She was gray white from head to foot from the fine white dust which had sifted over her in her walk. Her face too looked gray,

with none of the freshness belonging by right to the yellow fringe. There was something dogged in her gait, head down, elbows out, though she was not going fast.

"Hullo, sis!" said Foster when she came within ten feet of him.

She lifted her eyes and looked at him, but did not answer. He waited a moment, slightly surprised; silence did not seem to go with her other attributes. He tried again.

"What's your name?"

"Lil," came the sullen answer.

"Lil what?"

"I guess the rest's no account to you, mister," she said, stopping short opposite Dandy, and looking at her interlocutor defiantly.

He was amused at the straight impertinence of the reply, understanding its spirit. He was not given to telling his own name to every stranger who might inquire.

"Right you are, sis," he said, swinging himself down beside her; "it's none of my business. I'm not intendin' to be pryin' in things you want to keep. But if it's no difference to you, I'd like to ask where you're goin'. It's hot weather for walkin' in the Silver Saddle."

The woman resumed her dogged trot, looking straight ahead of her, and when Foster, having looped his bridle over his arm to stride along with her, glanced down he was amazed and dismayed to see tears welling into her eyes.

"Oh, come now, sis—Lil," he said uncomfortably, "I didn't mean to upset you. It's no matter where you're bound for——"

"I ain't bound nowhere," she answered through set teeth; "I'll just keep on till I get off the earth, I reckon."

Foster was nonplussed. He shifted the bridle uneasily, casting about for something to say.

"Hard luck, eh?" he queried at last.

"They run me out o' Silver Spur last night," she said; "followed me with guns an' said they'd set the dogs on me if I ever showed up again."

Her companion whistled softly under his breath.

"What did you do?" he asked then, the question coming in all simplicity from his loyalty to his neighbors. War was not waged on women out here without cause.

But she answered passionately:

"I didn't do a thing; I'd been there on'y three days. But back at the Gulch, where I was before, Jeff Burd killed his wife last week, an'—they blamed me for bein' mixed up in it."

Foster drew his brows, and glancing up she saw it.

"I'd nothin' to do with it, so help me God!" she said, her voice thick; "but they wouldn't believe me, none of 'em. I had to clear out

that night, and yesterday, when the whole news of the killin' got to Silver Spur, they just got together and told me I'd got to git."

"But there's nothin' ahead here," said Foster, looking at the ribbon of road, which wound westward and upward, finally losing itself among the peaks; "not even a camp on the trail."

"I reckon it don't matter much," her voice dropped to a tired monotone; "I ain't nothin' to look forward to. I'll just go on's far's I kin, an' then——"

Foster knew what then. It was bad enough for men, but for a woman, even such as this—— He trudged along in silence for a moment.

"I guess you'd better come along home with me," he said at last. "It's too hot to keep on walkin' this weather. I got a right nice comfy cabin in among them trees there;" her eyes grew wistful as they followed his directing hand to the path of pines; "you kin stay there till you get some plans made."

He glanced at her a moment after, to see the slow tears coursing unheeded down her cheeks.

"Say, I didn't have nothin' to do with that——" she reiterated.

"That's all right," he said, with an attempt at geniality; "I guess Jeff Burd didn't need no one to put him up to bad. I know him." He stopped at a thread of a path leading off from the road. "Here's where I turn off. Comin'?"

She nodded briefly and followed him into the green thicket leading to his cabin.

"I got to ride out some this afternoon," he said when they reached the door; "you go right in an' make yourself at home. I'll be back before dark."

When he returned, having spent the hours in a nearby, deserted camp, considering things, an appetizing odor met him at the cabin.

He sniffed appreciatively as he entered, and the woman smiled from her post beside the stove.

"Found some stuff an' thought I'd make some doughnuts," she said, "it helped pass the time."

Dave looked around the cabin, recognizing a transformation in its appearance, without realizing where it lay.

"I cleaned things up some," she explained, noting his glance. "If they's anything I hate it's dirty cookin' tools. These biscuits is ready now. Come an' eat your supper."

He ate, wonderingly but steadily, as long as anything remained. Then he looked across at his guest. She was prettier now than in the noonday light. The feathered hat removed, her yellow hair shone enticingly. The heat of the stove had flushed her cheeks, and her sleeves rolled high showed arms and elbows as white as milk.

"You're a wonder, Lil," he said comfortably; "I ain't et such doughnuts since I was a kid. Where'd you learn 'em?"

Lil's flush deepened for a moment, then paled.

"My mother used to make 'em that way," she said shortly.

"You from the East?" asked Foster. Those doughnuts were New England brand, or he was no judge. But this time she only nodded.

"All right, I ain't pryin'," he said, stretching himself contentedly on the grass outside; "anybody 'at kin cook like you's got a right to keep mum's long's she likes."

And so saying he turned over and shut his eyes, while Lil went back into the cabin and began to wash the dishes, singing softly over her work.

In October, when the woods, instead of green, stretched away in gorgeous gradations of yellow, Foster came home jubilant one evening.

"I've struck it!" he said, his voice vibrant with emotion; "Lord, to think how a man'll go on day after day, just walkin' over what he's huntin'!"

Lil was setting the supper on the table, and she smiled an echo to his joy over the dishes. Her eyes widened when he laid two shining nuggets on her plate.

"A pocket!" she cried breathlessly.

He nodded.

"An' that ain't all," he said exultantly, "only a starter. I'm off for Chicago in the morning to see Brawdy. I rather guess there'll be something more than prospectin' for yours truly after this."

"Will he give you a share?" she asked; "is it agreed?"

"Well, it ain't down in writin'," he said, "but I guess it'll go. Make me some doughnuts to take with me, old girl; I'll need two lunches 'fore I strike town."

She worked half the night over the stove, and in the early dawn stood at the door waving her apron after him as he rode down the trail towards Silver Spur.

When the breakfast things were cleared away and the cabin in order she set out on the same route. It was the first time she had gone that way since Dave had watched her toiling up the hill in the sun, but an idea, so brilliant, so beautiful, that she scarce dared formulate it, had been born suddenly while she stood waving her apron, and she felt that every moment was of precious worth in the carrying out. She sang softly as she trod the dusty strip of road. She sang often in those days; it was becoming a habit.

The very last house in Silver Spur, the first as she was going, was occupied by a man who was as unique in his surroundings as Dave, and she herself, though in a different way, were typical. She had seen him sometimes in her old days. He was consumptive—Silver

Spur had named him One Lung at first sight, but he looked kind and refined—and he was educated.

He was working in his bit of garden when she knocked at his door, but with studied courtesy he ushered her to a seat and donned his coat before allowing her to state her errand. When she had done so, simply and without circumlocution, he looked at her with increasing interest.

"It will be a pleasure to do what you ask," he began. She interrupted him eagerly:

"Can we begin right now? I ain't got any too much time, Dave'll be gone only two weeks."

For answer he brought forth paper and pens and laid them before her.

"Say, do you think I can do it in that time? It's only the writin' letters, you know; I can make the printed ones all right. I'd like awful well to send him a letter 'fore he gets back."

"We'll try to get you on quickly," he smiled, and with a light in her eyes which made them good to look at she set herself to work.

Her earnestness made her oblivious to the flight of time, and it was not until the pen fell from her cramped hand that she stopped.

"What's it goin' to cost?" she asked then, wiping the crusted ink from her fingers; "I'll pay anything you say," looking proudly at the array of letters which straggled in steadily increasing likeness after the copy he had set her.

"It is a pleasure," he answered; "I could not think of taking money."

"Well, I can't impose on you——" she hesitated; "I'd pay you money if you said so, but if you won't take that, I'll fry you a batch of doughnuts. Dave says my doughnuts can't be beat this side o' Connecticutt."

Mr. Amos Cummings, one time college professor, gazed after her as she sped homeward. He knew something of the circumstances which had compelled her quittance of Silver Spur; something too of her history before that. The sight of her face to-day as she toiled over her copy had aroused curious speculation within him as to the transformations which love can effect.

It was ten days later, ten days of steady effort, during which Lil had conquered the capitals,—conquered them well too, with inspiring addition of shaded curves and graceful spirals,—that she set out on her morning walk to Cummings's cabin with a light of joyous expectancy in her eyes.

"Say, will you do me a favor?" the demand was breathless, and she hastened on to explanation without giving him time to answer. "I think—I'm most sure—there's a letter from Dave in the post-

The Derelict of Silver Saddle

office. I dreamed about him last night, and this morning there was a letter in my cup, plain as anything. He said he'd write, you know."

Cummings's smile was not wholly of amusement. There was something about her eagerness which touched another spring.

"What I want is for you to go down an' ask for me," she said; "I ain't been down in Silver Spur since—since I left. Things might be all right now, but I don't want to go."

"Certainly I will go," he was donning his coat as he spoke; "what name?"

The blood flamed over her cheeks.

"I guess it's like to be just Lil," she said.

She resisted the temptation to stand at the window and watch until his return, but her usual steady tracing was impossible to-day, so she contented herself with writing Dave's name over and over on her copy-sheet.

When Cummings returned he held a thick envelope in his hand, and she sprang up with a cry of joy.

"I knew it," she said exultantly, turning it over in her hand; "I just felt there was something there."

She lingered over the opening and started when a roll of bills fell into her lap.

"See that now—the very first thing he sends me some money! There's lots of men wouldn't have done that."

She spelled out the first words, "Dear Lil," then thrust the sheet into Cummings's hand.

"I can't wait to go over it myself," she cried; "you read it to me; it'll be quicker that way."

He ran his eye over the clumsily written lines; his face changed.

"Go on; don't be so slow," she begged.

"My poor girl, oh my poor girl," he said, and at the tone her face turned suddenly to sickly gray.

"What—is—it?" she demanded. "Is Dave dead?"

"No, not dead, but——"

"Oh, read it!" her voice was shrill, and Cummings, after one pitying glance, read:

"DEAR LIL: This is to let you know that I am well, hoping you are the same. I send you fifty dollars by this letter to help you to get along. I'm going to get married on Saturday, and, of course, it wouldn't do for you to stay on in the cabin, but you're welcome for two weeks more, as we're going to take a weddin'-trip before we come home. Hoping you'll have luck,

"DAVE FOSTER.

"P.S.—You can take anything in the cabin you've a mind to.

"DAVE."

Lil got up slowly when he had finished.

"Lil, my poor girl," began Cummings, but she backed away from him, shaking her head:

"Don't say nothing to me now," she implored, her voice thick; "I've got to think this out by myself."

She went out, still moving slowly, leaving the pitiful copies of her work on the table. He watched her out of sight, trudging the strip of road up over the mountain.

It was hours before she reached the pine patch; the road had seemed to unroll endlessly before her; the coppery sky to shut down over her like a cauldron; the trees and rocks to echo the words which rang over and over in her ears.

"He's goin' to git married on Saturday"!

She shouted them aloud when, at last, the cabin door swung open before her, then staggered about the place repeating them to the inanimate things which had become her companions in the fortnight. In the tin dishpan, scoured to mirror sheen, she faced her own disordered image, and the sight calmed her suddenly. She sat down at the table and tried, tracing each letter with her finger, to read for herself. Some of the letters were strange; Dave's chirography was not of stringent conventionality, but memory helped, and she went over it again and again.

"It's four days till Saturday. I'll stay till then," she said at last dully.

In the four days she lapsed back from the rosy freshness which had come to her since her banishment from Silver Spur. She did not undress to sleep, but flung herself on the bed when weariness commanded. Her yellow hair lost its fluffiness and straggled about her eyes in the uneasy spirals which had first struck Dave's eyes. Her face settled back into the heavy lines which had been gradually obliterating themselves. She cooked nothing, living on the supplies which had been ready, and when Saturday came she looked a mere sodden wraith of the eager figure which had sped over the miles to Cummings's cabin.

She awakened early and went out into the chilly morning mist for some water. The grayness which obscured the world seemed to daze her and she stood beside the spring, gazing listlessly into the silver blank before her. A solitary figure, puffing and panting up the pathway from the road, was beside her before she knew it.

"Good-morning, Lil——" Cummings stopped short as she turned her face to him, and gazed at her with horrified eyes.

"I knew you had not gone," he said, after waiting in vain for her to speak; "I have been watching the road every day."

"No, I ain't gone yet," she answered mechanically.

"That is why I came," he went on; "I wanted to see you first—to say"—his voice faltered before her blank gaze—"to say you needn't go very far. You might stay with me—if you like."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly for a moment, then with a quick motion set down her bucket and went into the cabin, Cummings following uncertainly.

"We can go down to Silver Spur, or beyond, to the Gulch if you prefer, and be married this evening——"

She turned on him with a whirl.

"Married! Do you mean to say you'd marry—*me*." Her voice was almost harsh in its tenseness.

"Yes," he said steadily, meeting her eyes, "I mean just that."

With a bound she was on her knees before him, kissing his hands, which he tried vainly to extricate from her grasp.

"Oh Mister Cummings, you don't know what you've done for me!" she sobbed. "Nobody ever asked me to marry them before—nobody."

"Then you consent?" Cummings asked gravely.

She rose from her knees and rubbed away her tears.

"No, I can't. I love Dave."

He stared at her in amazement, and as she caught the look the slow color mounted to her cheeks.

"Oh, I know you're thinkin' that it oughtn't to make any difference about that now," she said huskily; "but it does. I never thought to feel this way, but you see, Mister Cummings, I never loved anybody before."

"I see," said Cummings quietly; "and I think you are a good woman, Lil;" so saying, he went out of the cabin and down the hill.

An hour or two later she followed, closing the door carefully, after a lingering look around the cabin, leaving the fifty dollars in full view on the table.

Her apathy was gone, and her face, though still deeply graven, was less gray than in the previous days. Her hair too was neat, and her attire, the same she had worn the day she first met Dave, as orderly as its nature would permit. She walked slowly, her head bent, a branch of the pine which shaded the cabin waving in her hand. It was thus she came to the roadway leading to Silver Spur without seeing the still horseman who rested there, dejectedly staring down the white slope.

Dandy's whinny aroused her and she dropped her branch with a start, lifting fearful eyes. But he was alone.

"Hullo, Lil!"—his voice was gloomy, and as he dismounted she noted the slowness of his movements; none of the accustomed spring about them.

"When did you come?" she asked, the ordinary question taking precedence of the others surging in her mind.

"Got to Silver Spur 'bout sun-up. Et there and then come on." There was a moment's silence.

"And your—wife?" she jerked the word out with heart-wringing effort.

"I ain't got a wife," he said savagely; "she threw me over at the last—thought I wasn't good enough."

"Thought you weren't good enough! Oh Dave!" The wondering amazement in her tone drove some of his savageness away; he looked at her with a lifting of the gloom.

"Did—did you love her, Dave?" Lil asked the question with a tense note in her voice. It was not a word she was accustomed to speak and it came hard to her lips.

He laughed shortly.

"I thought she was a good looker," he said, kicking the sand at his feet; "I met her the night I got to Chicago and she seemed to take to me till I found out Brawdy wasn't goin' shares. I guess there wasn't much love in it. Did you get my letter?"

She nodded.

"And the money?"

"You'll find it on the table," she said, a sudden flash in her eyes.

He looked at her in some wonder, then turned Dandy towards the pine patch.

"Well, I guess we might as well be wendin' home," he said; "come on, old girl."

She shrank away from him.

"I—I ain't goin' back," she said.

He stopped short, and her eyes dropped at his look.

"I just can't do it, Dave," she said, wringing her hands together. "I don't know why I feel so about it,—Lord knows, I never did before,—but it's different somehow inside of me since Cummings asked me to marry him—"

"Cummings asked you to marry him!" Dave's voice was explosive in its amazement. "When?"

"This morning. I was gettin' him to teach me to write, so't I could send you a letter, an' he read yours. He knew I was goin' an' he come up to the cabin a little while ago."

"An' you said no!" Dave was looking at her with a peculiar expression. "Why?"

The face she turned on him answered him. It did more; it banished the humiliation left by the Chicago girl's defection; it showed him himself again in the old self-confident, capable, admirable light, and it gave him a deeper glance into the depths of the human heart than he had ever had before. He thought rapidly for a moment, then slid his hand in her arm.

"If you c'n git ready, Lil, we'll go down to Silver Spur this evenin' and git married," he said.

It took a minute or more for the words to percolate to her understanding. Then she turned radiant eyes on him.

"Do you mean it, Dave? But you don't know——"

"I know you're a heap better'n me, any way you take it," he interrupted; "I don't need Cummings nor no other man to show me that. We'll just cut out all that's gone, my girl, and begin new from now. And if you're willin', we'll go on down right now an' have it over."

Willing!

She held her breath, and leaned her weight against his arm. Then looking up into his face, with a laugh rippling from every feature, she said:

"It's a good thing there's some doughnuts on hand. I fried a big lot this morning before I left, and put 'em where I knew you'd find 'em when you come home."



YOU AND I

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

OVER the hills where the pine-trees grow,
With a laugh to answer the wind at play.
Why do I laugh? I do not know,
But You and I once passed this way.

Down in the hollow now white with snow
My heart is singing a song to-day.
Why do I sing? I do not know,
But You and I were here in May.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

HOW the winds of May
Make the poplars laugh
In a lady's way!
How the breezy day
Can telegraph
In petals gay
What the orchards say!—
No need the Springtime has of wires
To send abroad its bright desires.



A VIRGINIA JOURNEY

By Sarah Chichester Page

ON Sunday afternoon when the cook was out—and we gave no thought to tea, because we were alone and it was hot—there came a ring at the telephone. It was Judge Randolph, and he inquired with emotion, "What time do you have supper? because I'm coming down—will be there in an hour."

Two hours after, when the supper was ready, he had not appeared, and calling up Carter's Branch, we asked his mother why he had not arrived. "Ah, Judgie got some miles on his way, and remembered he had left his bag. He came back for it. Then he got off without any handkerchiefs, but I sent the little darky girl down to the lower gate with them, and I'm sure he will soon be at Newington now." And presently he came.

He is, of course, a cousin, and not by any means a representative of the law, being called Judge solely because his grandfather was, and he was his namesake.

At supper I disclosed a cherished desire to visit all the people in the lower country whom I had not seen for several years, and Judge declared he had left home with that very same intention, and since the weather was most suitable, nothing could be better than to make the trip together, on the very next day.

I made the stipulation that we should take a lunch-basket and steadfastly decline all invitations to dinner, knowing that a stop of that sort would mean several hours lost and prove fatal to the amount of business I meant to accomplish.

Judge wanted to drive his horse—a rather good-looking sorrel, with some action—to my Hampstead cart, and I was glad to do it because Somebody, my little bay, was soft with grass, and the trip would cover thirty miles.

We started very gayly the next morning, just after breakfast, with the orthodox lunch of fried chicken, beaten biscuit, and ham, and a few early peaches tucked in the corners of the basket.

Passing through the town, we approached the toll-gate on the grade road, and Judge observed, "Betty, do you happen to have any change with you? I don't know how it is,—I suppose I got into the wrong clothes this morning,—but I can't find a cent, and I really didn't like to ask you to stop in the town while I got some."

Well, I hadn't, though I turned my card-case inside out to see.

"Oh, well, it doesn't make any difference in the world, you know. I'll just ask this gentleman to trust me until we come back.

"You see, sir, we are going as far as Bellevue, and will get some change from Mr. Carter and pay you on our return."

Apparently, nothing could be more agreeable to the toll-man, so we proceeded.

It was twelve miles to Bellevue, and when we got there we stayed quite an hour. I wanted to talk over a lot of things with Grace about the Horse Shows. She had a horse entered at Manassas in the Park Saddle-class, and we wanted to arrange to drive down there together and spend the night. Judge and Tom went off to the stables and stayed there, absorbed, till I called him to go. Of course, they implored us to stay to dinner, and Judge looked so amiable at the prospect that I dragged him forcibly into the cart and said my adieu most hastily.

At the last moment he stopped the horse to say:

"By the way, Tom, old fellow, would you mind loaning me a handkerchief?—just any old one, you know. I don't know how it happened. I went upstairs to get one out of my bag at Newington this morning, but found I'd forgotten to bring my bag. Went back for it too. Curious the way things happen when you are moving about? Thanks. I'll give it to you in town next time. Good-by."

At the second gate he stopped short. "Well, Betty, I entirely forgot to get six cents from Tom, and here's another toll-gate. Oh, well, we'll get some change from Davy Tayloe. I'll just tell this woman I'll pay coming back. Davy Tayloe will do anything in the world for me. I certainly shall not hesitate to ask him."

I realized here the importance of feeding Judge well before the next temptation to dinner was offered, and for three miles I plied him steadily from the basket. It was well, for though too full of fried chicken to think, he melted visibly when the Tayloe girls told him of the good dinner they were having. Indeed, he told me in a stage whisper he thought we would do well to spend the night there and continue the trip next day. But the Fairfaxes stared me in the face from a distant hill, and I turned a deaf ear and hurried him away just in time to escape the dinner-bell.

Brampton is a splendid old place and was the terminus of our journey. Mrs. Fairfax is very beautiful and charming, and the visit was impressive. So much so that we had gotten well on the way home when Judge began to look anxious, confessing:

"Now look here, Betty, do you know I've forgot to get any change for that damned toll-gate? Wait; don't you see somebody fishing down there in that creek? Maybe it's Dave Tayloe or one of the Carter boys. Hello, Ned, that you? No, it isn't, and, anyhow, I wouldn't ask a fellow to drop his line like that. No, I'll just leave a note with the woman for Tom Carter, and he'll pay it for me willingly the next time he passes through. Now, Madam,—jumping out and entering the toll-house,—“will you kindly lend me your pencil? What is your name?” The woman, terrified, faltered, “Susan Brown, sir.” “Susan Brown—Mrs. or Miss? Ah, Mrs.!” writing rapidly. “Now, then, Mrs. Susan Brown, do you know Mr. Tom Carter? Well, you just hand this to Mr. Tom Carter the next time he passes here and he'll give you the six cents for me. He knows me well, and he'll be glad to do it.” Then, jumping into the cart and driving off:

“Betty, I don't mind hanging that up on Tom a bit, for he owes it to



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me for portage. I don't like to speak of these things, you know, but at the Upperville Colt Show he got a little limp, and I had to lift him bodily into his buggy, and—oh, good gracious, Betty, here's Tom's pipe in my pocket! Now, how on earth did I get that?—picked it up when we were smoking at the stable this morning, I suppose. I'll give it to him sometime, and I'll hang up another note on him at this next gate. I don't mind a bit—I tell you he owes it to me for portage."

Next morning I wrote Tom Carter a little note enclosing twelve cents, which we both knew dear old Judge would never remember again. And in the afternoon, after he had left us, I found the pipe on the telephone and the handkerchief on a cleaning-rod, and mailed them to Tom, writing on the wrapper:

"Some more of the fragments. Results of a neighborly visit."

SURPRISE

By Blanche Allyn Bane

How passing strange it seemed to me
I never shall forget,
That day I went out in the rain
And found that it was wet.

WILLIE had been naughty and his father was going to whip him.

A Good
Reason

"My son," he said sternly as, switch in hand, he confronted the lad, "do you know why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes, dad," replied the little fellow, "it's because you're bigger'n I am."

Kenneth F. Lockwood.

LITTLE IRMA had been on an excursion to her father's downtown office and saw for the first time a typewriter in use.

An
Alphabetical
Marvel

"Oh, mamma," she said on her return home, "don't you know, I saw the funniest sewing-machine down to papa's office. It sewed A, B, C's!"

Katherine E. Megee.

It is a common experience of American tourists to be recognized at once as Americans when in England, and the readiness of the English in letting one know that he is stamped, as it were, with

Can't Fool
Them

the word *America* is often annoying, no matter how patriotic one may be. For this reason it often happens that tourists affect an English accent for the time being.

When Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner were abroad last summer they grew very weary of having things explained to them as though they were foreigners and unable to understand the English language. Mr. Skinner was not inclined

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to go into a shop in Warwick one day so that Mrs. Skinner might inquire the price of something in the window which caught her fancy; he insisted that the clerk would instantly class his voice as American, or his clothes, or something, and it was all so tiresome.

"Why don't you use that wonderful stage English accent of yours and fool the man?" suggested the clever wife. The idea was a good one, and Mr. Skinner smiled and went in confidently, asking—with the rising inflection and true British casual manner—the price of his wares. Mrs. Skinner was charmed with the art of the performance.

"This 'ere one, sir?" asked the shopkeeper. "Well, sir, hit sells for four shillings, sir, which is habout one dollar in *your* money, sir."

Ethel Shackelford.

WHAT SHE MISSED

By Anna Mathewson

THE lady was superbly gowned,
Her hat was in accord;
Through gold lorgnette she smiled or frowned;
Her a's were very broad;
She wore a plutocratic name—
In short, a most imposing dame.

Of "Parsifal" I chanced to talk;
She waved my words aside,—
"I can't endure it in New Yawk;
I greatly miss," she cried,
"The atmosphere that all allow
It has in Ober-Ammergau!"

**His First
Thought**

"I BEG your pardon," said the polite stranger as the shivering man came out of the apartment house, "but I see flames in the basement. I think there is fire there!"

The other glanced back with a look of deep satisfaction on his face.

"Thank heaven for that!" he exclaimed. "It means we have a new janitor. The old one would never allow such a luxury!"

E. J. Appleton.

**A Logical
Infant**

LITTLE two-year-old William lived in a city flat. Great was his desire to join in the play with the other children on the near-by terrace. His mother, fearful he should stray from home, forbade his leaving the steps of the house, telling him if he did the bears would get him. One day the minister chanced by when the children were at play, and said,—

"William, why don't you come down and play?"



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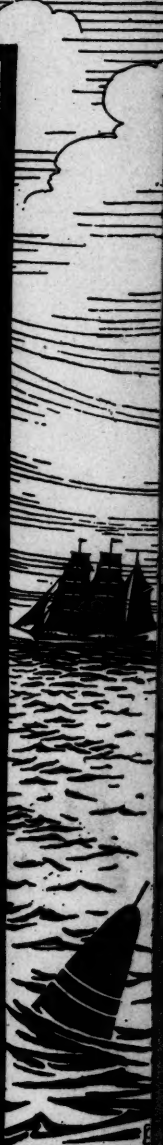
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"Mamma said the bears would get me," said the boy.

"No, William, there are no bears here. Go tell mamma I said the bears would not get you."

William went.

"Well, William, mamma is sorry she told you a story; let us get down and ask God to forgive mamma for telling a lie."

"No, mamma," replied the boy, "you'd better let me ask Him. He might not believe you."

Martha Fowler Finch.

ANENT THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

By Andrew Shaughnessy

WHEN home returned the prodigal

Great was the joy thereof,

His Dad received him to his house

In token of his love.

And straightaway a feast was spread

For this his wayward son;

But in the midst of these rejoicings,

We're told that there was one

Who joined in neither song nor jest.

In quip nor merry laugh;

And if I were asked which one that was,

I'd say—the fatted calf.

A Filipino Wedding

A WEDDING in the Philippines is like a scene from a comic opera. I have in mind one that took place at Cagayan, island of Mindanao, in a picturesque house curtained with jasmine and inhabited by three charming sisters. The bride—the eldest—was a soft-eyed, plump beauty, with a skin like brown velvet. Her white muslin gown would have passed muster in New York, and she wore a veil of costly and delicate pina gauze which would have turned an American bride-elect green with envy. All the jewelry of the family had been requisitioned for the great occasion, and several necklaces were hung around her neck, while bangles loaded her wrists, and her fingers were stiff with gold and silver rings. The roads were in a deplorable state, being knee-deep in mud in places, and many of the guests wore top-boots. They began arriving early in the morning, on horseback, on bicycles, and driving the famous trotting-bulls of the country, or the rough-coated island ponies hitched to carts or ancient victorias that threatened to collapse at every bad bit of road they jolted over. The majority came on foot, though, and everybody was welcome. Some of the young men brought their mandolins or guitars and strummed gay little airs in the intervals of rolling and smoking the eternal cigarette. Long tables made of planks on



A Girl's Problem

Food that Restores and Makes Health Possible

The nervous strain of modern office work will undermine and break down the health unless Nerve and Brain cells are rebuilt daily by proper food.

There are stomach specialists as well as for eye, ear and other organs.

One of these told a young lady of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines, and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation. I took quantities of medicine, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter.

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life. I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food one eats, but the quality.

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg. of

Grape-Nuts

empty barrels and guiltless of linen were spread under the trees in the front yard, as it was too hot to eat indoors, also the house was not nearly large enough to accommodate the guests. Directly over the bride's table a magnificent fire-tree (*arbol de fuego*) dropped its flaming blossoms. Every kind of native dish was there, and many imported from the United States by way of Manila, but the chief delicacy was considered to be canned corned-beef, which occupied the place of honor usually accorded to the wedding-cake in other countries, and was flanked by onion omelet and ham and eggs. Other dishes were chickens fried in cocoanut oil, dried fish made in a kind of stew with rice, potatoes, and red pepper enough to raise it to the rank of a curry. Caribou steaks, jam, honey, various kinds of sweet cakes, cocoanuts in the shell, and wine—much wine—completed the menu. While the feast was in progress the hens scratched industriously under the tables, and a bold rooster flew up among the plates, pecked at a few stray crumbs, and crowed until driven off by Antoine, the bride's brother. The marriage was performed by a very fat priest, who wore a suit of bright red calico under his flowing robes, the wind blowing through open doors and windows lifting his vestments and revealing the incongruous attire beneath. The ceremony was followed by the supper, and that in turn by dancing, the music being furnished by a harp and piano. After supper a man and woman entered and caused much merriment by singing impromptu verses about the guests, introducing each one by name and accompanying themselves on mandolins. A list of the guests had been previously furnished them for the purpose. Spanish fandangoes were danced, also the spirited yotas, which is like a constantly shifting kaleidoscope when danced by girls wearing dresses of the rainbow-colored native cloth. The bride's mother, Señora Felicita Sulunga (literally Happiness-go-along-now), did a skirt dance and did it well, despite her forty-odd years and avoirdupois. The festivities were kept up until long after daybreak.

Minna Irving.

Two children stood with their noses flattened against a case in the Natural History Museum.

From
Way Back

"What's ee mamma Injun doin', Donnie?" asked the little girl.

"Her smashin' corn. She's the ol' squall," explained Don in a superior and convincing tone. "She's makin' the brefus food."

Bertha Randabaugh.

A HA'NT

By Grace G. Bostwick

ONCE on a time I met a coal-black coon,
In th' dead o' night when they wa'n't no moon;
He had a chicking under his cloak
I knew for sure, 'cause I heard it croak.

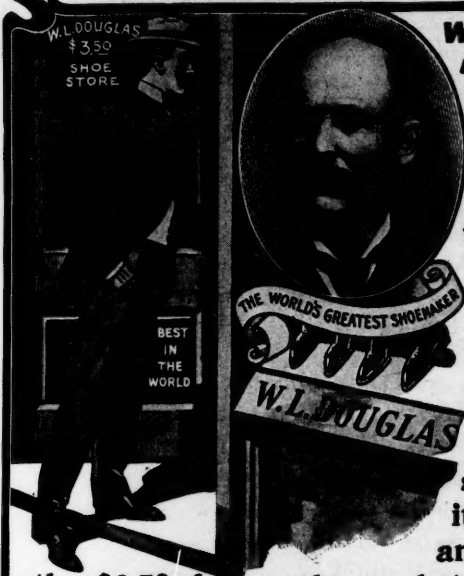
That chicking, say! 'twas a' ol' top-knot!
An' ye dassen't touch 'em 'rlese you'll git ca't,

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W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. The W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe costs more to make, holds its shape better, wears longer, and is of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe is sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for over two years now, and without any solicitation on your part can state that they are the most comfortable and best wearing shoes I've ever worn, and it's with great pleasure I would recommend the shoe to anybody desiring an honest shoe at a reasonable price." J. CLARENCE DAVIES,

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An' somepin'll happen 'at you don't like
Ef you steal a top-knot at dead o' night.

Nex' day they foun' him by th' graveyard wall,
A-talkin' an' a-talkin' 'ith no sense 'tall,
An' that hen wuz a-cacklin' fit to kill,
An' th' devil, he's tormentin' thet nigger still.

Earned His Pay

THE late "Manny" Friend thus described one phase of the law's mysterious workings:

"The counsel for the defence told me this story long after the case was forgotten. A man was on trial for murder in a small Western city. Testimony of the most incontrovertible and damaging sort was piling up against the accused. Despairingly the prisoner's counsel made his closing speech; in growing misery he listened while the prosecution ruthlessly rent asunder his fragile fabric of defence and while the Judge 'summed up' strongly against his client.

"As the jury filed out the verdict of 'murder in the first degree' seemed stamped on their faces. The prisoner's counsel managed to whisper to the foreman in passing,—

"Five hundred dollars if you make it 'manslaughter!'"

"For two interminable hours the jury remained closeted. At last they filed in and the foreman glibly handed up the desired 'manslaughter' verdict.

"I tell you!" exclaimed the foreman, later, as he pocketed the defence's five hundred dollars. 'I had a lot of trouble earning that cash. The other eleven all held out for acquittal, and it was a couple of hours before I could talk them around to "manslaughter!"'"

A. P. Terhune.

Two Tales in One

Six-year-old George's father had taken him to a circus, and that night the mother asked her little son what he had seen.

"Mamma," said George, all excitement, "I saw a great big 'l'phant with two tails, and he was eating with one of 'em."

Homer Croy.

Hitched to a Star

WALLISVILLE, TEXAS, receives all its freight by boat from Galveston or Houston, and as it happened one day, the Captain of a two-masted schooner found his helper too sick to return with him to Galveston. His search for a roustabout was unavailing until, just before dark, he found a negro on the landing who had never before seen a boat or as large a body of water as the Trinity River. A bargain was, however, struck, and the negro agreed to go with him to Galveston. After getting through the river into Trinity Bay, the Captain called the negro to him at the helm, and after explaining to him at great length and with much care how to

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an Artloom mercerized novelty, made of finest Egyptian yarn; beautiful creations of silky richness and softness. Each side is a different color effect, so that if used in a doorway between two rooms, the one side will harmonize with the colorings of the one room while the reverse side gives the artistic finish to the furnishings of the other room. These curtains are 3 feet long, 50 inches wide, made with silk cord or heavy tassels on the throw over. They can be had in red reverse green, olive reverse rose, Nile reverse hunter's green, dark red reverse olive, Nile reverse rose. \$6.50 per pair.

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42

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

steer by the rudder, he pointed to a bright star directly ahead and said, "Now, Bob, you see that star directly over the nose of the boat?"

"Yessir."

"Well, that star is right over Galveston Island, and if you will keep the nose of this boat pointed at that star we will butt into Galveston. Now, you remember all I told you about steering, do you?"

"Yes, Boss."

"You can keep the nose pointed right at that star, can you?"

"Sure, Boss."

"All right, I'm going to sleep for awhile, and then I'll steer and let you sleep."

"All right, Boss."

When the Captain woke up the first thing he did was to look for his star, and to his consternation saw it over the stern of the schooner. "Say, you black devil, where you steering for?" he roared.

"Don't know now, Boss, you got to give me anudder star. I done passed dat un."

W. L. T.

A Nursery Convenience

A LITTLE maid who had not yet reached her third birthday was one day recounting to her mother the many accomplishments of her adored cousin, Margery, who looked down on life from the exalted height of eight summers.

"Just think, mamma, Margery can dweess herself, and button her own shoes, and bwush her own hair, and button little Edna's clothes, and hold Tiny Baby, and put on her own wubbers and coat and hood, and—and" (casting about for still greater marvels) "maybe she can even *spank* herself and save her mamma the twouble!"

Helen Wallace.

A VINDICATION OF WAR

By Paul Bartlett

WHAT! warfare can't be reconciled
With modern thought? Why, man, you're wild,
Come back to reasoning and sense.
What's that? War's such a great expense?
There *is* some truth in that, but, still,
Do not the People foot the bill?
What for? To see their emblem wave
O'er home of free and land of grave—
I should say "brave," 'twas just a slip
Of tongue, entanglement of lip.
What's that you say, sir? I'm surprised!
You say, "War's murder—organized."
Dear me! You mustn't let your brain
Go mad. Be logical! Be sane!

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BECAUSE Your family needs it. It is the hostess' safe reliance. It teaches the children to know music by finding pleasure in good music, played artistically and blended correctly.

BECAUSE Used at home, everyone enjoys it.

BECAUSE Its present value is worthy of much self-denial, if need be, to save the price.

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8986 A Hammer Dream, Bells & Chimes Edison Concert Band
8987 He's Me Pat Song, Bessie & Stebbins
8988 In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Miss Ada Jones
8989 Panama Rag, Irving Gillette
8990 Birds of a Feather Flock Together, Hob G. Hobson
8991 Louie, Louie, Song, Edison Military Band
8992 Magnet March, Loew, Edison Military Band
8993 Farewell, Mister Abner Hemingway, Harry Hawk Knobel
8994 Billy, Serio-comic Song, Edison Male Quartette
8995 Schumacher's Serenade, Cello Solo, Samuel Sherrill
8996 Drunkard's Hill, Battle Scene, Edison Concert Band
8997 Grandfather's Clock, Thee, Mendolin, Harry Collins
8998 How Can I Leave Thee, Banjo Accom., Abner Collins
8999 My Little Dinah Lee, Banjo Accom., Edison Concert Band
9000 When the Swallows Home-ward Fly, Duet, Harry Collins

8971 Yankee Patrol, Chorus Song, Comic, Edison Concert Band
8972 Love's Sorrow, Chorus Song, Comic, Edison Concert Band
8973 Rambling Sam, Chorus Song, Comic, Edison Concert Band
8974 Moonlight, Serenade by the composer of "Haworth", Harry Collins
8975 Where the Southern Roses Grow, Edison Concert Band
8976 Introducing "Coax Me", Edison Concert Band
8977 When the Harvest Moon is Shining on the River, "Coax Me", Edison Concert Band
8978 You See My Heart Beats All For You, and "Mexico", Edison Concert Band

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Walnuts and Wine

Come, come! You know as well as I
 That war's established. See? That's why
 It's right. You know it's backed up too
 By lots of bigger men than you.
 What's that you say? "Thou shalt not kill"?
 Oh, yes, I've heard of that; but, still,
 That means—that doesn't mean the men
 Who don't—er—don't come back again—
 You catch my point? It's different
 When quite a lot of them are meant.

A Professional Caller

JIM was a true country ducky, and try as she might, his mistress could not teach him to usher guests straight into the drawing-room. He would gaze at them with interest for a few moments and then take the cards up to her while they were left standing on the doorstep. At last, her patience exhausted, she told him that if it happened again, she would dismiss him. Several days later a wagon from the five and ten cent store drove up to deliver some goods bought by the lady of the house for her kitchen. The door-bell rang, and after a slight delay Jim appeared with the receipt-book, which he thrust into her hand, saying:

"Heah, write in this heah thing. He says he ain't got no time ter be er settin' in the settin'-room."

E. V. V.

A Game to Continue

In buying seats for the theatre what number would a blind man choose? 2C.

A philanthropist? B9.

An octogenarian? 8T.

An emigrant? 4N.

All people who suffer from mal de mer? C8.

A dog? K9.

A clairvoyant? 4C.

C. A. Bolton.

Legal Facetiae

A PRESENT member of Congress from Florida relates with keen relish a little story of his one-time discomfiture by the unexpected "dead give away" of a guileless son of Ham.

"It was my first case," he tells it. "I was new-fledged, full of enthusiasm, and cock-sure of victory on the plea of not guilty. 'Are you the defendant in this case?' the Court suddenly asked my ebony-hued client. 'No, suh,' he answered obsequiously, showing a double row of shining teeth and at the same time rolling the whites of his eyes astopishly—'no, suh, yonder's de de-



GUN METAL GRAY is featured by New York tailors this season. You should see it in Kirschbaum suits ready-to-put-on. Plain Gray Worsteds, or faint bars on a gray ground, clean and quiet, but smart in appearance, tailored right up to form; the sort of things most men can wear to advantage, and *will*, if they get to see them. The becoming style

and better workmanship make a difference you'll appreciate at once, and more as you wear the clothes.

Prices \$12 to \$25. If you'd like to see samples of the cloth we'll send them, with the name of the Kirschbaum dealer in your town. Our Spring Style Book "E" will help you choose the right things to wear. Sent free on request.

A. B. Kirschbaum & Company, Philadelphia and New York

defendant,'—pointing to where I sat in self-conscious dignity, brief in hand.
 'He's de defendant, Jedge, an' I's de nigger what stole de hogs!'

Mrs. R. A. Ellis.

"WHERE was Eddie yesterday?" asked the kindergarten teacher.

Where He
Was Sick

"I was si-uk," responded Eddie.

"What was the matter?"

"Doan' kno-ow."

"Where were you sick, dear?"

"I was si-uk in be-ud."

Bertha Randabaugh.

Some Wish
It Did

A LITTLE four-year-old was watching his mother as she climbed on a chair to wind the big, old-fashioned clock. It had stopped, and as she kept on turning the key the boy grew very serious, as if a great thought had struck him. Presently he asked,—

"Mamma, when the clock stops, does time stop too?"

Lotta Virginia Picard.

Synonymous

DURING the recent hard weather a Philadelphia clergyman, whose parish brings him into close contact with the poor of the city, was talking to some of his very young and equally ragged friends. Charity in general was his theme, and poorhouse charity in particular, and at last, turning to a boy of twelve, he asked:

"And what place is that, Sammy, where many old people have to go for warmth, although they try to keep away from it?"

Sammy hesitated never an instant. "Hell," said he.

Warwick James Price.

A Real Per-
formance

A SMALL boy ran excitedly into the house. He had been watching a funeral cortège depart from a neighbor's house.

"Mother," he shouted, "it was a *grand funeral*! There were twenty carriages besides the rehearsal."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL

By Harold Melbourne

"If John had only made a will,
 I never would have had
 This trouble with the property;
 It really is too bad!"

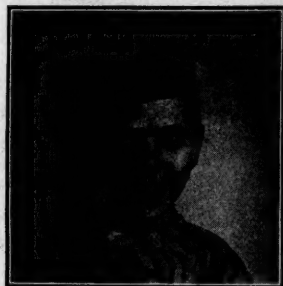
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The **Baby**, because it is so soft and dainty for its delicate skin.

The **School Boy,**

because its use ensures him "perfect" marks in neatness.

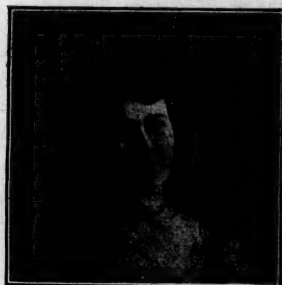


The **"Big Sister,"** because it keeps her complexion and hands soft and pretty.

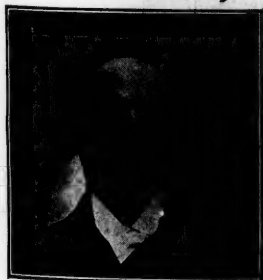


The busy **Mother,**

because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing.



The **Father,** because it helps him to leave behind the grime of daily work.



Even



because it keeps the pores open, removes all stains, softens the skin, and aids its natural changes.

YOURSELF

THE SAFEST SOAP IN EXISTENCE IS **HAND SAPOLIO**
SHOULD BE ON EVERY WASHSTAND

Walnuts and Wine

"The lawyers bother me so much,"

The Widow Jenkins sighed,

"I do declare I almost wish

That John had never died!"

A Martyr A FRIEND tells of a recent visit a Senator made to church with one of his grandchildren. The little fellow tried several times to talk, but was always told he could not talk in church.

"Then, grandpa," he begged, "please take off my shoes and let me move my toes."

L. D. Forbes.

Inward Peace AN IRISH 'Squire in Pennsylvania had a man before him on the charge of assault and battery, the prisoner having bitten another man's ear off in a fight.

"I'll have to bind you over to keep the peace," remarked the 'Squire.

"Keep the piece!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Why, I can't. I swallowed it."

John R. Bialer.

An Astronomical Peculiarity AT home little Gale occupied a room that faced the south. One night, however, she spent at a neighbor's, where she slept on the east side of the house. On her return home she was in a state of great excitement.

"Oh auntie," she announced, "down at Jean's I got up early and watched the sunset rise!"

Hubert McBean Johnson.

AN EMBRYO DIPLOMAT

A MONOLOGUE

By Emma Guernsey Bliss

(A little child opens the door for her papa.)

"You darlingest papa! Come right in!—Yes, I've watched for you the longest kind of a time, but mamma and me has only just come home—she's upstairs. This isn't the dress I wore; the other dress mamma hurried off from me to hide it away. You mustn't hunt for it, 'cause,—lean your head down so I can whisper,—'cause it all belongs in a secret. You see it's the first time I've ever had a really truly secret to keep all by myself, and mamma asked me could I keep it, and I told her I wouldn't even speak the word that means it to my own self. I s'pose lots of little girls has truly secrets to keep before their papas' birthdays gets there.

"We went out, mamma and me,—it's all right to tell that,—we went in



MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Beautifies and
Preserves the
Complexion.

A Positive Relief for
Prickly Heat, Chafing, and
Sunburn.

Mennen's face on every box ; be sure that you get the original.
Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample free.**

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM.

the cars, and then we walked and we walked, and then we got into a levelator and went up and up. The big room was real grand, and full of pictures—pictures of people, I mean, and little girls and boys too. And then we went into a little room with great big windows in the top and not any in the sides.—Why, no, this isn't the secret at all!—We made a call when we got all through with—I mean when we walked out on the street after the—I mean when we were coming home.

"'Course not, papa—mamma didn't tell me not to tell about the call. The thing I wasn't to tell is the *secret*, for it would never be any s'prise to you if I should go and tell you before the right time comes. That's what mamma said, and I promised real solemn to keep as still as a little mouse all about it, and I'm going to, also.—Yes, papa, I got that new word from the man that—I mean, from a man.

(*A loud call from upstairs.*)

"Yes, mamma, I'm coming right now.—Why, Mamma Stevens! you don't s'pose I've been telling, do you? You know I won't do that.—No, I haven't, either! I haven't told a single thing! I don't think it's treating me fair for you to 'cuse me of not being safe to trust me, also.—Well, Mamma Stevens! I don't see why I should drop that word when I haven't got it picked up yet, so I can use it real handy, like that man did.

"Now I've kept still five minutes, can't I go downstairs? I haven't played with papa since a good many nights ago.—Yes, 'course I'll be very careful. (*Goes downstairs.*)

"Oh papa! I want to hug you, just so!—There are times, papa, dear, when I love you a good deal better than I do mamma.—No, indeed, mamma hasn't been punishing me for anything. I sat still for five minutes, just to rest my tongue, she said.—Now we can play together till supper-time. I want you to come and sit in this chair—there, let me fix your head. Now fold your hands just like that. I want to change your hair a little—now, don't move at all, little girl.—We'll play you are a little girl with a lovely white dress all ruffles, and uncertain between the tucks.

"Now I'll get behind this big chair and put the tidy over my head and point the thing at you. Yes, you're fixed all right. Keep quite still and I also will hold up something for you to keep your eyes on, to 'muse you, till I make a little click. There! now you can move, but I may have to do it all over again.

"Why, papa! *papa!* don't laugh so loud! Mamma'll be s'picious I've been telling the secret."

Out of
Respect

A SMALL boy owned a little white hen, to which he was greatly attached. But on a certain day company unexpectedly arrived at the house, the butcher failed to deliver an order, and the boy's mother, being sorely pressed, and thinking, anyhow, that her son's affection for the fowl was on the wane, had the white hen, the only chicken on the place, killed and served fried at supper. It was only after the boy had

Pabst Extract



A good digestion is the basis of good health.

Pabst Extract

is "The Best Tonic" for your stomach-nerves—it gives them strength to digest and assimilate the food you eat. Take a glass of Pabst Extract before each meal and you will not have to deprive yourself of the things you like to eat. At all druggists.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

partaken with the others that a sudden, dreadful suspicion dawned in his mind.

"Mother," he inquired, "where did we get that chicken?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "That was the white hen."

This confirmation of his fears reduced the boy to a condition bordering on despair.

"Mother," he exclaimed tearfully, "did I really help to eat my little white hen?"

"Yes, yes," she replied hurriedly, "but it's all over now, and too late to cry about. Please be quiet."

The boy dried his tears, but sank into a profound and gloomy meditation. After a time, however, his face brightened. He had discovered a way by which he might square his conscience.

"Mother," he said, "I may have eaten part of my little white hen, but, you bet, I'm not going to digest her."

David Bruce Fitzgerald.

Unsuccessful LITTLE EDDIE had been particularly naughty through the day, and his mother said to him: "Oh Eddie! what makes you so naughty? Don't you remember you prayed to God last night to make you a good boy?"

He looked up earnestly into her face and answered: "My 'member dat. My p'ay my Lord ebry night to make me a good boy, but Him don't do it."

Ella L. Watts.

ORIGIN DOUBTFUL

By Bertha Randabaugh

"ARE matches ever made in heaven?"

Ask the super-curious.

I never really thought they were—

They smell so blamed sulphurous!

A Lovely Errand HE was a cherubic youth of four, with a beautiful, blue-eyed countenance and an angelic smile—the kind of boy that honest persons long instinctively to kidnap. He sat on the fence, swinging his heels and humming a kindergarten song.

"Oh you darling!" cried an impulsive young woman, pouncing upon him and giving him a hug. "Has your mother any more like you? Have you any little brothers?"

"Yop," replied the angelic boy, "got three. Me and Jack and Billy and Frank."

"Which one do you like best?"

"Jack, I guess," replied the youngster after a moment of deep thought. "Yop, I like Jack best."



*"A
Boon
to
Nursing
Mothers"*

The Greatest
Tonic with
the most
delicious
taste, is

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

A predigested food in liquid form
—acceptable to the weakest and
most delicate stomach.

Promotes appetite, aids diges-
tion when taken with meals, and
gives healthful and refreshing
sleep when taken before retiring.

Sold by druggists and grocers.

The product of the

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Brewers of the famous Budweiser Beer

"And why," asked the young woman, "do you like Jack best?"

"'Cause he did such a lovely errand for me once."

"What was that lovely errand?"

"He bit Billy on the leg," replied the sweetly serious cherub.

"Why," pursued the young woman, "didn't you do your own biting?"

"'Cause I hate the taste of Billy's legs," was the calm reply.

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Effervescent LITTLE BOB had never tasted soda-water before, so knew nothing about the after effects of the foamy drink. Uncle Lewis took him to the corner drug store and "treated" him to a glass, and Boby gulped it down, then in a moment put his hand to his face, saying,—
"Oh Uncle Lew, my nose feels like my foot is asleep!"

L. M. Gaines.

Rebuked It is told of two Irishmen that they were walking on the street when they met a third man whom one of the Irishmen supposed to be a priest. Lifting his hat he said with reverential deference,—

"Good-morning, father."

"Sh-sh-sh!" said the other Irishman in a tone of mild reproof. "Thot man is no father. He's got three children!"

M. W.

A Sceptic *Sunday-School Teacher* (to class).—"How did Moses get into the palace of Pharaoh?"

Little Willie.—"Dunno."

Sunday-School Teacher.—"Oh, yes, you do, now. Didn't Pharaoh's daughter find him in the bullrushes?"

Little Willie.—"Aw, that's what she said."

Eric Outwolve.

The Irresistible Power JAMIE had been an interested listener one Sunday morning recently to his father's remarks regarding the Russian-Japanese War, particularly concerning the wonderful work of the Japs in taking Port Arthur. When Jamie arrived at Sunday-school his mind was filled with thoughts of war to such an extent that he paid but little heed to the lesson.

Presently the superintendent, who had been dwelling upon the theme of miracles, asked,—

"Now, children, who is it with whom all things are possible?"

Up went Jamie's hand.

OVER HALF A MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Do you think such an enormous business could be built up and continually increased, if our goods did not have exceptional value and merit?

Do you think we could hold the trade of half a million people, if our reputation for doing exactly what we say wasn't firmly established?

Do you think U. S. Senators, Foreign Ambassadors, Bankers, Business and Professional men in every section of this country, would keep on using HAYNER WHISKEY if it wasn't all right?

Do you think doctors would prescribe it and hospitals use it, if it wasn't absolutely pure and unadulterated?

Just think these facts over carefully and then send us a trial order.

WHAT SENATOR STEWART SAYS.

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

"I have found Hayner Whiskey exceptionally fine for table and medicinal purposes."

Wm. Stewart

U. S. Senator from Nevada.

HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

OUR OFFER We will send you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it just as we say and perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer? **YOU** don't risk a cent.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 QUARTS for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID** or **20 Quarts for \$16.00 by FREIGHT PREPAID**.

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1866.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

**DISTILLERY
TROY, O.**

DAYTON, OHIO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ATLANTA, GA.



Please mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE when answering this advertisement.

"Well, little boy?"

"The Japs," was the answer that electrified the whole Sunday-school.

Pruella Janet Sherman.

**A Pertinent
Query**

ONE morning little Annie brought in a handful of confetti, having gathered it from the curb in front of a neighborhood house. She was delighted with the bright assortment of colors and eagerly inquired what the paper bits were. I explained that there had been a wedding the evening before and the bride's friends had thrown these over her in showers. She looked more puzzled than before the explanation and as soon as I had finished exclaimed, "Yes, but what was the bride down in the gutter for?"

H. G. Ring.

Not Quite

"I SUPPOSE," said the hot individual as he laid down his nickel and wiped his mouth, "that you get the various kinds of mineral waters you serve right from the same faucet."

"Nope," replied the soda-water clerk, giving the marble top a professional swipe, "different faucets; same tank."

Jack Appleton.

**Plenty of
Choice**

THE Literary Club of Hawley's Gulch passed through deep waters on their way to establishing a firm basis for the pronunciation of certain famous names.

At one meeting Goethe was the subject of three original poems. In the first his name was made to rhyme with "wreath" and "beneath;" in the second with both "thirty" and "worthy;" and in the third occurred a poetic flight which has rarely been equalled:

"At last he died, John Wolfgang Goethe.
Somewhere about the age of eighty."

Elizabeth L. Gould.

% % % %

By P. B.

"OH Railroad President," said I,
It seems you might let people die
In bed, and not be smashed ker-whack
When two trains overcrowded try
To pass upon a single track."
The President looked long at me,
Then yawned, and "My good man," said he,
"These few statistics which we call
'Percentage of mortality'
Show figures marvellously small."

Hydrozone

will instantly allay the irritation and subdue the inflammation caused by **Sunburn, Poison Oak, Prickly Heat, Water Blisters, Nettle Rash, Sea Nettles, Red Bugs, Mosquitoes, Sand Flies, Deer Flies, etc.**

A prominent American physician states: "We have in **HYDROZONE** an exceptionally successful remedy for the relief of Rhus (Poison Ivy) poisoning, a single application being sufficient to convince the most skeptical. It should be applied freely, at intervals of two to four hours. Usually in less than twenty-four hours the inflammation will be fully under control."

Preparations bearing similar names are concoctions containing only water, oil of vitriol, sulphurous acid and inert impurities. Nascent Oxygen (near to the condition of Ozone) is the only healing agent contained in **HYDROZONE**.

The label of every bottle bears my signature:
Sold by all leading druggists.

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

should prove to the most skeptical the healing properties of **Hydrozone**.

Mail coupon, naming your druggist, to

CHARLES MARCHAND, 57 Prince Street, New York City.

Requests unaccompanied by coupon will be ignored.

Only one free trial bottle to each family.

Charles Marchand

Chemist and Graduate of the
"Ecole Centrale des Arts et
Manufactures de Paris,
France."

10
Coupon
good only
until
June 5, '05.

Write Legibly.

Name.....

St.

City..... State.....

Druggist.....

PROGRESS OF A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.—The twenty-ninth annual statement of The Prudential, of Newark, N. J., shows the Company to be stronger financially and in public confidence than ever before. The year 1904 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over three hundred and twelve million dollars, which is the largest of any single year in the Company's history. The number of policies in force has been increased by over five hundred thousand, bringing the total number of policies up to nearly six millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion dollars. In payments to policyholders The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its records for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policyholders over thirteen million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payment to its policyholders has been over ninety-two million dollars. One interesting feature is the fact that in cash dividends and other concessions, not stipulated in original contracts, The Prudential has paid to holders of old policies over five million dollars. When changes are made in policy contracts or rates which result in increased liberality to the insured, The Prudential always makes such changes retroactive, wherever it is practicable to do so, and the above payment is the result of this well-defined policy on the part of the Company.

The Company's assets have increased over sixteen million dollars, making total amount of assets over eighty-eight million dollars. The analysis given in the statement shows these assets to be of the highest grade.

One of the safest and most profitable investments to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policyholders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows \$2,427,950 loaned in this way, protected by a reserve value of \$4,427,208, thus affording ample security. Nearly seventy-four million dollars is held as a reserve by the Company to protect policy contracts, and the assets include a surplus to policyholders of \$13,325,860.33. The complete schedule of bonds owned by The Prudential shows the securities to be of the highest grade.

Walnuts and Wine

"But, look!" cried I, "the papers say
The engineer had worked all day
And half-way through the night beside:
Would you have made *your* family ride
In cars that all worm-eaten were,—
A wreck!—a hundred people died.
Pray, is that not a pity, sir?"
"True," yawned the Railroad President,
"But 'tis a very small percent."

A Creepy
Coat

MR. BROWN recently presented his wife with an ermine-lined velvet cloak, which to her untutored mind represented all that was desirable in material things.

"Just think," she said to her friend, "Sam got me that there cloak I wanted, black velvet and lace, and all lined with vermin!"

Nanna W. Stewart.

Natural Error

THE company of soldiers had been receiving a lesson in minor tactics, and among other subjects was the method of patrols in getting information. The book said that information could be obtained from "mayors, postmasters, livery-stable keepers, doctors, peasants, etc."

The Lieutenant turned to Finnegan and said, "Do you know what a peasant is, Finnegan?"

He answered promptly, "Yes, sor."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a bird, sor," said Finnegan with evident pride.

L. S. Upton.

APT EMPLOYMENT

By Julien Josephson

A CUNNING old crone of Duluth,
Finding out that she had but one tooth,
Made her living with ease
Biting holes in Swiss cheese—
Now wasn't she clever, forsooth?

A Romantic
Cow

MR. MAXWELL GRAHAM, owner of Lindock Farms, near Spence, Province of Ontario, Canada, tells a remarkable incident of a cow eloping with a bull moose one night last winter, when the thermometer stood at thirty-four degrees below zero. Mr. Graham was wakened towards morning by the bellowing of the moose in his hay-yard, but as moose

Alice in PETER'S-Land



"From the Queen," said the Fish Footman,
 "An invitation to the Duchess to the PETER'S
 CHOCOLATE luncheon."
 "I'll be there, too," said Alice,
 "That big cake he has in his hand simply makes
 my mouth water."

PETER'S The Original CHOCOLATE

The Original
Swiss Milk

Pure and Delicious as the Breath of Spring Flowers
 It is a Revelation to the Chocolate Lover

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," upon request

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ACROSS the EVERGLADES

A CANOE JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION

By Hugh L. Willoughby

Illustrations from photographs taken by
 the author, and maps. Fourth edition.
 Cloth, \$1.50

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 teristics of the Tribe—Previous Explorations.

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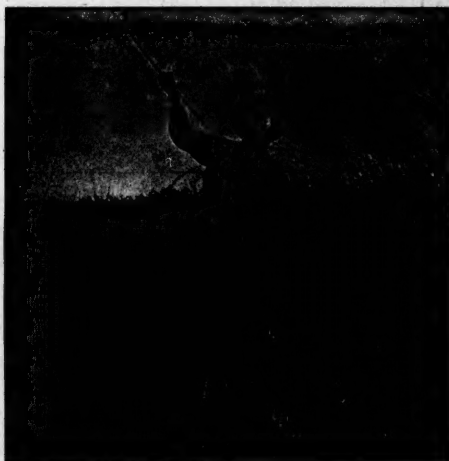
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Publishers

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia

often came around the barns in hard winters he paid little attention until a large black and white cow broke through the door of her stable and joined the moose, which immediately began caressing her. In a short time the moose and cow both jumped the hay-yard fence and made off into the forest. As soon as possible farmhands pursued the cow, fearing she would starve amid the snow, but could discover no trace of her, nor did she ever return, having apparently cast in her lot with her wild partner. The black and white cow was a good milker, and her elopement with a bull moose surprised the country people, who had not attributed so much sentiment to a cow.

E. S. Bladen.

**She Knew
How**

DARKY help is the despair of every Southern matron. But of all the darky help in Dixie Billy was the worst. Tell him on Monday to do a chore, and the following Monday he would reply that he "done been speckilatin'" about it.

Mrs. Bronson, who gave him his board and wage in return for hypothetical work, had vowed many a time that she "jes' wouldn't have that lazy nigger around if she knew where she could get another," but somehow Billy stayed. At last, after the advent of a new girl in the kitchen, Mrs. Bronson noticed a reformation in her pet trial. She could not account for it until, being in the yard one day, she heard the cook calling him from the kitchen. Billy was in the barn.

"Say, yo' worfless trash," the cook was calling, "did you eveh kiss a real black culled lady?"

Billy raised his head and grinned.

"I shuah done so," he answered.

"Well, den, when you done fotch in an ahmful of wood I'm goin' to give you a chance to kiss anotheh."

Billy waited on no second bidding, and Mrs. Bronson held the secret of the change. The cook knew how.

John Swain.

Almon.—"He is a dealer in drawing materials."

Jack.—"Crayons?"

Almon.—"No, mustard plasters."

J. H. Judge.

**A Growing
Acquaintance**

HER mother had been trying for some time to break her of the habit of running in constantly to the house of a certain neighbor, fearing that she might be troublesome. One day the temptation proved too strong, and the child made a long visit at the forbidden house. When she came home her mother met her with a look of most unnatural and alarming solemnity.

"Well, Janie," she said, "I think you had better go upstairs and pack your trunk, and go over to live with Mrs. Smith."



ORANGEINE
POWDERS

The Usual Experience

Mr. Wm. M. Hughes, the well known banker, of Newport, R. I., who first became acquainted with Orangeine, several years ago, through its Hay Fever efficacy, writes:

"My personal experience with Orangeine is now extensive. It has never yet failed me in giving the best of results. It has been used very constantly in my family and largely among my friends, and the verdict is 'Once used, never be without it.' After continued and constant use, we can only see most beneficial results from Orangeine Powders."

The Sign of Health

—For years we have talked to you on the subjects of Good Health and Good Spirits, how to feel well and to keep well "all the time."

We have preached the gospel of prevention—of how much easier it is to "keep well" than to "get well."

We have urged the necessity of you, for your sake, keeping the system natural, strong, buoyant—watching for and dispelling the first symptoms of indisposition from any cause. No doubt you have said to yourself: "*How Glorious if I Only Could!*"

You can—you, yourself, must learn to understand the little barometers of pain and out-of-sorts feeling, early indicators of minor ills that frequently lead to serious ailments. You yourself must learn the lesson of

ORANGEINE

POWDERS

How they promptly relieve and quickly cure Headache, Colds, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Blues, Tired, worn-out feeling, Brain Fog. Thousands everywhere have found in Orangeine prompt offset to illness, natural regulation, building up of the system, without any trace of alcoholic, narcotic or drug effect.

25c Package Free for Acquaintance You don't have to "try" Orangeine—it has been "tried" for you. But if you do not know Orangeine, and will get thoroughly acquainted with it, we will, on receipt of request, send you 25c package free, with full description of composition and widely attested human results.

Orangeine Powders are sold by progressive druggists everywhere, in 10c packages (2 powders); 25c (6 powders); 50c (15 powders); \$1 family package (33 powders); or by mail by the **ORANGEINE CHEMICAL CO., 15 Michigan Avenue Chicago.**

BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM is preserved without sugar. It is sterilized according to latest sanitary methods, having a delicate flavor and richness which makes it the favorite of the breakfast table for cereals, coffee, tea, and chocolate. Avoid unknown brands.

The great success of McIlhenny's Tabasco both as a relish and as a digestive agent has caused numerous imitations to be put upon the market, many of which consist simply of diluted tomato catsup heavily charged with cayenne pepper, which any physician will tell you is a dangerous irritant and should be avoided. The genuine McIlhenny's Tabasco is a most excellent corrective and aids the digestive organs in their work. Therefore, always be sure when you use Tabasco that it is *McIlhenny's*, the original—in use nearly half a century by the leading hotels, restaurants, and best families of the land. It gives a fine, spicy, piquant flavor to soups, roasts, fish, oysters, sauces, etc.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

The child burst into tears: "Oh, dear!" she wailed, "and I was just beginning to get acquainted with you and papa!"

A. E.

All Black **LITTLE RICHARD** had never seen any of the colored folk of the South. Being a delicate child, his baby days had been passed quietly in the country. When visiting his uncle for the first time great was his surprise and wonder at the servants, who were all colored. To his mother's dismay and chagrin, when the waitress placed him in his chair at dinner he looked up into her shining black face with, "Are you black all over?"

L. D. B.

SINGLE-MINDED

By Kenneth Frazer Lockwood

My wife and I, I'm glad to say,
In all things quite agree,
We never hold diverging views,
Whate'er the subject be.

We have but one opinion,
Which carries wondrous force,
And never is disputed, for
A—er—it's hers, of course.

A Pressing Need **LITTLE ALICE** is old for her years. One evening after she had gone to bed she heard mamma and papa laughing in much enjoyment over a game of flinch. She longed to get up and join them, but she knew she must not. The next morning at breakfast she was very quiet. Presently she drew a deep sigh,—

"I feel the need of a husband, mamma, I do feel it!"

Emma Ellen Glossop.

Not As It Seemed "No smoking in this coach, sir," said the conductor of a passenger-train.

"I'm not smokin'," answered the passenger with an injured air from the depths of his seat.

"You've got your pipe in your mouth," declared the conductor with emphasis, sharply confident.

"I hov," retorted the Hibernian, "and I hov me fut in me shoe too, but I'm not walkin'."

Edward Nocton.